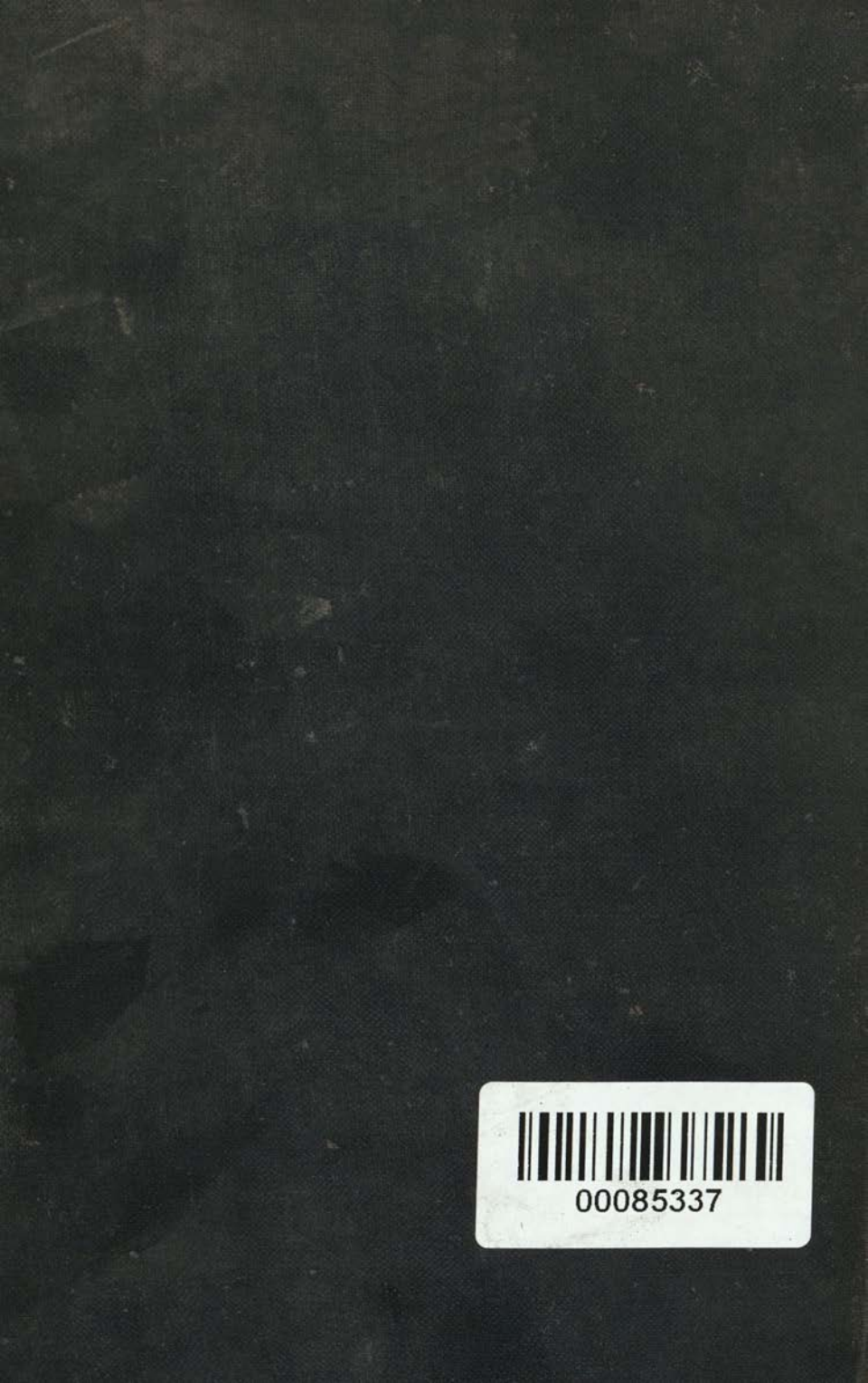
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ON HORSEBACK THROUGH ASIA MINOR.

CHAPTER I.

My host—A Russian servant—The Crimean war—How the Russian soldiers were beaten—My father the Tzar—I would sooner be hanged!—The civilized way of eating a dinner—Knives and forks of Circassian manufacture—The Caimacan's opinion of knives and forks—My host's wife—His mother—Your Queen likes riding—An Armenian lady inquiring about balls—The barracks—The appearance of Arabkir—The prison—The inmates—The troops—A nation of soldiers—If Allah wills it—Capital required.

My host now called out in a loud voice, "Atech!" (fire!) "I want to show you my Russian servant," he remarked. The door opened. A man of about fifty years of age, with an unmistakable Calmuck cast of countenance, brought a piece of live charcoal, between a pair of iron tongs, and placed it in the bowl of my host's chibouk; then, retiring to the end of the

room, and crossing his arms, he awaited a fresh order.

"So you are a Russian?" I said, addressing the man in his native tongue.

"Yes, your excellency."

"And why did you not return to your own country after the Crimean war was over?"

The man looked down upon the floor; presently he remarked,—

"I was beaten."

"Who beat you?"

"I was beaten all day and all night. My colonel beat me. The sergeant boxed my ears, and the corporals kicked me!"

"But did you get flogged more than the rest of your comrades?"

"No, your excellency; at that time we were all beaten. I am told that now the officers do not flog their men so much."

"You are a deserter," I remarked.

"No, your excellency, I did not desert. I liked my father the Tzar too much to run away when he required my services. I was taken prisoner; when the war was over, I would not return to Russia. That is all I have done."

"Well, and if the Russians come here, as it is quite possible they may, what shall you do then?

For you would, in that case, have a very fair chance of being hanged."

"It would be a dreadful thing, your excellency, but I must take the risk. I would sooner be hanged than go back."

"But things have improved in Russia since your time."

"A little," replied the man. "Little by little we advance in Russia. It is a nice country for the rich, but it is a dreadful country for the poor!"

"Is Turkey better?"

"Yes, your excellency, no one is beaten here; when a man is hungry, no Turk will ever refuse him a mouthful of food—that is, if he has one for himself. I hope my brothers will not come here," continued the man, pointing presumably in the direction of the Caucasus. "Allah has given our father the Tzar much land; why does he want more?" and, after putting some more red-hot charcoal in the bowls of our pipes, the Moujik left the room.

My host's frequent journeys to Erzeroum, where he had occasionally met Europeans, had given him a taste for the civilized way of eating a dinner. He pointed with some pride to his knives and forks. They had been brought to Erzeroum from the Caucasus, and were a mixture of silver, lead, and

gold—the three metals being blended together by the Circassian artificers, and then formed into the articles in question.

The Caimacan was also supplied with a knife and fork; however, this gentleman did not seem to understand the use of his plate, and ate out of the dish.

"Which do you like the best—to eat with a knife and fork, or with your fingers?" I inquired.

"With my fingers," replied the Caimacan. "It is so much cleaner," he continued. "I first wash my hands, and then put them into the dish; but I do not clean my own fork—that is the duty of the servant, who, perhaps, is an idle fellow. Besides this, who knows how many dirty mouths this fork has been stuck into before I put it in mine?"

Later in the evening, and when the governor had retired, my host said that his wife and mother would come and sit with us for a little while.

"I am not like the other Armenians in Anatolia," continued the speaker; "I have determined to shut up my female relations no longer."

"Do they not cover their faces?" I inquired.

"Yes, in the street they do, but not inside the house."

The ladies now entered. They were dressed

in loose yellow silk dressing-gowns. Making a profound reverence to my host and self, they seated themselves on a divan in the farther corner of the room, tucking their legs underneath them, and assuming the same position as my companion.

"It is a great honour for them to see an Englishman," he observed.

"Yes," said the old lady, "and what a distance you have come! Our roads are bad, and travelling is very disagreeable for ladies," she continued. "To have to go always on horseback, or in a box slung on a mule, is not comfortable. Do English ladies ride?"

"Yes."

"And why should they ride?" observed my host's wife. "Have they not carriages and railways in your country, so that when a man travels he can take a woman with him without any difficulty?"

"Yes, but they ride for pleasure. Our Queen is very fond of riding, and often does so when she is in Scotland."

"Your Queen likes riding! That is a miracle!" said the old lady.

"I do not like it at all—it makes me so sore," said her companion; "but you Franks are wonder-

ful people, and your women seem to do what they like!"

"Would not you like to do the same?" I inquired.

"A woman's place is to stay at home, and look after the children," said my host's mother gravely.

"Do not the husbands in England often become jealous of their wives?" inquired my host,—"and the wives of their husbands?" interrupted the old lady.

"Yes, sometimes."

"Well, there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question," observed the Armenian. "It will be a long time before we follow you in all your customs."

"You have places in your country where the men and women meet and dance together in the same way as our gipsies dance—at least so I have been told," remarked my host's wife.

"Not exactly like your gipsies," I replied; "but we have what are called balls, where men and women meet and dance together."

"The husband with his own wife?"

"No, not always. In fact, more often with the daughter or wife of a friend."

"I should like to see a ball very much," observed my host.

"We had better go," said his mother, "it is getting late;" rising from the sofa, she made another very obsequious reverence, and left the room with her daughter-in-law.

The following day I rode to see the barracks. Arabkir is built in such a straggling fashion, that, although it only contains about 3000 houses, it extends for a distance of six miles. The houses are built on each side of a deep ravine. The streets, which are very precipitous, lead, in some instances, over the flat roofs of the dwellings. The latter were many of them built of stone, and an air of cleanliness prevailed throughout the town.

Large gardens, planted with all sorts of fruit-trees, surrounded the houses. Long avenues of mulberry-trees were to be met with in every direction.

I stopped for a few minutes at the prison, and, dismounting, walked into the building. There were only seven prisoners—six Turks and one Armenian—the latter for attempting to pass false money, the Mohammedans for robberies and debt.

The population in Arabkir is equally divided between the Turks and Armenians. It was very creditable to the latter that there should be only one Armenian in the gaol. By all accounts,

there was very little crime in this district, and the prison of Arabkir would be often for weeks together without a single criminal within its walls.

We arrived at the barracks, a square building, with long dormitories for the troops, and which were fairly clean. It contained at the time of my visit 500 redif (reserve) soldiers. They were shortly to start for Erzeroum. There were quarters for three times that number of troops, and another battalion was expected very shortly.

The men had not received their uniform. It was to be given to them at Erzeroum; they were clad for the most part in rags and tatters, and had been armed with the needle rifle. I was informed that the Martini-Peabody weapon would be shortly served out to them. A squad of men was being instructed in the manual exercise in one of the passages. I spoke to the officer, and inquired if the battalion had ever been out for target practice.

"No," replied the man, apparently surprised at the question, "we want all our ball-cartridges for the enemy."

"But if your men do not practise at a target in the time of peace, they will not be able to hit their enemies in the time of war."

"We are a nation of soldiers," said the officer.

"Every Turk carries a fire-arm. You have doubtless observed this on your journey," he continued.

"Yes; but the weapons are for the most part old flint guns, which, if fired, would be quite as dangerous to the owners as to the foe, and are of no use whatever as a means of enabling your soldiers to aim correctly."

"If Allah wills it, our bullets will strike the Russians," observed the Turk.

"If Allah wills it, there will be no war, and all this instruction which you are giving the men in the manual exercise will have been wasted. What is the good of teaching your soldiers anything?" I continued; "if Allah wills it so, they can defeat the enemy with chibouks and nargilehs (pipes) just as easily as with Martini rifles!"

"This is the effect of the doctrine of fatalism," observed my Armenian host, who had accompanied me to the barracks; "it is the cause of half the apathy which characterizes the Turks. Why, they only commenced making roads after Sultan Abdul Aziz's visit to Europe."

"But you Armenians are equally to blame in that respect," I observed. "Only look at your own town. There are no roads, the streets are not paved, and they are full of ruts. The inhabi-

tants are half of them Armenians; then why do not you Christians set the Turks an example, and begin by making a road to Divriki?"

"We are quite as apathetic as the Mohammedans," replied the Armenian. "The same observation which you have just made has been repeated to us fifty times over; but there is no one who has energy enough in his disposition to commence taking the initiative."

"Why do not you set about the business yourself?"

"I have my own affairs to look after. We are not public-spirited, or like Englishmen," continued my companion; "each one of us thinks of his purse first, and afterwards of how to benefit his fellow-townsmen. What a good thing it would be for the country if you English were to come here!" he continued. "All we want is a little of your energy, with it and capital, Anatolia would soon become one of the richest countries in the world."

CHAPTER II.

The Mohammedan school—The Governor—The Schoolmaster—His impertinence—An Armenian song—The Russians at Tiflis—Are the Russians so very degraded?—The Hodja, or Schoolmaster—He is put in prison—The fanatics amongst the Turks—A school required for Hodjas—Qualified teachers wanted—Do the Turks insult your religion?—Malattia—A cross tied to the tail of a dog—We want newspapers—Even they contradict each other—The streets are slippery—The precipices—Shephe—The Kurds—Few Zaptiehs in the province—Hara Bazar—The village of Ashoot—Arab horses—Deserters—The Usebashe—God is evidently on our side.

From the barracks we rode to the Mohammedan school. Here there were about thirty boys, all squatting on the floor, and engaged in spelling verses of the Koran. A few badly-drawn maps of the different quarters of the world were hung round the whitewashed walls. The governor accompanied me to the school-room. On his entrance the boys at once stood up and salaamed. The Hodja schoolmaster made a gesture, as if he too would rise;

but then, seeing me, his countenance changed. He sank back into a sitting position.

"This is done to show his contempt of you as a giaour," whispered an Armenian. "This is how he insults us Christians."

The Caimacan turned a little red when he saw the schoolmaster thus seated in his presence. However, he did not make any remark, but accompanied me to the Armenian school.

There were about a hundred boys in the establishment. The moment I arrived they commenced an Armenian song, headed by one of the masters—an elderly gentleman, who sang through his nose. A performer on an ancient harpsichord, which from its signs of age might have belonged to Queen Anne, accompanied the vocalists. The words, I was informed, were about the glories of Armenia, what a fine nation the Armenians were, and how some day Armenia will lift up her head once more. My host interpreted to me these verses.

"Do you think that Armenia will ever be independent?" I inquired.

He shook his head.

"Russia will very likely be here in a year or two, and then we shall be much more oppressed than we are at present. Why, the Russian Government will not allow this song to be sung in our

schools at Tiflis. Everything is done to make my fellow-countrymen in the Caucasus forget their own language and nationality, and to thoroughly Russify them. If the Russians were to come here, our religion would soon disappear," he continued.

"But some of your priests rather like the Russians?"

"Some people would sell their souls to obtain a cross or an order," said another Armenian. "But every patriot amongst us who has read of what our country once was will scorn the idea of being degraded into a Muscovite."

"Are the Russians so very degraded?" I remarked.

"They possess all the vices of the Turks, and none of their good qualities. They drink like swine; many of their officials embezzle the public money; and as to lying, they can even outdo the Greeks in this respect."

"You have not a high opinion of the Tzar's people?" I observed.

"No, Effendi; better a hundred times remain as we are than be forced to submit to his rule."

"Is that really so? I thought that you were always complaining about the want of liberty in Turkey," I remarked.

"Yes, Effendi, all we wish for is to be placed on

the same footing as the Turks themselves. This is the Sultan's desire; a firman has been issued to that effect, but it is a dead letter. The Cadis ought to carry out the law; they will not do so. They ought to be forced to carry out the Padishah's orders."

On returning to my quarters, the Caimacan, who accompanied me, remarked,—

"Effendi, did you notice the Hodja's (schoolmaster) conduct?"

"I did."

"I was sorry to remark that he did not stand up when you entered the room."

"It was a very bad example for the boys; they could plainly see that their preceptor did not hold the chief magistrate of the town in much respect," I observed.

The Caimacan hesitated for a moment, and then remarked,—

"Oh! it was not on my own account that I spoke, but for the sake of the Effendi, who is an Englishman. It was an insult to him."

"Not in the least," I remarked. "How could it have been, when you were present? Why, you would have taken notice of it immediately."

"I did," said the Caimacan drily, "and the schoolmaster is in prison!"

"Is in prison? What for?"

"For contempt of his superiors."

"How long shall you keep him there?"

"That depends upon you, but he has been shut up about two hours already."

"I should think that it would be sufficient," I remarked.

"Shall I send and have him released?" said the Caimacan.

"Yes, if you think that he has sufficiently atoned for the way in which he insulted you; but make him come here and apologize for his conduct."

My Armenian host now came to me.

"Do not ask for that," he remarked. "All the fanatics amongst the Turks would be furious with me if they heard that the schoolmaster had been forcibly brought to my house to apologize to you, a giaour. The fellow has had a good lesson," he continued, "and will be more particular the next time he sees a European."

"Are there many fanatics in this neighbourhood?" I inquired.

"Not more so than in other parts of Turkey; it is everywhere very much the same. What ought to be done," continued the speaker, would be to establish large schools, and insist upon the parents sending their children to be taught.

If Mohammedan and Christian boys and girls were to meet in the same schoolroom, and learn their lessons together, they would be more likely to mutually respect each other in after-life. To carry this idea into execution, it would first be necessary to procure a staff of efficient schoolmasters. There ought to be a college for Hodjas in Constantinople, where Mohammedan and Christian young men could be educated, and pass an examination as to their efficiency. We should then have qualified men as teachers, instead of the ignorant fanatics who now usurp the office. There is another reform which we require," continued my host, "and this is that the Mudirs, Caimacans and Pachas in the different provinces should not be exclusively Turks. The various posts ought to be open to every sect. We are all, Christians as well as Mohammedans, the Sultan's subjects; then why make a difference? If the Turkish lower orders saw that Armenians were sometimes selected to be Pachas and Caimacans, they would be more likely to respect the Christian community."

"Do the Turks often insult your religion?" I inquired.

"No, not often, but they call us giaours (infidels)."

"Yes," said another Armenian, a professor at the Armenian school, and who could speak a little French; "in Malattia there are twelve thousand inhabitants, made up of three thousand Christians and nine thousand Turks. Only three months ago some Mohammedans in that town made a cross and tied it to the tail of a dog. The hound ran through the streets of the town; the little boys threw stones at him, and the holy symbol was dragged in the mud."

"This is very horrible," I remarked. "Did you see it yourself?"

"No, but I have heard of it."

"Who told you?"

"A man in Arabkir."

"Had he seen it?"

"No, he had not been in Malattia, but he had been told the story. Every one has heard of it."

"We are in the East," I observed to my host, "and it appears to me that you Christians are very much given to exaggeration."

"Yes, Effendi; we want newspapers. If we only had newspapers we should then know the truth. How fortunate you must be in England to have so many newspapers!"

"Even they contradict each other sometimes," I remarked.

"Perhaps. But you are a great nation; I should like to be an Englishman."

"So should I," said the schoolmaster.

The mercury in the thermometer fell very much during the night. It was a frosty morning. The steep streets of Arabkir were extremely slippery. It was difficult enough for a man on foot to avoid falling; as we led our horses down the treacherous inclines, the poor brutes skated about in all directions.

We crossed a rapid stream, fifty yards wide, on a fairly strong bridge—this river runs into the Euphrates, forty miles south of Arabkir—and next had to lead our animals through a difficult and mountainous district.

The track was very narrow. It generally sloped towards a precipice. In some instances there was a clear drop of at least 400 feet within six inches of our horses. The surface upon which they had to walk was like glass. A slip would have been certain death; it was marvellous how they avoided stumbling. In about three hours' time we reached Shephe, an Armenian village. I halted here for a few minutes to bait our animals.

The proprietor of the house where we dismounted spoke highly of the Caimacan at Arabkir. However, he freely cursed the Kurds, who in

the summer-time committed many depredations in the neighbourhood. In the months of June and July, no man's life was in safety. There were so few Zaptiehs in the province that the robbers could carry on their trade with impunity.

Presently we passed a stream called the Erman Su. It is spanned by a good stone bridge. On reaching the other side, I found myself in a broad, well-cultivated plain. The ruins of a large city lay heaped up by the river's banks. This was the site of Hara Bazar, an Armenian town which flourished long before either Arabkir or Egin were built. The ruins lay some little distance from the path, I did not visit them. My guide informed me that the débris consists of enormous stones. These are the wonder of the villagers, who generally build their houses of mud. They cannot conceive what manner of men were their ancestors who had taken the trouble to bring such massive slabs from the distant mountains. The village of Ashoot stands in the middle of the plain, and is composed of fifty-one houses, all belonging to Mohammedans. The inhabitants, for Turks, were extremely wealthy; some nice-looking Arab horses stood in my host's drawing-room. He was the chief person

in the village, and presently informed me that twenty soldiers, who were on their way to Erzeroum, had deserted, a few days before, from a hamlet about six miles distant. He had been on their track, and would certainly have shot the culprits if he had been able to catch them. There had been no officer with these soldiers. The men had been left to find their way to Erzeroum without even being accompanied by a sergeant.

"Three days ago," continued my informant, "a battalion, 800 strong, came to this village. The officer in command demanded from the inhabitants nine mules for the transport of his sick men. The amount to be paid by him for the hire of the animals to Egin was fixed at 200 piastres (about 1*l.* of our money). The officer omitted to settle the account. The villagers have applied to the police authorities at Egin for the sum, and are very angry because it has not been paid."

A Usebashe (captain) now called. He had just arrived from Erzeroum, and declared that there was a report in that town to the effect that Yakoob, Khan of Kashgar, had attacked the Russians near Tashkent—had utterly defeated them, and taken 20,000 prisoners and twenty guns.

"Allah grant that it may prove true!" said my host. "Twenty thousand sons of dogs in captivity! This is something! I hope Yakoob has cut all their throats."

"God is evidently on our side!" said the village Imaum.

"The Russians say He is on theirs," I remarked.

"Yes," replied the Imaum. "Infidels even can take the name of the Highest One in vain. But this time they will be punished, and the Prophet is already arranging a plan for their destruction."

CHAPTER III.

Radford—His health—The farmer's house—The high elevation—My brother will look down the precipices—The Frat—The scenery—A caravan—How to pass it—The weather—Turks in Egin—A coracle—Beautiful fish—Sick soldiers—Twenty-four hours without food—Egin—The Caimacan—The Cadi—His story—Daniel—Samson—His riches, his 10,000 wives, all of them fat and lovely—His treasure-chests—The lovely daughters of the mountaineers—The officers died; the Pachas died; and last of all, Samson died—The fate of the Russians.

I WAS beginning to be a little alarmed about the health of my servant Radford. So far he had not been ill, and had resisted the fatigue of wading through deep snow, of bad sleeping accommodation and indifferent fare. He had complained of a pain in his heart, during our march that morning, and had not been able to walk up-hill save at a very slow rate. On arriving at the farmer's house, he had lain down in a corner, and, according to Mohammed, was very ill. I went

to him, and, feeling his pulse, found that it intermitted. He was feverish, and complained of a pain in the head.

"Would he be able to march the following day?"

"He thought he should."

I was exceedingly doubtful about it; and, leaving word with Mohammed to call me, should his fellow-servant be taken worse in the night, I lay down by the side of our horses and tried to go to sleep.

I myself, for several days past, had experienced considerable difficulty in wading through the snow, but was inclined to believe that this was owing to our elevation above the level of the sea, and that the diminished pressure of air upon my body, combined with the hard work, was the real cause of this weakness. However, the fact remained that the poor fellow was knocked up. It would be impossible to remain for more than a day or two in our present quarters. I determined to push on as fast as his health would permit to Erzingan; for once there we should be within a nine days' march of Trebizonde, and it would be possible, if he were still poorly, for me to send him home to his relations.

To my great delight he was a little better

in the morning, though still very weak. He would have been unable to walk; he had strength enough left to sit on a horse. I gave orders that he was on no account to go on foot, and resolved to let him ride my horse from time to time, should his own animal be unable to carry him through the drifts.

"My brother will be on horseback all the day. He will look well down the precipices," said Mohammed with a chuckle.

He had observed that the Englishman did not relish riding a few inches from a chasm, and Mohammed was rather amused to learn that his fellow-servant would now no longer have the chance of walking by the precipices. He himself, though not particularly brave in other respects, never seemed to value his neck when on horseback. No matter how steep the slopes might be, Mohammed seldom or ever took the trouble to dismount from his animal, which, under the influence of two good feeds of barley every day, had improved considerably since the march from Tokat.

"Why should I dismount?" Mohammed would say. "If I am to slip and be killed, it will happen, and I cannot prevent it."

The fellow had been accustomed to a moun-

tainous country all his life, and had previously been employed as a Zaptieh. This may account for his coolness on horseback. But, at a later period of the journey, and when it was necessary for us to descend some rapids in a boat, Mohammed showed unmistakable signs of fear, and was not at all to be consoled by Radford's remark that, if he (Mohammed) were to be drowned, it would be his fate, and so would not signify.

We reached the crest of a lofty height. A wide stream appeared below our feet.

"What is the name of that river?" I inquired. The welcome announcement, "The Frat," made me aware that at last I had arrived on the banks of the Euphrates—here a broad stream about 120 yards wide and nine or ten feet deep. Numerous boulders half choked up the river's channel. The waves splashed high in the air as they bounded over these obstacles; the sound of the troubled waters could be distinctly heard even at our elevation.

We continued the march alongside the bank of the world-renowned river. The path was cut out of the solid rock. In some places the track was not above four feet wide. No balustrade or wall had been made to keep a horse

or rider from slipping down the chasm. Presently the road wound still higher amidst the mountains. The river beneath us seemed no broader than a silver thread.

On we went. The sound of bells made us aware that there was a caravan approaching. Our guide rode first. A few moments later, about 100 mules, all laden with merchandise, could be seen coming towards our party. We should have to pass them; how to do so seemed a difficult problem to solve. The track was not wider than an average dinner-table.

The guide soon settled the matter. Taking a whip, he struck the leading mule; the latter, to avoid punishment, ran with his load up a steep slope along the side of the path. The rest of the animals followed. There seemed to be scarcely foothold for a goat, but the mules found one. They were removed from the path on which we stood, my people could advance in safety.

Numbers of vines clad the lower part of the mountain slopes. Here and there a few châlets made of white stone could be seen. These, I was informed, belong to the wealthier Turks of Egin, who come to reside here during the grape season.

Below us some fishermen were seated in a boat apparently made of basket-work. It looked like a

Welsh coracle, but was of much larger dimensions. They were engaged in fishing with a sort of drag-net, one of them was busily employed in mending a smaller one of the same kind.

"Beautiful fish are caught here," said the guide. "Some are 100 okes in weight (about 260 lbs.). The people salt, and eat them in the winter."

We met some sick soldiers lying across the path. They had fallen out of the ranks and were basking themselves in the sun, utterly regardless of the fact that their battalion was, ere this, a two hours' march ahead of them.

"What is the matter with you?" I inquired of one man.

"Footsore," was his reply, at the same time pointing to his frost-bitten feet.

"And with you?" to another.

"I, Effendi, I am weak and hungry."

"What! have you had no breakfast?"

"No."

I then discovered that these soldiers had been twenty-four hours without food! There was no grumbling at this breakdown in the commissariat department. The men were solacing themselves with a cigarette, the property of one of the party, and which he was sharing with his comrades.

Our route leads us by some high rocks. They are broken into strange and fantastic forms; they rear themselves up on each bank of the Euphrates, and frown down on the waters below. Here domes and pinnacles stand out in bold relief; there, the figure of a man, shaped as if from the hands of a sculptor, is balanced on a projecting stone, and totters on the brink of the abyss.

Mulberry and apple-trees grow in wild profusion along the banks. We leave them behind. The track steadily ascends. We are more than 1200 feet from the waters. I gaze down on the mighty river; it winds its serpent-like coils at our feet. They twist and foam and lose themselves behind the crags. Higher we go.

Vegetation disappears, we are in the realms of snow; continuing for some miles over the waste, the path descends into a valley. Egin lies before us.

It is a long, straggling town, with a population of 10,000 souls, and much resembles Arabkir. We rode over the roofs of many houses ere we reached our destination—the house of an Armenian merchant, who had ridden out himself to place it at our disposal. The following day I called upon the Caimacan—a little man, who spoke

Italian very fairly. He had been only seven months at his present post. The Cadi was seated at his side. After the governor had announced that the Conference was a failure—a piece of news which I had heard before—the Cadi observed that he should like to tell me a story.

"He relates a story very well," said the Caimacan.

"We all like his stories," said the rest of the company.

"By all means," I said; and the Cadi, thus encouraged, began,—

"Many thousand years ago there was a prophet—he was a great man, he was a marvel—his name was Daniel!"

This last word was duly repeated by the assembled guests; and the Caimacan gave a little cough.

"I have heard this story before," he observed; "but it is a good one. Go on."

"Well," continued the Cadi, "Daniel had a dream. In his dream he saw a young man, Samson was his name. Samson was beautifully dressed; his clothes alone would have cost all the gold and caime that have ever been circulated at Constantinople. The rings on his fingers were encrusted with precious stones—beautiful stones

—each one more bright and lovely than the eye of the most beautiful woman whom mortal man has ever seen.

"But, Samson himself was pale, his features were wasted away; he was very thin, and, on carefully looking at him, Daniel discovered that he was dead. There was a large scroll of paper lying at his feet. No other man could have deciphered the letters on it; but the Prophet read them at once, and he galloped his eye over the scroll with the same rapidity as a hunter in pursuit of a hare—"

"He read very quickly!" interrupted the Caimacan.

"Daniel was a Hodja" (learned man), observed the Cadi indignantly; "of course he did!"

"Samson had conquered almost the whole world," continued the speaker; "but, there was one very poor and mountainous country which did not acknowledge him as its lord.

"Samson had 10,000 wives, all of them fat and lovely. The keys of his treasure-chests were in themselves a load for 10,000 camels. He was all vigorous and able to enjoy every blessing which Allah had bestowed upon him—"

"Was he not satisfied with 10,000 wives?" remarked one of the audience.

"No," said the Cadi. "Some men are never satisfied; Samson was one of them. He wanted more. His heart was not full, he wished to conquer the poor country, and take a few wives from the lovely daughters of the mountaineers. He came with an enormous army. The people fled. The troops ate up everything. There were no more provisions. There was nothing left even for the king. Samson offered 10,000 sacks of gold for a handful of millet-seed. It could not be purchased. The soldiers died; the sergeants died; the officers died; the Pachas died; and, last of all, Samson died!"

"Let this be the fate of the Russians if they come here," added the Cadi. "The Tzar has much land—he is rich—he has many more soldiers than we have, he has everything to make life happy. Yet he is not content; he wishes to take from his poor neighbour the pittance which he possesses. Let Allah judge between him and us," continued the speaker. "And God alone knows who will be victorious!"

"We shall beat them!" said the Caimacan.

Soon afterwards my visit came to an end.

CHAPTER IV.

The Armenian church—The devotees—The ladies—The priest—His toilet—Little boys—A song for the Queen of England—These Armenians are very dirty—A hymn sung in English—The inhabitants of Egin—Turkish doctors—A *post mortem* examination—Price of meat—Russian agents—The massacres in Bulgaria—The Hasta Dagh mountain—The descent of the glacier—I never thought as how a horse could skate, sir, before!

I NOW went to the Armenian church. It was carpetted with thick Persian rugs like a mosque. Several pictures in gaudy frames were hung against the wall. The building was crowded with devotees; the galleries being filled with women; their faces were invisible, owing to the lattice-work. However, some bright eyes peering inquisitively through the holes in the screen were quite sufficient to turn a man's thoughts in their direction.

The priest put on his robes—several little

boys assisting him in his toilette; a heavy, yellow silk garment, with a cross emblazoned in gold upon the back, was drawn on over his every-day apparel. Some more little boys bustled about with long candles, and seemed to do their best to get into each other's way, then the service began.

Two songs were sung by the choir—first one for the Queen of England, as a sort of compliment to the nationality of the foreign visitor; and then another for the Sultan. The old priest next addressed the congregation, and said that they must do everything in their power to help the Sultan in this war against Russia, who was a mortal enemy to the Armenian religion.

The Caimacan was standing by me in the church, and seemed pleased at the discourse.

"It is good! very good!" he said. "I wonder if the priest means it."

The worthy Turk's meditations were suddenly interrupted. Some insect had bitten him.

"These Armenians are very dirty, they do not wash," he added. "Let us go."

Everybody bowed as he walked down the nave, and we then proceeded to the Protestant church.

This was nothing but a large room in the

clergyman's house. On our entry, some boys sang a hymn in English. They pronounced the words tolerably well, though they were ignorant of their meaning, the clergyman who spoke our language having taught his pupils merely to read the Roman characters. There were no pictures or images of any kind in the room. A simple baptismal font was its sole ornament. After the hymn had concluded, the clergyman, without putting on any extra vestments, addressed his congregation in a few straightforward and practical sentences, saying that as it was the duty of the Jews to pay tribute to Cæsar, it was equally proper for all true Christians to respect the Turkish authorities; that the Turks were on the eve of a great struggle with a power which oppressed all religions but its own, and consequently it was the duty of all Armenian Protestants to aid the Government in the forthcoming struggle, and shed the last drop of their blood for the Padishah.

The inhabitants of the town are not a trading community, most of them live by agriculture. There was a considerable amount of grumbling to be heard about the bankrupt state of the country; I learnt that many of the farmers had invested their savings in Turkish bonds, and had lost their capital. A Greek doctor who gave me this

information had been established for many years in Egin.

"What do you think of the Turkish doctors?" I inquired.

"They are very ignorant," he replied; "but what can you expect in a country where it is not permitted to study anatomy, &c., in a practical way?"

"What, do they not allow dissection?" I asked.

"No. And even if you were convinced that a patient had died of poison, it would be very difficult to obtain permission to make a *post mortem* examination of his body. The result is that poisoners go unpunished. The Turkish surgeons are so ignorant that they cannot even tie up an artery, much less perform an average operation."

The Caimacan now joined in our conversation, which was in Italian, and began to find fault with the old school of Turks, which is an enemy to education, and bigoted about religious matters.

"I make no difference between a Christian or a Mussulman," said the governor. "All religions are good, provided that the man who practises them is honest."

"What we require are schools for the elder

Turks," he continued; "something to force them to advance with the age, and to make them forget that old maxim, 'What was good for my father, is it not good enough for me?' Until they forget this, there will not be much improvement in Turkey. A company once offered to make a railway from Diarbekir to Constantinople, and, if Sultan Abdul Aziz had not spent all the money he borrowed from you English people in palaces and his harem, the railway might have been made. Meat is here only one penny a pound; at our seaports you have to pay fourpence for the same quantity. We have mines, too, but no means of transporting the mineral if we worked them. I have been at Egin six months," he continued. "I may be dismissed at any moment. What inducement is there for a man to try and improve the condition of the people, when all his work may be upset by his successor? We Caimacans are underpaid," he added. "We have not enough to live upon. If we received a better salary, and our positions were more stable, there would be less bribery throughout the Turkish empire."

"Do you believe that there are many Russian agents in the neighbourhood?" I inquired.

"Undoubtedly; particularly at Erzeroum, and

there they intrigue with the Armenian clergy. In the other towns the Armenians will not have much to say to them. The Russians are more unpopular near the frontier of the two empires than elsewhere. We are spoken of very harshly in Europe," continued the Caimacan. "The massacres in Bulgaria were very horrible, but they were the work of a few fanatics, and brought about by Russian instigation. It is hard upon us for people to judge of the entire Turkish nation by the misdeeds of a few Circassians."

My host insisted upon seeing me off, and the following morning we walked down to the narrow wooden bridge which spans the Euphrates—here about forty yards wide.

After crossing the river, our course lay across the Hasta Dagh (mountain). Presently we came to a glacier. The frozen surface extended for at least one hundred yards. The incline was steeper than the roof of an average English house.

How was this to be passed? Radford looked at Mohammed. The latter gave a grunt.

"What do you think of it, Mohammed?" I asked.

"Effendi, we shall go down very fast. If the Lord wills it, we shall not break our bones."

"If we do not take this route," said the guide,

"we must make a détour for at least two hours. I think the horses can manage it, Effendi."

"Very well," I said, "you can try."

The guide rode his horse to the glacier. The poor animal trembled when he reached the brink.

"*Haide*, get on!" cried Mohammed from behind, and, striking the quadruped on his flanks, the animal stretched his fore-legs over the declivity, almost touching the slippery surface with his girth.

Another crack with the whip, away went the guide and horse down the glacier. For the first fifty yards the man succeeded in keeping his steed's head straight. A slight inequality in the ice gave the animal's hoof a twist in another direction; horse, and rider went round in mazy circles; they had nearly obtained the velocity of an express train, when they were suddenly brought up by a snow-drift. There was not much damage done, and now I prepared to make the descent. It was not an agreeable sensation. I was on the edge of the precipice. The yelling Mohammed was castigating my animal from behind. I felt very much like Mr. Winkle, as described in the "Pickwick Papers," the first time he was on skates. I would have gladly given Mohammed five shillings or a new coat to

desist from the flagellating process. However, the die was cast. My followers were looking on. What the guide had done it was very clear that an Englishman ought to do. I committed myself to Providence. Away we went. The steam roundabouts in the Champs Elysées in Paris revolve at a great pace; a slide down the artificial ice-hills in St. Petersburg will sometimes try a man's nerves; but the sensations experienced in these manners of locomotion are nothing to what I felt when sliding down that glacier. Was I on my horse or was I not? Now we were waltzing madly down the slippery surface, and then my boots were touching the ice itself, owing to my animal's position. One moment we ricochetted from a rough piece of the hard substance, and were flying in the air, as if jumping the Whissendine brook; a second later we were buried, as the guide had been, in six feet of snow.

Next came the turn of my followers. Their descent was a fearful thing to witness, but, fortunately, not half so dangerous as it appeared. With the exception of some damage to the luggage and saddlery, there was little harm done.

"I never thought as how a horse could skate, sir, before!" remarked my English servant, as he slowly extricated himself from the snow-drift. "It

was more than sliding, that it was—a cutting of figures of eight all down the roof of a house! And then I was buried alive in snow, to finish up with! Mohammed will have something to pray about, if he has to go down any more of these hills, for nothing but Providence can save a man's neck in these here parts."

CHAPTER V.

Hasta Khan—The Kurds—Their summer depredations—Our Sultan ought to be Padishah in his own dominions—The English Consul—A story about the Kurds—The Delsin—Arresting the major—The major's dinner with the chief—Acknowledge the Padishah—A sore back—The mule which is offered in exchange—The pack-saddle—The Euphrates—Coal in the neighbourhood—Kemach—The Caimacan—Djerrid—A National Guard—A miniature Gibraltar—Turkoman horses—Numerous wells—One of the faithful.

On we went, fortunately not down any more glaciers, and, after being upset about twenty times in the snow-drifts, reached Hasta Khan. This was a house built on the road-side for travellers. It was kept by an old Turk. According to him, the Kurds in the neighbourhood were engaged all the summer in robbing their neighbours, and were hardly ever brought to justice.

"They take our cattle," said the man, "and

they bribe the police. There is no sort of order here. What we want is our Sultan to be Padishah in his own dominions."

I subsequently heard from the English Consul at Erzeroum a story which rather corroborated the Turk's account of the Kurds.

It appeared that in the Delsin, not far from Erzingan, a major commanding a battalion of infantry received orders to apprehend a Kurdish chief. Somehow or other the Kurd heard of this. One day, taking with him about five thousand followers, he managed to surround the place where the troops were encamped. Riding up to the commander's tent, he accosted the officer—who was much surprised at the unexpected presence of the culprit—with the words,—

"Peace be with you! I have come to dine here this evening."

It was a very disagreeable position for the major, but what could he do? His battalion had been taken unawares; it was surrounded by the Kurd's followers, and all of them were armed men. He put on the best face he could about the matter, and gave his guest an excellent dinner. The following morning the Kurd said to him,—

"I dined very well last night, and slept com-

fortably. I have accepted your hospitality, and now you must accept mine. I am going to take you to dine with me. Nay, I am!" he continued, to the officer, who appeared a little indignant at the proposal, "and every man under your command as well. They shall all dine and sleep in my encampment this evening."

"It was a disagreeable position for the major," observed the Consul at Erzeroum, when he related the story to me. "He was ordered to arrest the Kurd, and now the Kurd was about to arrest him! However, resistance was useless. His battalion was surrounded by Kurds, who, at a sign from their chief, would have massacred every Turk on the spot. The only thing for the officer to do was to accept the invitation. The Kurd, when the soldiers arrived at his mountain home, commanded his servants to make preparation for a feast. Several hundred sheep were killed, to be cooked for the occasion, and the stream on the hill-side ran red with the blood of the slaughtered animals."

After dinner the major tried very hard to persuade the Kurd to recognize the Sultan as his lord.

"You need only nominally acknowledge our Padishah," remarked the officer; "you have

30,000 sheep; give 1500 piastres (10*l.*) a year to the Sultan. You have 10,000 retainers; give him 10 to serve in his army. I can arrange the rest. You are a very rich man, but this need not be known at Constantinople."

"I have never given any one of my children to serve another master," replied the chieftain, proudly. "Your Padishah is Sultan at Stamboul, but I am Sultan here!"

The following morning, the Kurd allowed the battalion to return to their quarters, and presented the major with an Arab charger as a memento of his visit.

"All the circumstances were reported to the military authorities at Erzeroum," added the Consul when he related the story, "and the officer was afterwards promoted."

Shortly before leaving Hasta Khan, Mohammed came to me with a smile on his countenance. I at once thought that something disagreeable had happened. The Turk seldom indulged in a smile. Radford, too, in spite of his illness, seemed rather more cheerful than usual. I began to be a little alarmed.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"*At*—the horse!" said Mohammed.

"Yes, sir," said Radford, who had accompanied

him, and had acquired the habit of sometimes interlarding his English with a few words of Turkish; "the At has a hawful sore back, and all the 'air is off it."

"Which horse?"

"The old pack-horse, the roarer."

Mohammed shook his head mournfully.

"We had better sell him," he said. "One of the Zaptiehs has a mule; he is not a big mule, but he is a nice animal, sleek and comely, besides being strong. The man says that if the Effendi will give him five liras and the horse which makes a noise, that we may have his mule."

The animal in question was a brute which the gendarme rode, and which was always trying to run away. I had previously gathered from the fellow that his mule had escaped three times whilst he was being saddled. However, the gendarme had forgotten that he had told me of this, and in all probability had offered Mohammed a share of the five liras, should I be fool enough to accept the proposal.

"Let me see the pack-saddle!" I exclaimed.

On looking at it I found that by cutting out a considerable portion of the lining, it would be possible to prevent any weight pressing upon the horse's sore place.

"He can carry his pack," I remarked to Mohammed.

"If I cut the saddle he can," replied my servant; "but it will cost twenty piastres to mend it again."

"Yes," I observed, "and it will cost five liras to exchange the horse, besides which we should have a worse animal than at present."

"The Effendi knows best," said the Zaptieh, with a grin.

"He knows," said Mohammed.

"Shall I have a little backsheesh?" remarked the gendarme, rather alarmed lest his endeavour to deceive me might have done away with his chance of a present.

"Inshallah!" I replied; and, this matter being arranged, we continued our march across the mountains.

Presently we had to descend almost to the bed of the Euphrates. Here there were traces of copper ore. A little farther on we came to a place where what seemed to be iron ore was lying strewn along the mountain side; I was informed by the guide that a few miles to the east there is a substance in the earth which the villagers use as fuel. According to my informant it is hard and black, and gives a bright flame; so in all

probability coal is also to be met with in these regions.

As we approached Kemach, the Euphrates became narrower; in many places it was not more than thirty yards wide. The stream was very rapid. Any man, no matter how good a swimmer he might be, would have a poor chance for his life if he were to fall into the torrent. Here and there large rocks and loose stones, which have been washed down from the mountain sides, block up the channel; they check the waters for a second. The river bubbles and roars; it lashes furiously against the boulders, and, leaping over them, rushes headlong with a fall of at least four thousand feet to the ocean.

The Caimacan of Kemach and a few of his friends were engaged in playing at Djerrid near the outskirts of the town. It was a lovely scene. The sun was setting on the snow-capped mountains; the river ran at my feet; bright-coloured vegetation and many-tinted rocks looked down upon us from either hand; cascades and waterfalls dashed over the rugged crags; whilst the Caimacan and his party, who were immensely excited with their game, shouted "Allah! Allah!" as they rode at each other and hurled the wooden missile.

The governor stopped playing when he saw our

party, and, riding up, asked the Zaptieh who I was. He then introduced himself and the company to me. They had been busily engaged in learning drill all the morning. An order had been received from Constantinople for the Caimacan to form a National Guard. Every able-bodied man in the district had at once enrolled himself as a volunteer. On entering Kemach I was struck by a high rock, which might have been a miniature Gibraltar, and which stands immediately behind the town. The rock was about 500 feet in height, and a ruined citadel on the summit towers above the Euphrates and the town.

The Caimacan and his friends were well mounted, their horses being of a very different stamp to those which I had seen during my march from Constantinople. They were most of them fifteen hands high, and one or two over sixteen. On inquiry, I found that they were Turkoman horses. I also learnt that most of the animals in the district had been bought by Government agents for the use of the army at Erzeroum.

A large proportion of the houses in Kemach are constructed of dried mud. Numerous wells, with high cross-bars and long iron chains for the

buckets, were to be seen along our path. One of the faithful, on a tower above our heads, was calling the Mohammedans to prayer. His loud but melancholy strains were being listened to with great attention by Mohammed and my English servant. It appeared that Mohammed, through some strange inadvertence, had omitted praying at mid-day. Radford was a little alarmed lest the Turk might make up for his shortcoming by an extra-long prayer that evening, which would have kept him from attending to the horses.

CHAPTER VI.

Kemach—Its population—Barley is very cheap—An English traveller—Conversation about the impending war—If we beat Russia, will England permit us to take back the Caucasus?—Yakoob Khan—The Poles to be freed—Germany to have the Baltic Provinces—What about the Crimea?—We ought to cripple Russia.—The floggers of women—Crossing the Euphrates—Radford is poorly—Erzingan—The intendant of Issek Pacha—Pretty Armenian women—An intelligent Turk—Iron, silver, gold—Coal—Lead-mines worked by the Kurds—The peasantry and coal—The Government and the mines—A relation of the Pacha of Sivas—The old doctor—Firing a patient for gout.

THERE are 800 houses or about 4000 inhabitants in Kemach, and barley is very plentiful throughout the district, the price for the maintenance of my five horses not exceeding sevenpence per day.

This town had been visited by an English traveller about five years previous; whereas no Englishman, so far as I could learn, had been in Divriki or Arabkir in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The Caimacan, who informed me about my compatriot having been in Kemach, was very curious to learn my opinion about the impending war; and when I told him that I believed England would remain neutral, remarked,—

"Yes; but if we beat Russia, will England permit us to take back the Caucasus?"

"I really do not know, but I should hope so."

"Well," continued the governor, "if we beat Russia this time, we ought to cripple her. We must take back the districts she has conquered in Central Asia, and give them to the original possessors, or else form one Mohammedan empire in Central Asia, under Yakoob Khan, who nominally acknowledges the Sultan. We ought to free the Poles in Poland, and give Germany the Baltic Provinces."

"You seem to know a little about political geography," I observed.

"Yes," said the Caimacan, "I take an interest in the subject, and I love my country. Until we can hem Russia in on every side, she will always be a thorn, not only in our side, but also in that of Europe."

"Well, what should you do about the Crimea?" I inquired.

"That we should keep ourselves. Russia would

then have to be more or less an inland power, and Moscow would become her capital."

"Do you like the Russian system of Government?" inquired the Caimacan.

"No."

"I am not surprised," said the official. "Foreigners say that there is no liberty in Turkey, but I should like to know which Government is the most liberal. Mohammedans tolerate every religion, whilst the Russians make converts by force, and flog women and children to induce them to change their faith.[1] The Russian faith is very different to the English religion, is it not?" he added.

"Yes, we do not worship idols, or venerate mummified bodies."

"What do you worship?"

"The one true God, and Jesus Christ His Son."

"We worship the one true God, and worship Him through Mohammed His Prophet. But Mohammedans dislike idols and all that sort of thing, quite as much as you do."

The following morning the Caimacan was up at daybreak to see me off. He accompanied us a

[1] The Caimacan did not exaggerate, judging by Consul-Gen. Mansfield's official Report, see Appendix I. p. 323, also Appendices II. and III.

little way on the road. The moon was throwing her pale beams on the old citadel as we rode beneath the turrets. In a few minutes we crossed the Euphrates on a narrow wooden bridge, and, continuing for a short distance over mountains, came again upon the valley of the river. Here there were green fields in abundance. The country in summer-time is said to be rich in corn and barley. Hundreds of cattle and sheep, grazing on some rich pasture-lands, testified to the wealth of the inhabitants.

It was an eleven hours' march to Erzingan. By the time we neared that city our horses showed symptoms of being thoroughly exhausted. Indeed, there was no reason to be surprised at this. They had marched a thousand miles since we left Constantinople. The last two hundred miles had been exceptionally fatiguing, not only on account of the snow and constant mountain-climbing, but also owing to our high elevation and the rarefied nature of the atmosphere. Radford was weak, and from being a fourteen-stone man had come down to about eleven. His clothes hung on his wasted limbs. Some rest would be absolutely necessary to enable him to reach Erzeroum.

The road became much better as we entered the suburbs of Erzingan, and, to my surprise, I was

met by a man in a four-wheeled chaise. He announced that he was the intendant of Issek Pacha, the governor of Sivas. The governor had written to him to say that I had promised to reside in his house during my stay at Erzingan. A servant advanced and took my horse; I dismounted, and getting into the vehicle, drove to the Pacha's residence.

Some pretty Armenian women were standing on the roofs of their houses. They were not so particular about veiling themselves as their compatriots in Sivas. They stared at the procession with wondering eyes. The Pacha's carriage was not often seen in the streets of Erzingan. It was the only vehicle of the kind within an area of 150 miles. It was only brought out on state occasions, religious ceremonies, or when some very important visitor arrived. This was quite enough to set the ladies in Erzingan on the *qui-vive;* the European dresses of my servant and self whetted their curiosity still more.

Erzingan is different to either Egin or Arabkir, both of which towns are built upon the sides of a mountain. Erzingan stands in the middle of a large plain, the Kara Su—Black Water—as the Euphrates is here called, running through the plain a few miles south of the city.

I now made the acquaintance of a very intelligent Turk. He was an officer with the rank of major, but employed as the superintendent of a large manufactory, which had been established to supply the troops in Asia Minor with boots. He had spent three years in France, where he had studied everything connected with the trade in question. In addition to this he was a fair chemist and mineralogist.

He informed me that there were ebony forests in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum. A great deal of this wood used formerly to be bought by Armenian merchants and despatched to France. Of late years this branch of industry has been neglected. Iron, silver, and gold, could be found here, but the people were much too idle to search for these metals. The lead-mines were worked to a small extent by the Kurds. These mountaineers required this substance for bullets and shot. The lead in the towns of Asia Minor was all brought from Constantinople. It was, consequently, very dear; this had led the Kurds to make use of the metal beneath their feet. According to my informant, there is coal of a good quality in the neighbourhood of Kemach. However, the peasantry do not like the idea, that this mineral may some day replace wood as an

article of fuel. Cutting down trees is easy work in comparison with mining. The villagers do their best to keep the people in the towns from burning coal; and they make their livelihood by bringing firewood from the mountains, and selling it at a large profit to the citizens.

The Government take twenty per cent. of the net produce of all mines which are worked in Anatolia, and only two-and-a-half per cent. from the price fetched by sheep, oxen, and horses in the market. The result is that the people think it more profitable, and less laborious to breed cattle, than to dig in the earth for treasure.

I called upon a relation of the Pacha at Sivas. He was a stout, middle-aged man, and at that time ill in bed. I was shown into his room. During my conversation with him, an Italian doctor came to see the patient. The medical gentleman was the only European in Erzingan, he had been there half a century; his age, according to himself, being ninety-two years. The old man's appearance belied his assertion. He at once commenced talking with me in his native tongue.

"What is the matter with the invalid?" I inquired.

"Drink, my good sir, drink!" said the old gentleman. "He is forty, and I am over ninety,

but, please God, as the Turks say, I shall outlive him. If the upper classes of Mohammedans were only sober, they would live for ever in this delightful climate. But what with their women, and what with their wine, they shorten their existence by at least thirty years. This man would have been dead ten years ago if he had lived in Constantinople."

"Why so?"

"Because of the climate. He would have drunk himself into a dropsy."

"What are you talking about?" said the sick man.

"I was saying, Bey Effendi," said the doctor, "how very popular you are in the neighbourhood, and how much every one loves you!"

The sick man smiled benignantly, and the old gentleman continued,—

"I should have been sorry if he had divined the topic of our conversation. He would never have employed me again, and might have called in the Turkish practitioner, an ignorant ass, who does not know so much about anatomy as a butcher in the market, and who treats cases of inflammation by firing his patient."

"What! would he fire the Bey's foot?" I inquired.

"God knows! but he is quite capable of doing so, if the Bey would let him."

The doctor now felt his patient's pulse, and administered a few words of consolation; then, promising to send some medicine, he left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

Erzingan—The Mutasarraf Pacha—Widdin—Russian official documents—Names of high functionaries—General Ignatieff—Your Indian frontier—The Kurds will be excited to massacre the Armenians—The probable final result of the war—If Turkey were to join Russia—The boot manufactory—The shoe-makers being drilled—The gaol—Coiners—A jealous woman in prison—The unfortunate shopkeeper.

I NEXT visited the Mutasarraf Pacha, the civil governor of Erzingan. He was an active little man, of about sixty years of age, full of energy. He seemed to have more of the Gaul than the Osmanli in his disposition. Formerly he had been civil governor at Widdin. Whilst he occupied this post some of his Zaptiehs had arrested a Russian. The latter had documents on his person which clearly showed that he was an agent of a society in Moscow, formed with the object of creating a revolution in Bulgaria.

Abdul Aziz was then Sultan, and the Mutasarraf Pacha forwarded the documents to Constantinople. Ignatieff's influence was at that time paramount with the Sultan. No notice was taken of the papers. Very shortly afterwards the Pacha was removed from Widdin to Erzingan.

"Were there any names upon the document?" I inquired.

"Yes, names implicating some very high Russian functionaries. I hope that we shall soon be engaged in hostilities with Russia," said the Pacha. "Ever since the battle of Sedan she has been secretly at war with Turkey, and trying to stab us under the guise of friendship.[1] Ignatieff encouraged Abdul Aziz in his extravagance. He knew that this would lead to bankruptcy, and to a rupture of the alliance with England; and you may depend upon it, that the Russian Ambassador was one of the first men to advise his majesty to repudiate the debt. They are very clever, these Russian diplomats," continued the Pacha; "and however poor Russia may be,

[1] These remarks of the Mutasarraf Pacha resemble those made on the same subject by other Pachas in Asia Minor. All these Turkish gentlemen had the same opinion of the Russian Ambassador.

she has always enough gold to sow the seeds of sedition and rebellion in her neighbour's territory. You will find this out for yourselves one day."

"How so?"

"When she touches your Indian frontier; by that time you will have enough to do to keep your native troops in order. Will England help us in this war?"

"I do not know; but it is not likely. You see the Turkish Government is very unpopular with us, because it does not pay the interest of its debt, and also because of the massacres which have taken place in Bulgaria."

"Say for the first reason," replied the Pacha, "and I agree with you, for you English, by all accounts, dearly love your gold. However, I should have thought that by this time your people had learned that we were not the originators of the massacres in Bulgaria."

"Who caused them, the Russians?"

The Pacha nodded his head affirmatively.

"If there be a war in Asia Minor, they will do their best to excite our Kurds to massacre the Armenians in the neighbourhood of Van, and will then throw all the blame upon our shoulders."

"Do you think that the Russians will be able to conquer you in Asia Minor?" I inquired.

"No, we are the strongest in this part of the world. The Georgians, Tartars, and Circassians hate the Russians, and will rise against them; besides that there are no roads."

"But Russia has taken Kars before."

"Yes, but she will not do so this time, and I should not be surprised if we were to go to Tiflis instead."

This I subsequently found to be the prevailing opinion amidst all the civil and military Pachas in Asia Minor.

"What do you think will be the final result of the war?" I now inquired of the Pacha.

He shook his head sorrowfully.

"If we have no ally, it will go hard with us; but your countrymen will be mad if they do not help us."

"Why so?"

"Because, when we find that we have no chance against our foe, what is to prevent us from turning round and allying ourselves with him; that alternative might be preferable to annihilation. And when Russia has our fleet, the Dardanelles, Batoum, and another port or so in the Black Sea, she might leave us

alone at Constantinople. Anyhow, if she has once crushed us, we shall no longer have the power of lifting our heads, and however much we may dislike the alternative of slavery or destruction, shall end by being menials of the Russians."

The following day I walked with the Turkish major to see his boot manufactory; a large building on the outskirts of the town. Four hundred and fifty men were employed in the business.

An order had arrived from Constantinople for all the workmen to be drilled. Two hours per day had been allotted for this purpose.

The shoemakers were drawn up in two ranks outside the building.

The officer who was instructing them commenced putting his men through the bayonet exercise. Many of the townspeople were amongst the spectators. They were greatly pleased at the eager way in which the men gave their thrusts into the air.

"If we only had some Russians to run through!" said a corpulent, middle-aged Turk.

"Ah! if we had," replied his friend. "Our bootmakers alone would be enough to make all the Cossacks turn pale and run!"

The manufactory was clean, and great order prevailed in the arrangements. Forty thousand pairs of boots had been made during the previous two months, my companion had received instructions from the authorities to forward 12,000 more to Erzeroum. The order had only just been issued, and was urgent. The result was that the leather which under ordinary circumstances would have been left in the tan for four months could only be soaked for five weeks. The major complained that he had not been supplied either with a machine to triturate the bark, or with a steam cutter's machine, which would have very much facilitated the work.

"I have written to the authorities at Constantinople about the matter," remarked the officer; "a reply has come to say that the articles in question are on their way. They will probably arrive when the war is over," added the officer despondently. "In the meantime some of our soldiers will have to march barefoot."

The thread used in the manufacture came from an English firm, Finlayson, Bousfield, and Co., of Glasgow; and the officer, as he showed me some of the packets, observed,—

"that formerly he had been supplied with French thread. It was a little cheaper than the sort now employed; but after some trials he had discovered that the English article was three times as durable, and consequently far more economical in the long-run."

The boots manufactured in the establishment were made to lace high up over the ancle, and with very thick soles. They are much heavier than those furnished to English troops, and would be apt to tire the soldiers during a long day's march. In one room a number of Armenian and Turkish lads were working sewing-machines.

All the hands in the manufactory were paid by piecework. The boys could earn from one to five piastres per day, and some of the men forty. Owing to the pressure of business, the work-people were employed sixteen hours per day, fourteen hours in the manufactory, and two at drill.

I now went to the gaol. Here there were nineteen prisoners. They were made up of seventeen Mohammedans and two Christians; the latter had been arrested, one for coining money, the other for murdering his wife. Whilst walking

through the building, I heard a great noise in one of the cells, and a woman's voice.

"What is she doing?" I inquired of the gaoler.

"Effendi, it is a curious case," said the man; "she has a husband, but is very much in love with a young Armenian shopkeeper. The latter is a married man, and does not return the enamoured female's affection; however, she is continually leaving her husband's house and invading the Armenian's premises. The husband became annoyed and complained—he thinks that the Armenian encourages his wife. Any how," continued the official, "the affair created a scandal, the Cadi did not like it; he has ordered the woman to be shut up for a day or two, and the Armenian as well."

"What, together?"

"No, Effendi, apart; it is rather hard upon the man," he added; "but who knows? perhaps he encouraged her."

"Why is she making that noise?"

"Because she has learnt that the Armenian is in the prison, and she wishes to be confined in the same cell with him. He does not want it himself, and of course it would not do; for what would the husband say? A jealous female is a

first cousin of the devil," continued the gaoler: "it is bad enough when she is jealous of her own husband, but when she is jealous of some other woman's, that is ten times worse."

CHAPTER VIII.

Russia's conduct in Servia—The Hodja—We have a great many troops—If the Circassians will rise—The Pacha—Raw cotton—The Mohammedan school—The Hodja's sum—Three jealous husbands—The mosque—Issek Pacha—A comparison between Mohammedan Imaums and Christian priests—Provisions—The old doctor—The road to Erzeroum—Want of sport—Soldiers frost-bitten.

LATER in the day, the Mutasarraf called at my house, and at once commenced his favourite theme, politics.

"What do the people in your country say about Russia's conduct in Servia?"

"Many of them do not like it," I replied.

"It was a cowardly act on the part of the Tzar, was it not?" said the Pacha; "he pretended to be at peace with our Sultan, and allowed Russian officers and soldiers to take part in the fight against us. I tell you what it is," added the speaker, "Ignatieff wishes to cut off another arm from Turkey, by making Bulgaria

independent, like Servia. If we are to die, better to perish at once than be torn to pieces limb by limb!"

"But I thought you told me this morning that in your opinion, sooner than that this should occur, your Government ought to join Russia?"

"Yes, I did," said the Pacha, "and if we were to join Russia and attack Europe, who will do nothing for us now, what would happen then?"

"Yes; what would happen then?" said the Hodja, or schoolmaster, a friend of the Pacha, and who had accompanied him during his visit.

"Europe would probably swallow up both Turkey and Russia!"

"You do not really think so," said the Pacha.

"We have a great many troops," said the Hodja.

"Yes; but not many officers."

"He is right," said the Pacha sadly; "our officers have not much brain, but we have one chance," he added.

"What is it?"

"If the Circassians were to rise, the Russians would have so much on their hands that they would be unable to advance.

"Is it likely that there will be a rising?"

"There is sure to be one," said the Pacha; "but it is doubtful whether it will be general, or confined to some districts;" and shaking hands with me he left the room with his companion.

The Pacha was an energetic man, and very popular with the inhabitants. He had been at Erzingan but a few months. He had found time to put the streets in tolerable order, and to make the town one of the cleanest in Anatolia. He was desirous of purchasing some machinery with the object of making cloth from the cotton which grows in this district. As it is, the raw cotton is sent to England, and is then manufactured into the articles required. The Pacha would have liked to save all this expense, and have the work done on the spot. He had tried to form a company, with the object of realizing his idea; but there was no energy in Erzingan—the people were afraid of risking the little money they possessed; it was impossible to carry the project into execution.

I now went to the Mohammedan School.

"Will you ask the boys some questions?" said the Hodja.

I remembered the success which I had obtained

with the sum put by me to the lads at Yuzgat, and at once gave it. The schoolmaster was at his wits' end for a solution. However, later in the day he came to my house and said—

"You set me a sum this morning—I cannot do it. I should like to ask you one."

"Go on," I remarked.

"Three men," said the Hodja, "who were accompanied by their three wives, arrived at a river. The husbands were all jealous of their wives. There was one boat in which to take the party. The bark would only hold two persons, and no woman could be trusted by her husband unless there were two men with her. How did they cross the river?"

"Can you do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"I will think it over," I replied.

"This sum has puzzled our Mutasarraf for six months," said the Hodja; "it is a beautiful sum!"

"Do you know the answer?" I inquired.

"Unfortunately, I have forgotten it," he replied.

I proceeded to visit the Mosque, which was being built at the expense of Issek Pacha, Governor of Sivas. It had been in the course of construction for three years, and was only half finished. The walls were made of stone and

marble, which had been brought from some quarries, about eight miles from the town. It was said that when the mosque was finished, it would be the handsomest one in Anatolia.

I met the Italian doctor as I was returning to my quarters.

"So you have seen the mosque?" he said.

"Yes."

"Well," he continued, "the Turks in some ways resemble us Catholics. Issek Pacha probably thinks that by building a magnificent mosque, he will be less likely to be fried in a future state of existence; and we are told that if we leave money to the priests, to say masses for our souls, we shall not have to remain so long in purgatory."

"It all comes to the same thing," said the old gentleman. "It is no matter where a man is born, whether in the Mohammedan East or in the Christian West, his Imaum or Priest will always get money out of him in some manner or other."

"In this instance," I remarked, "the money has gone to build a mosque and not to Imaums."

"Yes," said the Italian, "but whenever a priest or dervish asks a good Mohammedan for anything the latter will never refuse. The result is that the religious profession in Turkey is made up of

as many idlers and beggars as can be seen in my own country."

Provisions, according to the doctor, were not very dear in Erzingan. A good sheep could be bought for six shillings; 80 eggs for a shilling; two pounds and a half of bread, or rather of the thin unleavened cake which takes the place of the staff of life in Anatolia, for a penny; whilst eight pounds of potatoes could be purchased for the same price. A nice-looking horse would not cost more than 10*l*. Fuel was dear in proportion to the other articles of consumption—charcoal costing a farthing the pound.

"Erzingan is not a bad place for poor people to live in," added the old doctor. "I have resided here nearly half a century. A man can get on very well if he has 50*l*. a year."

On leaving the town I found a fair carriage road, which led in the direction of Erzeroum. This state of things was not to last long, and after marching two or three miles we were riding once more along a track.

Marshes extended for some distance on either side of our route. A number of geese and ducks, some of the latter of a very peculiar breed and different to any I had hitherto seen, were feeding in the fields around us. I tried to

approach them, so as to have a shot, as goose or duck would have been an agreeable change to the chicken fare which awaited us in every village. But the wild geese in Anatolia are quite as wary as their kindred on this side the Channel. It was impossible to stalk them.

I began to disbelieve in the stories which have been written about the amount of sport which can be obtained in Anatolia. With the exception of a few snipe, partridges, and hares, I had seen literally nothing in the shape of game since our departure from Constantinople. Deer were said to exist in some of the forests, but I had never even heard of any being exposed for sale in the different markets.

Should an Englishman ever think of undertaking a journey through Anatolia, and have the idea that he will be able to combine shooting with the pleasure of travel, he will find himself very much mistaken.

Now we overtook three hundred Kurds—redif soldiers on the march to Erzeroum. There were no officers with them. The men had to find their way as best they could to their destination. They were armed with needle rifles, but had no uniform, and were clad for the most part in rags and tatters. Many of them had no shoes or even

slippers, but were walking with bare feet through the snow. A few men were riding on mules, and on a closer inspection I found that these poor fellows had been frost-bitten. Some of them had lost their toes on the march.

CHAPTER IX.

Climbing the mountains—It is bitterly cold—Delan—The soldiers—Kargan—A bridge over the Euphrates—Mohallata—Our Padishah is poor now—The Captain of the Zaptiehs—He wishes to be married—Promotion wanted—The Erzingan track meets the Trebizond road—Bashi Bazouks—The Kara Su—Zaptiehs—Erzeroum—The fortifications of Erzeroum—Ismail Pacha's residence—A pacific speech made by Lord Derby—A decoration sent by the Tzar to the Armenian Bishop of Erzeroum—An Armenian demonstration—Caravan trade—*Timbaki*—Duties increased—The price of Timbaki—The Kurds—Russian agents—A massacre of the Christians to be brought about by Russian agents.

It was bitterly cold as we gradually climbed the mountains which lie between Erzingan and Erzeroum, and after a nine hours' march we halted for the night at a little village called Delan. There were only twelve mud hovels. The three hundred Kurds stowed themselves away as best they could. I was fortunate enough to obtain a resting-place in a stable. My horses were

packed together as closely as possible on one side of the building. There was just room for my followers and myself on the other.

The inhabitants of this little hamlet were Kurds, and the people did their best to make the newly-arrived soldiers comfortable. The latter were all fed at the expense of the villagers; each inhabitant giving as much bread as he could spare towards the rations of his countrymen. So far as I could learn, none of the soldiers had any money with them, and it was a five days' march to Erzeroum. But they evidently had solved the problem of how to get on without money; a week later I saw them arrive at their destination, and, with the exception of a few men laid up with frost-bite, they were not much the worse for their journey.

It was very slippery as we descended the slope which leads from Delan. We drove our horses before us; the little animals tacking from side to side, like ships beating against the wind, and putting their feet down with the greatest caution, so as to make sure of the ground before them. We then had to lead the animals up the mountains, Radford having great difficulty in wading through the snow, owing to his state of debility. Fortunately

we soon arrived at a place where it was possible to ride. Here another path branched off to the village of Kargan, but continuing by our old track we shortly came to a fine stone bridge, called the Kutta Kupri. It is about seventy-five yards wide, and spans the river Euphrates.

We passed through a series of natural basins, each of them two or three miles in diameter, and after an eight hours' tiring march put up for the night in the village of Mohallata. It contains about 100 houses, and a small barracks, with quarters for a squadron of Zaptiehs.

A battalion of redifs had also halted here. The men had marched from Erzingan without having had anything to eat since they left that town—the soldiers had gone more than thirty hours without food. There were no grumblers in the ranks.

One of the sergeants appeared rather an intelligent fellow; I spoke to him about the matter.

"We came to a village," he said; "there was nothing to eat, and so we went without our dinners."

"Did the men make any remarks?"

"No, Effendi, they knew that the people would have given them food if they had any to spare. When we beat the Russians, go to St. Petersburg

and conquer all their country for our Padishah," said the sergeant, "we shall have many paras, there will be plenty to eat. But our Padishah is poor now," continued the man sorrowfully, "he cannot give us any pay, there is no money in Stamboul."

The captain of the Zaptiehs accompanied me in my walk through the barracks. This officer was anxious to obtain his promotion.

"I am forty years of age," he remarked, "and a captain's pay is very little. It is not enough for me to keep a wife. I want to be married, but before that event can take place I must be a major. Shall you see the Pacha at Erzeroum?" he added.

"Yes."

"Will you speak to him for me, and recommend me for promotion?"

"How can I? I do not belong to your army, and am only here as a traveller."

"But you are an Englishman!" exclaimed the Zaptieh excitedly. "That is quite sufficient. The Pacha would know that no Englishman would recommend any one without a reason. I should be promoted!"

"My good sir," I observed, "I have only seen you for a few minutes; how could I solicit your promotion on the ground of your merits?"

The captain was not to be rebuffed.

"I will write down my name," he said, "and then you will speak to the Pacha."

Taking a dirty piece of paper from his pocket, he scribbled something and handed it to me.

Forward again for twelve more hours, our horses slipping up, or varying the performance by falling into snow-drifts, and we came to a spot where the Erzingan track meets the Trebizond and Erzeroum road. Here most of the snow had been cleared away. There was but little to impede our progress. Large caravans of several hundreds of horses and mules were bringing cartridges from Trebizond; bands of Bashi Bazouks were with them and on the march to Kars.

We rode along the left bank of the Kara Su (Black Water), the name given to the Euphrates in this district, and presently were met by some Zaptiehs. Their leader, advancing a few steps, said that he had been ordered by the Pacha to meet me, and escort my party into the town.

Erzeroum lies at one end of a large plain. It is surrounded on the north, south, and east sides by hills. A few detached forts had been thrown up on these heights. The town itself is

encircled by an intrenchment of loose earth—this defence was in no place more than three quarters of a mile from the city.

I rode to Ismail Pacha's residence. It is a large building in the middle of the town, and is also used as an office by the military Pacha.

Ismail, the civil governor, is a Kurd by birth. Some of his female relatives have made influential marriages: this, added to the talents which the Pacha possesses, has raised him to his present high position.

He did not think that war would take place between Turkey and Russia. A pacific speech made by Lord Derby had been telegraphed from London to Erzeroum. It was the opinion of many of the townspeople that the Tzar did not mean to break the peace.

"It will be much better for us if we fight now," said the Pacha, when he gave me the above-mentioned information. "If war is postponed, Russia will continue her intrigues[1] amidst our Christian population."

A few months previous the Tzar had sent a decoration to the Armenian Bishop of Erzeroum. The order had been forwarded through the

[1] See Consul Taylor's Report on this subject, Appendix XII., p. 363.

Russian Consul. The latter, instead of asking Ismail to give the decoration to the Bishop, had ignored the Pacha altogether, and had not even invited him to the ceremony.

This had been converted into an Armenian demonstration. The relations between the Mohammedans and Christians were not so friendly as could be desired.

Erzeroum is the principal depôt for the caravan trade which is carried on by the merchants in Teheran and their *confrères* in Constantinople. *Timbaki*, the tobacco used in nargilehs, is exported from Persia to this part of Asia Minor. Of late, the Turkish authorities have increased the duty on timbaki from eight to seventy-six per cent. This has been done in consequence of many Turks liking the Persian plant better than that which is grown in their own country. The price of ordinary timbaki was formerly only twenty-five piastres an oke at Constantinople, whilst Turkish tobacco of the same quality costs as much as sixty-one.

Ismail Pacha was doubtful whether in the event of war he would be able to keep the Kurds quiet in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum. Russian agents had been busily engaged for some time past in attempting to suborn these mountaineers. Money

had been lavished upon their chiefs. Anxiety was expressed as to which side they would take.

"The Russians are nearly as poor as we are," continued the Pacha, "but they have enough money left for the purpose of intrigue. If the war breaks out, it is not at all improbable that they will bring about a massacre of Christians in Asia Minor. Some of the Kurds would obey any order they might receive from St. Petersburg. It would go very hard with us in the court of European public opinion, if any fresh rebellions had to be suppressed by strong measures on our part."

CHAPTER X.

The Pacha's interpreter—The Russian Consul—The telegram—*Un ennemi acharné* of Russia—Mr. Zohrab—The Russian Government encourages photography—The paternal Government—Spies—Pregnant women massacred—How to frighten the mountaineers—Go and complain to the *Kralli* of the English. Ask her to send you an oculist—A blood-stained placard—A proof of Russian civilization—Two Circassian chiefs—Their statement—The value of the Caucasus—A Memoir drawn up by the Emperor Nicholas for the instruction of the present Emperor Alexander—Our inheritance is the East—The Circassians must be freed.

An Armenian, the Pacha's interpreter, now entered the room. Presently he observed that the Russian Consul at Erzeroum had just received a telegram.

"He read it to me himself," said the Armenian. "He wants its contents to be made known to you. It is from the Russian Authorities in the Caucasus, and has come *viâ* Batoum. It runs as follows: 'Two months ago, an Englishman,

a certain Captain Burnaby, left Constantinople with the object of travelling in Asia Minor. He is a desperate enemy (un ennemi acharné) of Russia. We have lost all traces of him since his departure from Stamboul. We believe that the real object of his journey is to pass the frontier, and enter Russia. Do your best, sir, to discover the whereabouts of this aforesaid Captain. Find means to inform him that in the event of his entering our territory, he will be immediately expelled.'"

The following day I went to the English Consulate. Mr. Zohrab is our Consul in Erzeroum. He is a good Turkish scholar, besides knowing most of the European languages.

I soon learnt that there was no exaggeration in the interpreter's story. It was said that the Russians had procured my photograph, and hung it up in all the frontier stations, so as to enable their officers to recognize me should I attempt to enter Russian territory.

I must say that I was rather surprised to find that the Paternal Government still took so much interest in my movements. From the fact of the Russian agents having lost all trace of me since I left Constantinople, I presume that my movements were watched during our journey on the steamer, and also in the capital. This was doubtless done

with a kind motive, and to prevent my being assaulted by any fanatical Mussulmans. When I was in St. Petersburg, only twelve months previous, General Milutin, the Russian Minister of War, had shown a most fatherly interest in my safety; he was much alarmed lest I might be assassinated by the Khivans or Turkomans in Central Asia. It was very kind of him. I had evidently not sufficiently appreciated the philanthropy of that gallant officer, and of the Government which he serves.

I could hardly believe that the Russian Authorities were so interested in my welfare as to set spies to travel with me on board a steamer or to track my steps in Constantinople.

I much regret that my short stay in that city had not permitted me to call upon an old acquaintance, General Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador to the Porte. I should then have been able to give his Excellency my solemn assurances that I had not the slightest intention to cross the Russo-Turkish frontier. However, possibly the term "solemn assurances" does not convey quite the same meaning to a Muscovite Diplomate as to an English officer; it might have been that his Excellency would not have placed any reliance on my promises.

The odd part of the matter was that I had not even dreamed of entering the Tzar's dominions. I was not ignorant of the state of Russia. Mr. Schuyler had proclaimed to the world that several of the Tzar's officials were corrupt. The scarcity of gold and the overwhelming paper currency proved the bankrupt state of the country. Every traveller could testify that many of the inhabitants of European Russian were drunkards. Major Wood in his book, the "Sea of Aral," had declared that some of the conquerors in Central Asia were worse. These facts were well known throughout Europe. I had travelled in Russia myself. Then how could the Russian Authorities be so childish as to think that I, of all people, wished to revisit the empire? On second thoughts, I could only account for it by the supposition that they were afraid lest I should travel through the Caucasus, and discover their method of dealing with the Circassians.

A few years ago, a British Consul called attention, in an official Report, to this subject. From what the Circassians whom I had met during my journey had said, there was every reason to believe that the following manner of treating Circassian ladies is still sometimes resorted to by the Russian promoters of Christianity and civilization. Consul

Dickson remarks, in a despatch dated Soukoum Kalé, March 17th, 1864, "A Russian detachment captured the village of Toobeh, inhabited by about 100 Abadzekh, and after these people had surrendered themselves prisoners, they were all massacred by the Russian troops. AMONG THE VICTIMS WERE TWO WOMEN IN AN ADVANCED STATE OF PREGNANCY AND FIVE CHILDREN."

Some people who call themselves Christians, and who sympathize, or for political motives pretend to sympathize with Russia, attempt to gloss over these facts by observing that the Circassians are a nation of freebooters, and that it is necessary to rule them with a rod of iron, and through their fears. So in order to strike terror into thieves and other malefactors, it is justifiable to murder pregnant women, and fire upon little children!

Amongst other ways of compelling the Circassians to submit to their conquerors was one so fiendish, that if proof were not at hand to confirm the statement, I should hesitate to place it before the reader.

In order to frighten the mountaineers and civilize them *à la Russe*, the Tzar's soldiers cut off the heads and scooped out the eyes of several men, women, and children; then nailing the eyeless heads on trees, they placed placards underneath them,

saying, "Go now and complain to the Kralli of the English, and ask her to send you an oculist."

An Englishman, Mr. Stewart Rolland, of Dibden, Hants, has travelled in Circassia. He can authenticate my statement. One of these blood-stained placards is in his possession. He will show it to any one who wishes to see for himself a proof of Russian civilization.

It may be asked why these Muscovite gentlemen were so inveterate against Great Britain. The Circassians formerly were of opinion that England would help them against their foe. Some years ago[1] they actually sent two chiefs, to state their grievances to the people of this country. These chiefs being asked why they counted upon England's good offices, said,—

"We have been told that the English nation is a great nation, and a nation that protects the distressed. Our wives and our children, our little ones and our old men said to us with groans and tears, 'You must go to that nation, and get us help.' And we replied, 'We will go, and we will tell that nation that if they do not give us help, we shall become the slaves of Russia, or shall be destroyed by Russia. We grown men will not

[1] See statement made by the Circassian Deputies, Appendices IX. and X., p. 351—353.

become slaves, but who knows what will happen to those who come after us; and once enslaved, they will be an army in the hands of Russia to attack the great English nation.'"

The Circassian chiefs visited England in 1862. Some Englishmen thought that it would be dangerous to interfere with a strong power like Russia, for the sake of a few mountaineers. The assistance asked for was denied. The Russian authorities did not value the Caucasus so lightly as our English officials.

This can be shown by the following extract[2] from a memoir drawn up by the Emperor Nicholas for the instruction of the present Emperor Alexander:—

"Our inheritance is the East, and we must not suffer our activity in that quarter to relax for a single moment. Our aim is, and remains, Constantinople, which is destined in our hands to become the centre of the world, and the eternal door to Asia. For a long time England has had the supremacy of the ocean; but the same position which we have attained on land will be occupied by our maritime power. The possession of Constantinople, the Dardanelles, the whole littoral of

[2] This extract is quoted from a remarkable pamphlet, entitled "Circassia," published by Hardwicke in 1862.

the Black Sea are indispensable to us. The sea is to become one great Russian port and cruising-ground for our fleets. The Emperor Alexander claimed Constantinople and the Dardanelles, when Napoleon proposed the partition of Turkey to him. At a later period, at the Congress of Vienna, he himself made a like proposal. The great Catherine foretold in prophetical spirit, that the execution of the grand scheme would be reserved for her second grandson. The Emperor Nicholas has taken the task upon himself. Everything of a higher order on which Mussulman life rests has disappeared. Old forms and habits are upset; all higher education and activity are wanting; the complete dissolution is near at hand. Europe will try to oppose our taking possession of Turkey. Our conquest advances step by step, without any considerable sacrifice on our part. It extends already to the vicinity of Stamboul. Our apparent moderation restrains even our enemies from taking up arms. Things, too, are not quite ripe yet. The erection of forts and the arming of all important spots on the Black Sea is an indispensable preliminary. We have to continue our struggle with the tribes of the Caucasus. It is sometimes troublesome, but it exercises our armies, and covers our preparations in the Black

Sea. Our moderation in the Treaty of Adrianople deprived England itself of every pretext for interference; yet we obtained everything that we wanted. By fostering Egypt, we continued afterwards to weaken Turkey. Events of the utmost importance to the splendour of our arms are not far distant. We keep the Divan in good disposition towards us, and at the same time in dependence upon us. It is most important to confirm the Sultan in his pseudo-reforms, and to push him on in the same way; but it will be expedient to throw obstacles in the way of any real improvement for the military regeneration. Of equal importance is it that the Porte should never get clear of financial embarrassment."

The possession of the Caucasus is undoubtedly most important to Russia. It enables her to make preparations for a march westward towards Scutari, and another southward in the direction of the Persian Gulf, without considering the possibility of her some day taking a fancy to the Bay of Iskenderoon.

Should Russia ever take possession of Armenia,[3] Persia would be at the mercy of the Tzar. The latter would command the highlands of Asia Minor. He could descend upon the

[3] See Appendix IV., p. 333.

valleys[4] of the Euphrates and Tigris.[5] Syria would be exposed to his attack. We should have to be on our guard lest he might wish to invade Egypt. It is quite true that England could easily defend Syria against all the Tzar's forces—but this would cost money. We should have to increase our military expenditure by several millions a year. This would not be agreeable to the British tax-payer.

People may argue that the Caucasus is far off from the points which I have mentioned; so it is; the Russian frontier town in Asia Minor, Gumri, is more than 1000 miles from Scutari. It is not likely that in one, two, or even three campaigns, the Tzar's troops would be able to reach that town. The policy of the Russian officials is a safe one. They do not attempt to swallow at one time more territory than they can easily digest.

This is what the possession of the Caucasus means to Russia. Should the fortune of war ever enable us once again to place our heel upon the throat of the Muscovite, we must not forget the Circassians. The people ought to be freed to act as a barrier between Russia and the Sultan's eastern dominions.

[4] See Routes which cross the Euphrates and Tigris, Appendix XIV.

[5] See Importance of Syria from a Military Point of View, Appendix XV.

CHAPTER XI.

The European society in Erzeroum—The Russian Consul an energetic man—How to depopulate a country—Russian passports—Consul Taylor—The intrigues of the Russian Consul—The Armenian upper classes—How corrupt they are—The soldiers in Erzeroum—Discontent—*Métallique*—The military hospital—Recruits from the South—The head surgeon—The wards—A valuable medicine—A bad habit—Wasting ammunition.

THERE was not much European society at Erzeroum. It was made up of the English, French, and Russian Consuls and their families; no other European, so far as I could learn, being in the town. The Russian official was an energetic man. A short time previous he had discovered that some Circassians had the intention to leave the Caucasus, and enter Turkey. He had telegraphed the news in cypher to the Russian authorities. Troops had been sent to the Cir-

cassian villages. The inhabitants had been caught in the act of packing up their goods and chattels. Very strong measures had been taken. It was not likely that any similar attempt would be made by the inhabitants. There were now hardly any of them left.

An empty house is better than a bad tenant; this seems to be the policy of the Tzar's generals in the Caucasus. It is undoubtedly cheaper to hang a prisoner than to imprison him. The Russian officers have great ideas of economy in this respect. The Russian Consuls at Erzeroum had been engaged for some time past in intriguing with the Armenians. Many Christians belonging to the higher monied classes were in favour of Russian rule—almost all of them being supplied with Russian passports. The traffic in such documents carried on in the Erzeroum district was very great. No large town in Armenia is free from pseudo-Russians. Consul Taylor, writing from Erzeroum to the Earl of Clarendon on March the 19th, 1869, remarks about the Russian Consul, who was then in that city, as follows: "The exaggerated pretensions, overbearing conduct, and ostentatious display of the Russian Consul in his relations with the local authorities, in which it is needless to say other

Consuls do not indulge, coupled with the unaccountable servility of the Turkish officials here in their intercourse with him, tend among an ignorant people to give a false value to his particular importance or rather to that of the country he serves—which by still further strengthening their belief (alluding to Armenians) that no other power than Russia is so able or willing to help them—makes them eager to apply to him in their differences, and to acquire DOCUMENTS that to them appear claims to the interference of a foreign power in their behalf. That the INTRIGUING, meddling conduct of the RUSSIAN CONSUL is approved, I may state that although in disfavour with the Embassy at Constantinople, he is SUPPORTED by the AUTHORITIES in the CAUCASUS, to whose diplomatic Chancery at Tiflis, he is directly subordinate. It is the POLICY of the RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT, and therefore of its AGENTS, to encourage such ideas —as also to exaggerate real existing evils, or trump up imaginary complaints, in order to keep up that CHRONIC DISAFFECTION so suitable to the line of conduct it has always pursued in the limits of Eastern countries."

I now learnt that a very large sum of money had been nominally spent in throwing up some earth-

works round Erzeroum. They were said to have cost a million of liras, nobody seemed to know how the money had been spent. I had not as yet visited the fortifications. From what I could gather, the defences were in a very bad state. It was stated that they would be utterly untenable in the event of an attack.

One thing, seemed to be the unanimous opinion of all classes in Erzeroum—with the exception possibly of the Russian Consul, whose acquaintance I did not have the pleasure of making; this was, that should the Armenians ever get the upper hand in Anatolia, their government would be much more corrupt than the actual administration. It was corroborated by the Armenians themselves; the stories which they told me of several of the wealthier and more influential of their fellow-countrymen thoroughly bore out the idea.[1]

The soldiers in Erzeroum were very discontented about the way in which they had received their pay, or rather, I should say, some of their back pay, as the amount owing to them was now more than twelve months in arrear. Where formerly they used to be paid in *métallique*—a de-

[1] See Mr. Taylor's Report to the British Government on this matter, Appendix XXII., p. 363.

based coinage of silver mixed with copper, but which always keeps its value of about 140 piastres to the lira—they were now being paid in *caime* or bank-notes. Caime had depreciated enormously, a lira being worth at Constantinople 200 piastres. The Governor of Erzeroum had issued an order that a paper piastre was to be considered as equal to a metallic piastre. This did not prevent things from rising in value. The soldiers were not able to buy half so much with their caime as formerly with their *métallique*. They had petitioned the Governor on this subject, and were in hopes that he would let them be paid after the Constantinople rate of exchange.

The following day I went to the Military Hospital, a large building in the middle of the town. Many of the patients were suffering from typhoid fever, and others from frost-bite. The men who had marched from the southern provinces of the empire had felt the extreme cold in Erzeroum. Their clothes, well adapted for the climate of Bagdad, were no protection against the low temperature on the mountains. There were also several cases of ophthalmia and pneumonia.

The head surgeon in the hospital was a Greek, and one of his assistants a Hungarian.

They both appeared to be intelligent men, and bewailed the lack of resources for the hospital.

"We have enough at present," said the Hungarian; "but it is the time of peace. When the war breaks out we shall require medicines and instruments, how the Government will be able to pay for them I do not know. Every para[2] will be required for the soldiers in the field. Notwithstanding the best intentions on the part of the authorities, the wounded will many of them be left to rot."

The wards were well ventilated. But, owing to the dearth of accommodation, patients laid up with typhus were lying next to men suffering from ophthalmia. It was impossible to separate the different cases. The doors, too, did not fit. On opening one of them, a current of cold air cut through the room, and attacked those patients who were suffering from inflammation of the lungs. Hollow coughs could be heard from all sides of the apartment.

The name of every inmate, and the nature of the case, was written in French over his pallet, and the sufferers seemed to be much attached to their attendants.

[2] A small coin, but often used as a general term to express money.

"One of the most valuable medicines in this hospital," remarked the Greek, as I finished my inspection, "is wine. The Turks who come from the south suffer from poorness of blood. They have never drunk wine before, their law prevents them; when they receive alcohol as a medicine the effect is marvellous."

I now walked to one of the barracks, to see the cavalry regiment which had left Sivas whilst I was in that town. It had just arrived in Erzeroum. An officer accompanied me through the stables. They were large and lofty. The saddles, arms, and accoutrements were clean and bright, and the men appeared very particular about these matters; the colonel telling me, with a certain amount of pride, that notwithstanding the long march from Sivas, he had no cases of sore backs amongst the horses in his regiment.

Unfortunately there was only one other cavalry regiment in that part of Anatolia. The Turks, in the event of war, would have to depend upon their Circassian irregulars for outpost duty. Now if there is one branch of warfare which requires study more than another it is outpost duty. The safety of an army depends upon this being well done. Intelligent cavalry officers are the

eyes and ears of the commander of an expedition. A general who is not supplied with a numerous and efficient cavalry is like a deaf and blind man; he knows nothing of what is going on around him.[3] My companion was well aware of this. He regretted that there were not more cavalry regiments on the frontier.

"We shall do our best," he said, "but there are only 400 troopers; when we are killed there will be no one to replace us."

He was not so sanguine about the result of the war as many of the officers with whom I had conversed.

"I fought against the Russians in the Crimea," was his remark on this subject. "They have very little money," he continued; "however, we have less. We shall have to buy arms from abroad. So long as we have gold, your manufacturers will supply us; when we have no liras left, there will be no more rifles and cartridges. We have plenty of men. We can recruit from the Mussulmans throughout Asia. We can put into the field quite as many troops as the Russians. The latter are not to be despised as soldiers, they will die in their places. Our men will do the same. It

[3] Fortunately for the Turks in the present war, the Russian cavalry has so far proved itself very inefficient.

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will be a question of money and the longest purse will win."

From the cavalry barracks I proceeded to a large Khan, originally constructed for travellers, but now given over to the troops. Here a battalion of redifs (reserves) was quartered. They had just received their uniform—a blue tunic and trousers, very much like the dress worn by the red French infantry, and were armed with Martini-Peabody rifles—a quantity of these fire-arms having been recently purchased from an American firm.

The rooms in which the troops were lodged had nothing to recommend them; they were dirty and low, besides being overcrowded. The officers' rooms adjoined the men's dormitories, and were equally filthy.

A captain was drilling his company in one of the passages, and was making the soldiers go through the motions as if they were volley-firing. The moment the men had their rifles to the shoulder he gave the word "fire;" there was no time allowed for taking aim.

The same fault I subsequently observed in a battalion which was ordered to form a square to resist cavalry. The band was placed in the middle of the square, the men, so soon as the

music struck up, commenced firing independently —the object of each soldier being to discharge his rifle as rapidly as possible, the officers encouraging them in this bad habit.[4] If the same system is to be carried on in a war with Russia, the Sultan's army in Anatolia will soon be without ammunition.

[4] This actually happened in the first engagements in the neighbourhood of Deli Baba.

CHAPTER XII.

A conversation with the Pacha—The English Parliament opened—What will they say about Turkey?—Can the people at your Embassy speak Turkish?—The French are brave soldiers—The fortifications—The roads—The water supply—The posterns—Important military positions—A dinner with our Consul—He relates a story—A Kurdish robber—The colonel—His young wife—How the Kurd wished to revenge himself—Many of the Kurds are in Russian pay.

ERZEROUM was certainly the land of rumours, or, to use a slang expression, "shaves." Shortly after returning to my quarters, the Pacha called and said that he had received a telegram to the effect, that England, Germany, and Turkey were to be allies in the coming struggle.

"Do you believe it?" I inquired.

"Well," replied the Pacha, "the Germans, it is said, do not like the Russians, and Russia is believed to be an ally of France."

"If Germany does not fight France soon,"

observed another Turk, "France will be too strong for Germany."

"That is what I think," said the Pacha; "Germany sees the nation that she has beaten making every effort to become strong, so as to revenge herself for her defeat. Bismarck will not be likely to await that event."

A Turkish engineer officer now entered the room. He informed us that a telegram had arrived to say that the English Parliament had been opened.

"What will they say about Turkey?" continued the officer.

"Probably some more about the Bulgarian atrocities," I replied; "but I really do not know."

"You English people," observed the engineer, "think that you know a great deal about what is passing in foreign countries. You know nothing at all about Turkey. Can the people at your Embassy speak Turkish?"

"One can."

"All our officials in England can speak English," said the engineer. "Our newspapers say that you receive your information from people who are sent to travel for different English journals, and that hardly any of these men

can speak Turkish: is that the case?" he continued.

"Our newspapers, as a rule, are very well informed."

"They wrote a great many falsehoods about us in Bulgaria," said the officer; "our journals say that the writers were bribed by Russia."

"Englishmen do not sell their pens," I observed; "this is a habit which is more likely to exist in your country than in my own."

"If England, Austria, and ourselves fight Russia," said the Pacha, "we shall annihilate Russia. Do you think France will be against us?"

"Probably not."

"I should be sorry if France were our foe," said the Pacha; "the French are brave soldiers, and were our friends in the Crimea."

"Allah only knows what will happen," said another of the company; "we are in His hands!"

I now mentioned to the Pacha that Mohammed had come with me as a servant from Tokat, and inquired if I might keep him during my stay in Asia Minor?

"Is he a soldier?" said the Pacha.

"Yes."

"Well, there will be no fighting at present;

he can remain with you till you reach Batoum; a battalion from Tokat is in that town, he can join there.

Later in the day, I rode round the fortifications, accompanied by a Turkish officer. There were nineteen small forts—those on the Kars side being on an average 3000 yards from the town, but those in the direction of Ardahan only 1000.

On the south a mountain descends to within a very short distance of Erzeroum. There is a direct road from Van to Moush, and from that town to the mountain which commands the city. I learnt that no preparations had been made to defend this height, but, Inshallah, so soon as the winter was over, a redoubt would be thrown up in that direction.

Two water-channels lead from this mountain into Erzeroum, if an enemy once had possession of the eminence, he would be able to turn them off from the town. There are a few wells in the city. The water-supply is insufficient for the requirements of the population.

Erzeroum is entered by three posterns, known by the name of the Stamboul, Ardahan, and Kars gates. The roads from them lead to Ardahan, Kars, Van, Erzingan, and Trebizond. On the Van road, and about five miles from Erzeroum,

there is a position known as the Palandukain defile, here it had been proposed to build a fort—that is, so soon as the weather became a little warmer. It was also the intention to construct another at Gereguzek, eighteen miles from Erzeroum, on the Ardahan road.

The officer now remarked that the Deve Boinou Bogaz, five miles from Erzeroum, and on the Kars road, would be a good place for a fort, whilst redoubts, in his opinion, ought to be thrown up at Kupri-Kui—a place nine hours from Erzeroum, and where there is a branch road to Bayazid. He added that some more defences should be made at the Soghana defile, which is twenty-four hours from Erzeroum. If this were done, it would be very difficult for the Russians to advance by that route.

The important positions on the Bayazid road are at Deli Baba—a narrow gorge through high mountains, and which pass, the Turk declared, was impregnable—at Taher Gedi, a five hours' march from Deli Baba, and at Kara Kilissa; after which the road is level to Bayazid.

The forts around Erzeroum were many of them armed with bronze cannon, which had been manufactured at Constantinople. The artillerymen had very little knowledge of these pieces. The

officers in command of the different batteries were ignorant of the distances to the different points within range of their guns.

A million of liras had been spent in the construction of the defences of Erzeroum, after riding round them, it was difficult for me to imagine what had been done with the money.[1] As it is, this sum has been entirely wasted; Erzeroum, if assailed by a resolute foe, would not be able to offer any resistance—the easiest points of attack being by the Ardahan or the Van road.

Later in the day, I dined with our Consul, Mr. Zohrab. There was an Armenian present, the Pacha's interpreter, and also Mr. Zohrab's dragoman, a gentleman who I believe is of Arab parentage. The conversation after dinner turned upon the Kurds; the Consul, lighting his cigarette, remarked that there were several curious anecdotes with reference to these wild mountaineers.

On being pressed to relate one, Mr. Zohrab began,—

"Not long ago, and in the neighbourhood of Karpoot, a Kurdish robber attacked a Turkish merchant. The robber was wounded. He fled from the scene of his crime, and took refuge in

[1] Since my stay at Erzeroum, the defences of that city have been strengthened.

the house of a Kurd known as Miri Mehmed, a rich and powerful sheik or chief. News of the outrage reached Erzeroum. The Pacha sent orders to the colonel of a regiment in the neighbourhood of the sheik's encampment to arrest the robber. The chief soon heard of this. He was able to dispose of several thousand armed men. He was not at all inclined to submit. In the meantime the officer, who did not know how to arrest the Kurd, wrote to the sheik and invited him to dinner.

"The colonel had lately taken to himself a young and beautiful bride," added the Consul, by way of a parenthesis. "Most of the officers in his regiment were married men. The day fixed for the dinner arrived. At the appointed hour the sheik rode down to the encampment. He was unaccompanied by any retainers, dismounting at the door of the colonel's tent, he passed the threshold. The officer received his guest very courteously, gave him a magnificent entertainment, and, after the dinner was over, asked him to give up the Kurdish robber. To this, however, the Kurd would not agree. 'He has eaten bread and salt in my house,' was his reply. 'I shall not surrender him.' The officer exerted all his powers of persuasion, finally, dis-

covering that the Kurd was obdurate, he arose, and, taking a document from his pocket, showed him that his orders were to arrest the sheik himself sooner than that the robber should be allowed to escape. 'So you mean to arrest me?' said the Kurd. 'You probably think that, because I am unattended, I have no one at my beck and call. Wait! If I have not returned to my encampment in three hours' time, my men will come here to look for me; and I tell you what will happen. I shall take the wife you love best, I will revenge myself by dishonouring her before your eyes. My men shall do the same to the wives of every officer in your regiment!' The colonel was dreadfully alarmed at this," continued the Consul. "He knew that the sheik was quite capable of carrying his threat into effect, he trembled at the vast superiority of numbers on the side of the Kurds. He went down upon his knees, and implored the chief for mercy. The other officers were equally alarmed. They entreated the Kurd to depart. The colonel, kneeling down on the ground, embraced the sheik's feet as a sign of humility and respect. The chief was inflexible," added the speaker. "He stood motionless as a block of stone. He made no remark. At last the colonel, goaded to

a state of frenzy, sprang to his feet and cried out to the chieftain, 'You are worse than a Christian! you are not a Mohammedan! You have eaten bread and salt in my house, and yet you wish to do me this great wrong.' 'And what did you wish to do to me?' said the Kurd. 'You thought that I was without my followers and unprotected. You wished to take me a prisoner to Egin; and then what would have been my fate? Perhaps I should have been put in gaol or hanged, as has been the lot of some of my tribe. But,' added the sheik, 'you have thrown in my teeth the remark that I am worse than a Christian! I will show you if I am so. My followers will be here in a very short time. They shall not harm your women. To-morrow morning I will go with you to Karpoot; but only on one condition—that we ride there without any of our men. I will send for my wife whom I love, and you shall take your wife whom you love. They shall accompany us. We will go together to the governor of the the town.' The next day they started," added Mr. Zohrab. "The governor was first of all for treating the Kurd very severely; but when the news had been telegraphed to the authorities, and all the facts of the case were known, an order came to release the chief."

"From whom did you learn this story?" I inquired.

"From a Hungarian doctor who was attached to the battalion in question, and who was an eye-witness of the greater part of the scheme."

"Some of these Kurds are very chivalrous fellows," remarked an Armenian. "However, they are great robbers, and a curse to the neighbourhood. They often bribe the Pachas," he continued, "and when troops are sent to force the mountaineers to submit, the general in command, instead of surrounding the mountain, or blocking up all the passes, will purposely leave one or two defiles open. The Kurds then escape, and the Pacha telegraphs back to Constantinople that perfect order reigns throughout the district under his command."

"What will the Kurds do in the event of a war with Russia?" I inquired.

"They will go with the side which pays them the most money," was the reply. "They are many of them known to be in Russian pay, and presents are continually being sent by the authorities in the Caucasus to the chiefs in this part of Anatolia."

CHAPTER XIII.

The weather—The number of troops in the town—Wood is very dear—Tezek—The shape of the town—Trade with Persia—Ismail Pacha's head servant—Have the Russians arrived? No, Effendi, but the Pacha has hanged himself! that is all—The Pacha's wives—He was gay and handsome—The Consul's dragoman—An attack of dysentery—Starting for Van—Major-General Macintosh—His opinion about the Kurds—The Bazaar at Van—Fezzee Pacha—Kiepert's map—Erzeroum is very weak—Fezzee Pacha's opinion about the impending war—The curious Caves.

It was bitterly cold at Erzeroum. The thermometer had fallen below zero. The half-clad recruits could be seen running up and down in front of their barracks endeavouring to keep themselves warm. There were at that time about 12,000 troops in the town. The number was continually changing, every week fresh battalions of redifs arrived from the interior, and

then the older soldiers were marched off in the direction of Bayazid, Kars, or Ardahan.

Wood was dear in the market. The inhabitants had to trust to their tezek, the dried excrement of cows, bulls, and oxen. The town is in the form of a pentagon. Its appearance from afar off has been compared by a traveller to a ship of enormous size, raised by the waves and thrown into a neglected bay. The mainmast is an old tower which stands out conspicuously amidst the mud-built houses.

Formerly there used to be a great trade between this town and Persia. All the caravans going from the latter country to Trebizond pass through Erzerotim, and halt a few days to dispose of some merchandise. Of late years, a great deal of the Persian trade has found its way *viâ* Khoi and Erivan to Tiflis. The caravans between Persia and Erzeroum are not so numerous as they were some eighteen years ago. Two per cent. duty is charged upon all merchandise going from Erzeroum to Persia, and eight per cent. upon imported goods. Any article manufactured in Erzeroum, and sent out of the town without being marked with the Government stamp, as a sign that it has paid the duty, is liable to be confiscated.

The following morning I was awoke by Ismail

Pacha's head servant. It was bitterly cold. He proceeded to make a little fire in the stove. From time to time he looked at me in an excited manner, then he would blow the fire. There was evidently something on his mind.

"What is it?" I inquired. "Have the Russians arrived?"

"No, Effendi, but the Pacha has hanged himself! that is all!"

"Not Ismail Pacha?" I exclaimed, at once thinking of my hospitable old host.

"No, Effendi, not Ismail, but a military Pacha —a young man, only forty. Woe is me! He has hanged himself; our Pacha has gone to his house, with all the other Pachas. The body is quite cold; if the Effendi were to go there, perhaps he might bring it to life again."

"I am not a Hakim," I said.

"Yes, Effendi, you are. Mohammed has told me that you have some medicine."

"Nonsense! But what made the Pacha hang himself?"

"Effendi, no one knows for certain. It may have been owing to his wives; some people say that he had lost all his money by lending it to the Sultan. Allah only knows! I should say his wives had something to do with it."

"Why so?"

"Because he was gay and handsome. His wives were jealous. They were always scolding him—that is, whenever he went to his harem. If he had not been a military Pacha, he might have abandoned his seraglio, but he could not leave Erzeroum; the wives knew it, they had him in their power. He was such a nice gentleman!"

Later in the day I met the Consul's dragoman. He was of opinion that the Pacha had not committed suicide, but that some one in his house had saved him the trouble. This was the impression of many people in the town.

"Any how," continued my informant, "no one will be the wiser. The poor fellow is in the ground; coroners' inquests, or any sort of judicial inquiry as to the causes of death, are unknown in this part of the world."

Radford was still looking ill. I wished to leave Erzeroum. It was necessary for me to make up my mind as to what was to be done with him. It is a six days' march from Erzeroum to Trebizond: once there he might have gone on board a vessel bound to Constantinople. But on my proposing this plan, the poor fellow so entreated to

be allowed to continue the journey, that rather reluctantly I consented.

When long forced marches have to be made through deep snow, an invalid is a source of great inconvenience. In addition to this, I was anything but well myself; a sudden chill had left me with an attack of dysentery. The food supplied us by the Pacha at Erzeroum consisted of very rich dishes. It was not the best thing for the digestive organs.

I was eager to commence the journey to Van; however, if both man and master were to fall ill on the march, it would be next to impossible to reach that city. When I announced to Ismail Pacha my intention of starting for Van, he did his best to dissuade me from the undertaking.

"It is a fourteen days' march," he observed. "You will be in a country infested by Kurds, many of whom are in Russia's pay.[1] The Russian

[1] Major-General Macintosh, writing in 1854 on the subject, remarks that "in their desire to win over the Kurds, the Russian authorities proceeded so far, that on the pretext that they were a migratory people, they claimed a right for them to cross the frontier for the purpose of grazing their cattle; and that even in Turkey they should still be looked upon as Russian subjects, and have no imports to pay on that side." He continues, "I have no doubt it is the interest of Russia that the

Consul in Erzeroum is aware that you are here, he also knows that his Government looks upon you as an enemy—this I have heard from the interpreter. Should the Kurds kill you, your countrymen would very likely throw the blame on us. Take my advice," said Ismail Pacha; "do not go to Van. There is nothing to be seen in that town. Go straight to Kars, you will then meet with no Kurds on the road."

But I had made up my mind to see Van, and the more particularly because I had been informed by many of my Armenian acquaintances that the bazaar there had been recently set on fire by some Turkish troops, and that the Christians had been robbed of all their effects by the Mussulman soldiers. The bazaar was represented to me as having been of gigantic dimen-

Kurds should to a certain degree be weakened and scattered, though it has been her crafty policy, while urging or encouraging Turkey in this course (referring to attacks upon Kurds), to pretend to be their champion and friend. She has pursued a similar course among the Turkomans to the eastward of the Caspian ; and when in a contiguous part of Asia I heard of dresses of honour having been given to the chiefs, at the same time that the Shah of Persia was encouraged to attack them from the south. The more these various tribes of barbarians weaken themselves by their incessant conflicts, the more they are paving the way for the dominion of such a power as Russia."

sions. The Armenian merchants in Van were said to have been reduced from a state of affluence to one of abject poverty.

I was anxious to ascertain for myself how far this story was true; and as it is perfectly impossible to trust to any evidence in the east, save to that of your own eyes, I had determined to visit the seat of the conflagration.

Another Pacha called upon me, Fezzee Pacha (General Kohlmann), the chief of the staff in Erzeroum. He was a Hungarian gentleman, and had formerly been engaged as one of the leaders in a revolution in his own country. At that time he had been ordered to blow up the bridge over the river at Buda-Pesth, but had not done so. Shortly afterwards he entered the army of the Sultan. He showed me one of Kiepert's maps of Asia Minor, dated 1856, but with numerous corrections, which had been made subsequently by European officers in the Turkish service. The Pacha had enlarged this map by photography, he had then distributed facsimiles of it to the officers under his command. He was a fine-looking old man, nearer seventy than sixty, but upright as a lad of sixteen, and with a pleasant, frank smile which did one's heart good to witness.

The Turks, as a rule, are not in the habit of smiling; indeed, Radford often used to expatiate on the extreme melancholy which prevailed throughout all the Mohammedan classes; his favourite remark being "that they looked as if they had found a sixpence and lost half-a-crown." General Kohlmann was an exception to this rule. He had adopted the Mohammedan religion, but this had not taken away from him a keen sense of the ridiculous. I have seldom found myself in pleasanter company than that of the chief of the staff in Erzeroum. He had been in Kars during the last siege, and was personally acquainted with Sir Fenwick Williams, Colonel Teesdale, and several other Englishmen; besides having a great deal to say about the gallantry and skill which had been shown by the British officers during the investment of the fortress.

"Shall you remain much longer in the Turkish army?" I inquired.

"I am waiting here in hopes that there will be a war with our enemies the Russians," said the old general, "and, if we can only beat them, shall then return to Constantinople, and take my pension."

In the Pacha's opinion, Erzeroum was very weak and could not stand a siege. He did not

apprehend any danger from an atttack along the Van road, as there is a very strong position near Meleskert, and one which the Russians would not be able to take without enormous loss. He did not believe that the Tzar's troops were so strong [2] in the Caucasus as was generally supposed. If the general could have had his way, he would at once have commenced the war by an attack in that direction.

Later in the day, I heard from an Armenian that there were some curious caves in the neighbourhood of Erzeroum, and which no one had ever explored. They were said to extend for miles, and to pass under the different detached forts. My informant declared that a priest who had been in them for a short distance had said that they contained gigantic halls, and seemingly never-ending passages.

I now asked the Pacha if I might undertake the exploration of the cavern. It would be interesting from a military point of view to know where the passage ended. Should there be a war, an attempt might be made by Russian agents to blow up the batteries with gunpowder.

Ismail Pacha readily gave his consent, and at

[2] Subsequent events have proved how right General Kohlmann was in his opinion.

the same time ordered an officer of engineers to take some men with lanterns and pick-axes to aid me in the task. The English Consul, Mr. Zohrab, and his two sons, expressed a wish to join the party. It was arranged that we should meet the following morning at the consulate, and go from there to the caves.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Turkish cemetery—Entering the cavern—The narrow passage—A branch tunnel—A candle went out—The ball of string—The Garden of Eden—The serpent—A dinner with the Engineer general—Mashallah—The evil eye—A whole nation of Hodjas—You English are a marvellous nation—Some of our Pachas cannot write—This is a miracle—Start for Van—The postman—A caravan from Persia—The wives of the Persian merchant—How to balance a fat wife—Herteff—My host's wife—Stealing sugar.

When I arrived at Mr. Zohrab's residence, I found that gentleman and his boys, two English-looking lads with ruddy cheeks, prepared for a journey to the centre of the earth, if the subterranean passage would only lead us there; and riding by a Turkish cemetery, which is just on the outskirts of Erzeroum, we proceeded onward towards our destination—a hill a short distance from the walls of the city.

A few melancholy-looking dogs were walking about the dead men's home. A grave-digger was busily engaged in making a hole in the frost-bound ground with a pick. Further on a small band of people, howling and making a great noise, showed that another follower of Islam had just been committed to his last abode. Some of the monuments were surrounded by wooden railings. Others had the names of the departed written on them in Arabic characters. Every stone was upright,none of them being placed horizontally on the ground, as is the custom with the Christians in the east.

Some soldiers were standing near a small aperture in a neighbouring hill. One of them advanced as we rode up the slope, and said a few words to the officer.

"We have arrived," said the latter, and, dismounting, we followed his example.

The hole was not a large one. To enter the cave it was necessary for each man to lie flat on the ground, and gradually squeeze his body through the aperture. The first to attempt the passage was a thin Turk; he looked as if he had never been properly fed, and was as emaciated in appearance as some of the dogs about the cemetery. Holding a candle in one hand and a box of

matches in the other, he disappeared head-foremost down the cavity. I prepared to follow, not without some misgivings, as I was not at all sure whether there was room for me to pass.

"You will stick!" said the Consul. And I did stick.

However, by the aid of a friendly shove from those behind, and a hand from the little Turk in front, I succeeded in entering the cavern. The others in turn followed. The passage became higher, we could walk upright. There were still no signs of any barrier, all of a sudden we arrived at a branch tunnel. Leaving some soldiers to explore this passage, we continued onward and presently came to a small cavern to the left of our path, the latter being now blocked up by some loose stones.

The soldiers began clearing away the débris. The rest of our party sat down in the cave and began to discuss the grotto. The officer was of opinion that it had been made several hundred years ago, as a refuge for the women and children of Erzeroum, in the event of that city being attacked by an enemy.

"Erzeroum is supposed to have been the site of the Garden of Eden. Perhaps this is the spot to

which the serpent retired after the fall," remarked another of the explorers.

The officer shook his head; he did not believe in serpents. He stuck to his original idea.

The soldiers by this time had succeeded in clearing away the débris. An aperture was exposed to view. It was about the same width as the one through which we had previously passed, and, on reaching the opposite side, several tunnels were found, branching in different directions.

Taking a ball of string, we attached it to a stone by the entrance. Gradually unwinding the cord, we advanced along one of the passages —now crawling flat on our stomachs, and then stumbling over heaps of rubbish—the Consul, who was rather blown by his exertions, remaining in the first room, and solacing himself during our absence with a cigarette.

Presently a candle went out. We had to send for another. Two or three small caverns were now passed. Finally we arrived at the bare rock. There was no exit. We had explored the caves on one side.

Retracing our steps, we tried the other tunnels, but, after a very short time, found that they too ended in the bare rock. There was nothing more

to be done, and, returning to the open air, I soon afterwards reached my quarters. My faith in Armenian stories was still more shaken by the events of the morning. I had been told that I should see gigantic caverns: they had turned out to be small places, most of them not more than twelve feet square.

The officer who accompanied me was intelligent for a Turk, but he could not understand our getting up so early and riding through deep snow, merely to explore an old cave. Curiosity about antiquities does not enter into a Turk's composition. He lives for the present. What has happened is finished and done with.

That evening I dined with a general of engineers. Some officers on his staff and Fezzee Pacha were amongst the guests. After dinner the son of my host—a child of ten years of age—came into the room, accompanied by an attendant. The boy was dressed in a cadet's uniform, and had a very pleasant cast of countenance.

"He is a pretty boy," I remarked to his father.

"Mashallah!" interrupted the old Hungarian. "Say Mashallah," he added, "or else the father will be afraid of the evil eye! You have no idea how superstitious the Turks are," continued the speaker, in French; "if you had not said

Mashallah, and subsequently anything had happened to the child, they would then have declared that it was owing to you."

The engineer general was much surprised to learn that almost every Englishman could read and write, and would not believe me till the Hungarian had corroborated my statement.

"It is wonderful!" exclaimed our host. "Only think! A whole nation of Hodjas—schoolmasters! No wonder that the English people are so clever. It would never do for us Turks," he added.

"Why not?"

"Because it would make our poor people dissatisfied to find that they knew as much as their masters, but were only receiving a servant's wages. Does it not make your lower orders dissatisfied?" he inquired.

"No, because their masters know something beyond reading and writing."

"You English are a marvellous nation," said the Pacha; "but, I should not be surprised if one day you had a revolution. Why, some of our Pachas cannot write, and yet they get on very well. All your labourers being able to read and write—this is a miracle!"

I said farewell to my host, and to our hospitable Consul, who had done his best to

dissuade me from the journey. The following morning we started for Van.

It was a windy day. The postman who was carrying the Van letter-bag did not much fancy the march.

"It will be all right for a few hours," he remarked; "but if it is like this to-morrow, we shall not be able to pass the mountains."

I now learnt that, owing to the wind and snow, the track was sometimes blocked for days together, the path too was slippery, and there were precipices on either side.

Presently we met a caravan of camels from Persia—the huge beasts were covered with icicles, owing to the extreme cold. The men who accompanied the caravan were clad in sheepskins, and wore high black hats. The track was very narrow, not being more than twelve inches broad; on either side of it there were five feet of snow. The camels had to make way for the postman, who preceded us. With a crack from his whip, he sent the foremost of them off the track, and breast-deep in the drift. The other camels, more than a hundred in number, followed in their leader's wake. There was one mule left in the path; on approaching, we found that he bore two ladies. They were the wives of the Persian merchant,

and were seated in large baskets—a pannier being slung on either side of their animal.

The postman proved to be more chivalrous than I expected. Spurring his horse, he made his animal leave the track. Man and steed were half buried in the snow. We followed him. The mule was now able to pass with the ladies, who seemed much alarmed lest their quadruped should stumble. The women appeared to be very uncomfortable in their conveyance. One of them was much heavier than the other, the Persian had balanced her weight by putting a huge stone in the pannier containing his thinner wife. Some parts of the road along which they had come led by the side of a precipice. It must have been very disagreeable for the ladies to have sat still in their baskets, and have looked down the abyss, with nothing save the sure-footedness of their animal to insure them against eternity.

This caravan had come from Khoi and Bayazid —the owner reported that the roads were in a dreadful state. He had been twenty days performing the journey. We halted that evening at an Armenian village called Herteff, containing about ninety houses, and a short distance from Kupri Kui. I was not sorry to reach a resting-place.

My illness had weakened me. I had discovered this when we were obliged to wade on foot through the snow, and was now quite as great a cripple as Radford had been when on the road to Erzeroum.

The owner of the house where we stopped was not a cleanly object. His domicile was as dirty as his person. His wife and children were manufacturing some tezek for fuel in one of the two rooms the house contained; this room was given over for the use of my party and self. It was bitterly cold outside. To keep the habitation tolerably warm, the owner had blocked up a hole in the roof, used as ventilator, chimney, and window. The smell of the tezek, and the ammonia arising from the horses and cattle, was excessively disagreeable. There was no other accommodation to be obtained. Mohammed presently informed me that two merchants had been waiting three days in the village. They wished to go to Van, and had made several attempts to cross the mountain, but in vain.

The wife of the Armenian host, and her children, were not at all coy about showing their faces—at least so much of them as the dirt did not hide from our view. They squatted round my English servant, who was making tea, and watched

his proceedings with great interest. Now the woman, sticking her filthy fingers into the basin, took out a lump of sugar; then, putting it in turn into each of her children's mouths, she had a suck herself. "Give it me!" suddenly exclaimed her husband. The lady did not show any signs of readiness to surrender the prize. The man sprang to his feet; thrusting a finger and thumb into the mouth of his helpmate, at the same time clasping her tightly round the throat with the other hand, so as to avoid being bitten, he extracted the delicacy. Holding the sweet morsel high in the air, he displayed the treasure to the assembled guests; then, greatly to the woman's indignation, he placed it within his own jaws.

CHAPTER XV.

The Kurd—His bonnet—Mohammed is ill—Radford doctors him—The mustard plaster—The plaster is cold—Where has the Frank put the flames—An old frost-bite—The two merchants—Bayazid—A Turkish lieutenant—A very dirty Christian—Crossing the Araxes—Kupri Kui—Yusueri—Deli Baba—Earthenware jars—How they are made—When the winter is over—Procrastination.

In the next room, which was only separated from us by a railing about three feet high, there were buffaloes, cows, calves, and pigeons, besides the relatives of the Armenian, the postman, and a Kurd. The latter individual had a wonderful turban in the shape of a bonnet on his head. It was made of blue satin, and adorned with gold thread. He was evidently very proud of this attire, and told the Armenian that he had purchased it at Erzeroum, and that, when he had finished wearing the turban, he should give it to his favourite wife.

Presently an Armenian woman brought in a wooden tray, on which were several of the cakes which are used as bread by the inhabitants, and some oily soup.

The Kurd, postman, and Armenians, squatting round the dishes, devoured the contents with rapidity.

Mohammed was lying in a corner of my room; from time to time a groan escaped his lips. I discovered that he was suffering from rheumatism. Radford had put a mustard plaster on him by way of alleviating the pain. Mohammed had been told that he was to keep it on all night. The mustard was rapidly creating a blister.

"Atech—fire!" said the Turk, pointing to his back.

"Yes," said Radford. "Hottish—I should say it was. It will be better presently."

"Turkish is very like English, sir," observed my man to me. "You see that he says it is 'hottish.'"

"Nonsense!" I replied. "He says 'atech—fire.'"

"'Atech,' or 'hottish,' it don't make much difference, sir; the plaster is raising a beautiful blister. I should not be surprised if Mohammed left off complaining about his haches and pains

after this. I don't think that as how any other Turks will ask me to doctor them again!"

Radford was wrong. The sound of Mohammed's groans attracted the Kurd's attention: accompanied by the Armenian, he came to the side of the sufferer. They minutely inspected the plaster.

"It is a wonder!" said the Kurd. "The plaster is cold, but Mohammed says he is on fire! Where has the Frank put the flames? I should like a plaster too." Turning to Radford, he held out his hand for one.

"Plasters are for sick people, not for men in a good state of health," I observed.

"But I am not well," said the Kurd.

"What is the matter with you?"

"I have a pain here;" taking off his slipper, he showed the remains of an old frost-bite. "The cold did this," he added: "the fire there," pointing to the wet paper, "will put it right again."

I had considerable difficulty in explaining to the man that the plaster in question would be a useless remedy.

The following morning the wind blew harder than before. The mountain which barred our progress was entirely hid from view in what seemed to be a whirlwind of snowy particles.

The cold, too, was intense. The thermometer was still several degrees below zero.

"It is no good starting," said the postman, coming to me; "to-day the sun does not shower its rays upon our destiny. Fortune is against us. We must wait here till the wind goes down."

The two merchants had made another attempt to ascend the mountain a little before daybreak. They had found it impossible to cross the passes. The track was hid from their view by the snow. They were half blinded by the flakes which the wind carried with it in its course.

There was nothing to be done but to wait patiently. In conversation with a Turkish lieutenant, I discovered that it would be possible to reach Bayazid, and from Bayazid there was a road to Van. It would be a much longer route than the one which led direct from Erzeroum to Van.

The officer interrupted me in my reflections, and proposed that we should go to Bayazid.

"Who knows," he continued, "how long we may have to wait here? The mountain is sometimes impassable for two or three weeks at a time; and, besides this, the smell in this room is enough to poison any one. These Christians do stink," he added, pointing to my Armenian

host and hostess, who, begrimed with dirt, were squatting in a corner—the woman engaged in making some cakes with flour and water, and the man in looking for what it is not necessary to mention amidst his clothes.

The Russian moujik is not a sweet animal; a Souakim Arab, with hair piled up two feet above his head, and covered with liquid fat, is an equally unpleasant companion; but either of these gentlemen would have smelt like Rowland's Macassar oil in comparison with my Armenian host, who, apparently, had no ideas beyond that of manufacturing fuel from cows' dung. His conversation was entirely engrossed with this subject It was also an important topic with the rest of his family, who were all longing for the frost to go, so as to commence making the article in question on a large scale.

Wood is very dear in these parts. The inhabitants would die if they had not a supply of fuel. It is not surprising that they take a considerable interest in their tezek. But to hear this subject discussed from morning to night, and in a room with an atmosphere like a sewer—besides being ill at the time—was a little annoying to my senses. I made up my mind that, if the weather did not improve in the course of the next

twenty-four hours, I would continue my journey towards Bayazid.

The lieutenant would accompany me in that direction. He was a very cheery little fellow, and not at all disposed to hide his own lights beneath a bushel. He had been a lieutenant about six years, and took an opportunity to mention to me this fact. He knew that I had stayed with Ismail Pacha in Erzeroum, and was in hopes that I would write to the governor, and casually mention his, the lieutenant's, name as a gallant and exceedingly efficient officer.

There was no improvement in the weather. The following morning I left Herteff for Bayazid —the postman remaining behind with the letters.

We crossed the Araxes on the ice. The river was said to be only two feet deep. Kupri Kui was about one mile from our track. Here there is a bridge over the stream, which is about thirty yards wide, besides being deep. Our track was firm and level. There were no mountains to cross. Every now and then we passed by villages; they all contained soldiers, and, so far as I could learn, there were about 8000 troops echeloned between Erzeroum and Bayazid.

After a seven hours' march, we halted at Yusueri, an Armenian village. From here it

was a three hours' ride to Deli Baba, a celebrated gorge or mountain pass, and the most important place, from a military point of view, on the road to the Russian frontier.

The women in the house where I was lodged were busily engaged in making some large earthenware jars. Taking some clay from the soil, they knead it for several hours with their fingers, and then form it into the shape they require. In every house there is a hole left in the floor, which is used as an oven. The women place the jars in this receptacle, and, filling the space between them with tezek, set fire to it. They afterwards colour the pottery by some process of which I am ignorant. The result is an extremely well made and serviceable article, in which they keep their corn, flour, and household goods.

Now we came to the famous pass of Deli Baba. It is about a quarter of a mile long. High and precipitous rocks are on either hand, and the gorge is not more than forty yards wide at the exit from the defile towards Bayazid. It is a spot where a thousand resolute men, well supplied with ammunition, might keep at defiance a force of a hundred times their number. However, in spite of the extreme importance of the position, no-

thing had been done to strengthen any part of it.

"We are going to throw up earthworks, and place some batteries here when the winter is over," was the reply of the lieutenant, when I interrogated him on this subject.

"When the winter is over:" "Not to-day, to-morrow:" this is the stereotyped answer which a Turk has always at the tip of his tongue. Until the Sultan's subjects can shake off the apathy which prevails throughout the empire, it will be difficult for them to hold their own against other nations.

CHAPTER XVI.

Low hills—Deep snow—The effect of the sun's rays—Nearly blind—Daha—The road to Bayazid blocked—The daughter of my host—Her costume—Soap and water—A surprise—She is very dirty—If she were well washed—Turkish merchants—Buying the daughters—A course of Turkish baths—An addition to the Seraglio—Rich men always get pretty wives—The Kurd's sons—The Imaum of the village—My host's tooth—It aches—I have heard of your great skill—Cure my tooth—A mustard plaster a remedy for toothache—A hakim for the stomach—Have it out—Champagne nippers—My tooth is better already.

Our track led over some low hills. The ground was covered with deep snow. We had to dismount, and struggle as best we could through the treacherous soil. The sun shone bright above our heads; the reflection from the white surface at our feet was blinding in the extreme. We staggered about, and followed in each other's track, like a number of drunken men, and after eight

hours' incessant toil reached Daha, a Kurdish village.

We were here informed that the road to Bayazid had been blocked for eight days; and that the village was full of caravans which had made daily attempts to force a passage forward. All the inhabitants were going to turn out at daybreak on the following day. They intended, if possible, to clear a track from Daha to the next village.

The daughter of my host took a great deal of interest in her father's guests. She was a tall, fine-looking girl, with a high cone-shaped headdress made of black silk. A quantity of gold spangles were fastened to this covering. A red jacket and loose white trousers enveloped her limbs and body, her feet were thrust in some white slippers. If only she had been properly washed, she would have been a very attractive-looking young lady. But soap and water were evidently strangers to the Kurd's dwelling, if I might judge by the surprise the girl evinced when Radford commenced washing his pans after he had cooked my dinner.

"So you wash the dishes and pans in your country?" she remarked.

"Yes."

"But it gives a great deal of trouble," observed the girl; "and it does not make the dinner taste any better."

The voice of her father on the outside of the dwelling made the young lady aware that she would probably receive a scolding if she were found talking to a European. Sticking her fingers into a tin box, and seizing a handful of biscuits, she ran into the stable.

"She is very dirty," observed Mohammed, who had overheard the conversation; "but, for all that, if she were well washed, she would fetch a good price as a wife for some Bey in Constantinople. It is a pity that you are not a follower of Islam, Effendi," continued my servant; "she is tall, she would make a good wife for you."

I now learnt that certain Turkish merchants were in the habit of visiting the Kurd district in the summer months. If they meet with a pretty girl, they buy her from her parents, and then, taking the young lady to Constantinople, make her go through a course of Turkish baths, and feed her well. Under this régime the girl's complexion improves. She will command a considerable price as an addition to the seraglio of some magnate or other. If she succeeds in gaining the favour of her lord, she does not forget the relatives at

home, but sends them money and presents, besides interesting herself for the advancement of her brothers and other relations. The result of this is, that a Kurd has no objection to part with his pretty daughter. If she is well sold at Constantinople, this is looked upon, by the young lady's family, as rather a feather in their cap than otherwise.

"Rich men generally get pretty wives," said Mohammed, as he concluded giving me this information. "Is it the same in your country, Effendi?"

"Occasionally," I replied, "but not always. The girls are sometimes allowed to choose for themselves. There are instances when they prefer a poor man to a rich one."

"What do their fathers say to this?" said Mohammed. "Do they not beat their daughters if they do not like the rich man?"

"No."

"I cannot understand that," said Mohammed. "If I had a daughter, and she might marry a rich man, but she preferred a poor man, I should whip the girl till she altered her mind!"

The owner of the house entered the room. He was accompanied by three of his sons, all fine-looking lads. They were dressed in green serge, and in a costume which somewhat resembled that

worn by the foresters in the opera of Freischütz. Several daggers and pistols were stuck in their sashes, enormous orange-coloured turbans adorned their heads. They squatted down beside the Imaum of the village—a thin man dressed in a white sheet.

The father rose from the divan, and, standing before me, pointed to his tooth.

"What is the matter with it?" I inquired in Turkish—a language which is generally understood by every Kurd, though few of them speak it well.

"It aches; I have heard, Effendi, of your great skill as a hakim (doctor)," continued the man. "Mohammed has told me how you set his shoulder on fire with a piece of wet paper. This is very wonderful, perhaps you could cure my tooth."

Now it is one thing to be able to prescribe a mustard plaster, it is another to be called upon to act as a dentist. However, the Kurd's children were all expectant. They evidently believed that if I put a mustard plaster on their parent's tooth, that this would relieve him immediately.

Mohammed was also of this opinion. He went through a sort of pantomimic performance in the corner of the room, suggestive of the sufferings

which he had undergone, and of the subsequent benefit which he had received.

A thought occurred to me. I remembered that, three years before, my servant Radford had extracted the tooth of a maid-servant in a country house in Norfolk. Why should he not extract the Kurd's tooth? And if he were able to do so, would not my reputation as a hakim be higher than ever amidst the inhabitants of Kurdistan?

"I am not a hakim for teeth," I remarked to the patient. "I am a hakim for the stomach, which is the nobler and more important portion of a man's body."

The Imaum and the Kurd's children made a sign of assent to this; the Kurd himself did not seem to see it.

"You are in my house," he said. "You have accepted my hospitality—cure my tooth!"

"Well," I continued, "I have a servant with me; he is a hakim for teeth. If you like he shall look in your mouth."

"By all means!" said the Kurd.

In a few minutes a servant of my host arrived, leading Radford by the sleeve of his coat.

"Do you want me, sir?" inquired Radford, touching his cap. "This dirty chap," pointing to the man who had brought him to the room,

"came into the place where I was a cooking, laid hold of me with his dirty fingers, and without saying a word led me here!"

"Yes," I said; "this gentleman," pointing to the old Kurd, "has something the matter with one of his teeth. Look at it."

My servant, without moving a muscle of his countenance, seized the patient by the nose with the fingers of one hand; then, thrusting a finger of the other into the sufferer's mouth, looked well down the gaping orifice.

"It had better come out; but it is very tight in his 'ead," remarked my man. "If I only had a pair of champagne nippers, I would have it out in a trice."

"Could not you pull it out with a piece of string?"

"No, sir; could not get a purchase on it;" and with that remark my servant released the Kurd's head.

"What does he say?" said the sufferer, rather alarmed at our conversation in a language unknown to him, and the more particularly at the grave demeanour of my servant.

"He says that the tooth had better be extracted."

"Will it hurt much?" inquired the Kurd excitedly.

"Yes, a good deal."

This observation of mine appeared to afford great satisfaction to the Imaum and the Kurd's children.

"Have it out!" they all cried.

But their parent did not see the matter from his sons' point of view. He remarked in an indignant tone of voice,—

"Silence!"

Then, turning to me, he inquired if I could not give him some medicine for his stomach.

"But your tooth hurts you, not your stomach," I observed.

"Yes," replied the man, "but, for all that, I should like some medicine."

Taking some pills from my medicine-chest, I gave them to him. The old man, putting three pills in his mouth, commenced chewing them with great gusot.

"My tooth is better already," he remarked, and in a few minutes prepared to leave the room, accompanied by his sons and the Imaum. The latter was very much disappointed that my host's tooth had not been operated upon.

"If it had been my tooth, I should have had it out," he observed to me *sotto voce;* "but he is afraid."

The Kurd overheard the remark.

"You would have done nothing of the kind," he replied. "You would have swallowed the medicine like me!"—and a whelping cry from a dog outside the door announced to us that the old gentleman had vented his bile on the ribs of the animal in question.

CHAPTER XVII.

Clearing the way—Leaving Daha—My father was well cleaned last night—The wonderful medicine—Charging the snow-drifts—Turkoman steeds—The Persians—The lieutenant—Zedhane—Molla Suleiman—Toprak Kale—A sanguinary drama—The Caimacan—The rivals—An Armenian peasant—The marriage ceremony—The Circassian Governor—The Kurd's mother—Revenge—His father's bones—The Circassian's wives—The Governor in bed—The fight—The feud between the Kurds and Circassians—Camels in the water.

On the morrow we were up before daybreak, and not only ourselves, but almost all the male inhabitants of the village. They had turned out, some on horseback and others with spades and shovels, to try and force a passage through the snow. In addition to these men there were two caravans, comprising between them over 200 camels, and accompanied by fifty Persians. It was very cold. The lieutenant was doubtful

whether we should succeed in clearing a way before us. According to the Kurd, there were still six feet of snow in many places along the track.

Just as we were leaving Daha, the eldest son of my host approached and apologized for the absence of his father. There was evidently something on the lad's mind, he hesitated as he said "Good-bye."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I observed.

"Yes, Effendi, there is," said the boy, delighted at the ice being thus broken for him. "But I am afraid to ask for it."

I now began to be a little alarmed, thinking that possibly the lad had set his heart on possessing my little express rifle or revolver, both of which he had much admired on the previous evening.

"What is it?"

"Effendi," replied the boy, "I know that it is contrary to our ideas of hospitality for a host to ask for a present from a guest; but in this case my father—"

"What does he want?" I remarked a little hastily, as it was anything but agreeable sitting still in the cold.

"He was so well cleaned last evening," continued the lad; "he has never been so well cleaned before! He would like you to give him some more of that wonderful medicine."

All the luggage was on the pack-horses. But the boy so entreated me to comply with his request that I could not refuse. Unpacking my bag, I gave him a box of pills. The lad's face became radiant with delight. Taking off the lid, he took out a couple and ate them on the spot. Then, touching his head with my hand, he hurried off in another direction.

"He is a rogue," said Mohammed, chuckling. "He does not want the medicine for his father. It is for himself. He wants to set up as a hakim in the village. When once it is known that you have given him some medicine, he will be a person of great importance in the neighbourhood."

Presently we came to a place where the camels, which were in the van of our party, had come to a halt. One of the animals had almost disappeared in a snow-drift, nothing save his long neck could be seen. The men coaxed and whipped their unruly beasts, all was to no purpose, they would not move a step.

I thought that we should have to dig out the road with shovels. However, the Kurd who

directed the operations did not resort to this measure. Ordering one of the Persians to make his camels retire about 200 yards, the Kurd called twenty of the best mounted of the villagers to his side, then striking his horse and shouting wildly, he galloped along the track and charged the drift. In a second or two nothing could be seen but the head of the rider, his steed was entirely hidden from our view. After a few struggles the man backed the animal out of the snow, having made a hole in it some twenty feet long by four wide. The next horseman rode at the place, like his leader. Each Kurd followed in succession. They finally forced a passage.

It was a wild sight to witness—these Kurds in their quaint head-dresses, and on strong, fine-looking steeds of Turkoman breed, many of them quite sixteen hands high, charging the snow-drifts, yelling and invoking Allah—the Persians, phlegmatic and still, seemingly not caring a straw about the matter—the lieutenant encouraging the Kurds by cries and gesticulations, but having too great a regard for his own safety to gallop at the ridges—and the leading horseman now far in front, his horse apparently swimming through the snow as he slowly burst the barrier.

It was hard work even following in the steps of

the Kurds. If a horse or camel deviated a hair's breadth from the line marked out, he would be often buried in a drift, and a long time be wasted in extricating him.

The track led over a succession of rising ground until we reached Zedhane, an Armenian village with about thirty houses.

We were close to the village of Molla Suleiman, and were not far from Toprak Kale—a town in which a sanguinary drama had been enacted but a very few months previous. I will relate the story as it has been told me by an eye-witness of part of the scene.

Four years ago a Kurd was Caimacan at Toprak Kale. His grandfather had been a sort of king at Bayazid; the family being well off and having relatives married to some magnates in Stamboul, had considerable influence in the district. However, many complaints had been made about the conduct of this Caimacan. He was removed from his post. It was given to a Circassian. This gave rise to a feud between the ex- and the new governors—the Kurd often vowing vengeance against his newly-appointed successor. Shortly before my informant's visit to Toprak Kale, the Kurd's father had died. His family was in mourning.

An Armenian peasant, who resided in Toprak Kale, was about to be married. It is the custom amongst the Christians in this part of Asia Minor, when the wedding ceremony is concluded, to beat drums, hire a band of what they call musicians, and fire guns in the air, as a sign of general rejoicing.

The peasant, knowing that the Kurd's father had recently died, went to the ex-Caimacan, and asked his permission for the wedding to take place, as it would be impossible to have it without the music, gun-firing, &c.

The Kurd consented, provided that he received a present, this the Armenian gladly promised to give. The marriage ceremony began, but when the Armenians in Toprak Kale commenced beating drums, &c., the noise reached the Kurd's mother's ears. She hastened to her son, asked him how he could allow people to insult his father's memory, and insisted that he should instantly put a stop to the proceedings.

The son allowed himself to be persuaded, and sent some servants, who broke in the heads of the drums. The peasant was very indignant. He at once proceeded to the Circassian, the actual Caimacan, and related everything that had happened.

"Did the Kurd accept a present from you?" inquired the governor.

"Yes."

"Very well," continued the Caimacan, "go back to your house. My servants shall accompany you. Make more noise than before. Get more drums; beat them harder than ever, and do not spare your powder. I will show the people in Toprak Kale who is Caimacan—the Kurd or myself."

This was done. When it came to the ears of the Kurd's mother, she told him that he must be revenged on the foe, or his father's bones would not be able to rest in peace in the tomb. The Kurd consented. That evening he went to the Caimacan's house, accompanied by two of his brothers, and inquired of a servant where his master was.

"In the harem," replied the attendant, much surprised at so late a visit on the part of the ex-Caimacan.

"Go and tell him I am here," said the Kurd; then, without waiting for an answer, he pushed aside the man, and tried to force a way into the apartment reserved for the Circassian's wives. The governor was in bed at the time. He heard the noise: snatching his sword from the

sheath, he rushed to the entrance. The Kurd fired at him with a pistol, the ball going through the Circassian's shoulder; but the latter was able to cut down his foe. The Kurd's relatives now rushed upon the governor. He called loudly for assistance; his brother, who slept in another room, hurried to the rescue, the result of the encounter being that three of the opponents were killed, whilst the Circassian governor was left desperately wounded on the field of battle.

In the meantime hundreds of Kurds, who had heard of the disturbance, came down from the adjacent mountain. They vowed that they would kill every Circassian in the neighbourhood. The Circassians trooped into Toprak Kale, and swore that they would exterminate the Kurds.

Fortunately the gentleman who related this story to me was able to despatch a mounted Armenian to the governor at Bayazid asking him to send some troops to the scene of the disturbance. The soldiers arrived in time to prevent a battle royal between the two factions. This probably would have ended in the annihilation of every Kurd and Circassian in the district, neither side being inclined to grant any quarter to its foe.

We rode through Molla Suleiman. All the houses in this village were filled with soldiery. On emerging into the open country I found that the path in front of us was blocked by a caravan coming from Persia. A pond was on the right-hand side of the path. The leading camel-driver led his animals along the frozen water, so as to avoid a collision with our party. He miscalculated the thickness of the ice; a loud splash made us aware that it had given way beneath the camels. Five of the huge beasts were sprawling in the water, here about five feet deep; their packs, containing timbaki, Persian tobacco, became dripping wet. The animals, frightened at the breaking of the ice, lay down on all fours. They refused to get up, in spite of the cries and the whips of their drivers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Armenian lads—Riding calves—Buffaloes—A fair price for a girl—Our daughters are our maid-servants—A European wife—A useless incumbrance—A Dervish—The lieutenant roars at him—Kara Kelise—Kaize Kuy—The streams in Anatolia—A source of annoyance—Persian women—A Persian village—The houses—Rugs manufactured by the inhabitants—Erivan—The Russian invasion of Persia—Once a Russian always a Russian—The Murad river—Diyadin—The garrison—Rumours of peace—Persia—Ararat—The view—Ophthalmia—Bayazid—The Pacha's residence—The Russian authorities in Daghestan—Four hundred people killed—Women and children shot down and beaten to death—Major-General Macintosh—His opinion about Bayazid—The importance of this town from a military point of view—Syria—Aleppo—Diarbekir—Van—The barracks—Mahmoud Pacha—His descendants—The irony of fate—A Hungarian doctor—Mahmoud Pacha, the son of Issek Pacha, lies here.

We met with some Armenian lads riding calves, and driving others before them, the driven animals carrying pack-saddles, which were laden with sacks of corn. The Christians in this

district make use of their cattle as beasts of burden. It is not at all an uncommon sight to see Armenians, man and wife, riding to market on cows and oxen. Buffaloes are much in request with the inhabitants on account of the great strength of these animals. Some of the richer Christians possess from twenty to thirty buffaloes, two of which are considered a fair price for a girl—it being the custom of the poorer Armenians in certain districts to receive money from their sons-in-law, and seldom, if ever, to give any dowry to their daughters. On my remarking this one day, when in conversation with a Christian, the latter replied,—

"Our daughters are our maid-servants, when they marry we lose their services. It is quite right that the husband should compensate us for our loss. Europeans educate their girls very well, but the latter are utterly useless as cooks or sweepers. When they marry, the fathers lose nothing, but, on the contrary, gain, as they have no longer to pay for their daughters' maintenance or clothes. It is quite proper that you should give a husband something when he saddles himself with a useless incumbrance; and you have no right to find fault with us for our system."

Presently we met a dervish; his long black hair was streaming below his waist; he brandished a

knotted stick. The fellow looked very hard at us, as if he were of the opinion that we ought to leave the track, and let our horses sink into the snow-drift so as to enable him to pass. The lieutenant did not see it in this light. This officer was a little man, but had a tremendous voice, which sounded as if it came from the very bottom of his stomach. He roared at the dervish; the latter who was greatly alarmed, sprang on one side into the snow. Nothing but his head and face were visible—his dark eyes glared fiercely at the giaours as we rode past.

Kara Kilissa came in sight. It is a large village, every house was crammed with soldiers. It was impossible to obtain any accommodation. We rode on towards Kaize Kuy, another Armenian hamlet. The track descended for a few yards, and then ascended precipitously. I thought that we were in a gully. However, the Zaptieh and his horse floundering in some water made me aware that we were crossing a frozen stream, and that the ice had given way. It was very cold; the man was wet from head to foot, in a minute or two he looked like one gigantic icicle. Pushing on as rapidly as possible, we reached our quarters for the night.

The streams which traverse the tracks in many parts of Anatolia are a source of constant annoyance to travellers during the winter. The water becomes frozen; snow falls; it covers the glassy surface, and in time fills the space between the banks. There is nothing to warn the wayfarer that he is leaving the track, till he suddenly finds himself upon the ice: a horseman is fortunate if it is strong enough to bear him.

Now we saw some Persian women sitting cross-legged on their horses, like the men. Some of these ladies were mothers, they carried their children slung in handkerchiefs round their necks. In a short time I came to their village, one amongst several others which are scattered about in this part of Turkey. The houses were clean inside, and in this respect a great improvement upon those inhabited by the Kurds. The floors were covered with very thick rugs made by the wives of the proprietors. I was informed that the people in the district send their manufactures to Erzeroum.

The inhabitants formerly lived in the neighbourhood of Erivan. When the Russians invaded Persia, conquered the Shah, and annexed a part of Persian soil, many of the vanquished determined not to remain under the Muscovite

yoke. Leaving their houses, they crossed the frontier and settled in Turkey. The Sultan gave them land. They expressed themselves as being much happier under their present rulers than their relatives who are Russian subjects. The latter would be delighted to pass the border-line and join their countrymen in Anatolia; this the Muscovite authorities do not allow. "Once a Russian, always a Russian," is the answer given to the Persians on this question.

Our track led us along the right bank of the Murad, here about seventy yards wide. We came to a bridge which spans the river—the road on the opposite side leading in the direction of Van. We did not cross the structure.

Soon Diyadin was reached. Here there were two squadrons of cavalry, besides infantry. The commandant, in spite of the rumours of peace which had been telegraphed from Constantinople, was daily expecting an outbreak of hostilities. The Russians, according to him, had concentrated a large force of Cossacks in the neighbourhood of Erivan. It was believed that the war would commence by an attack upon Bayazid.

We rode for an hour over a low mountain ridge, and then entered a vast plain girt round by sloping heights. On our right front lay

Persia. On my bridle-hand I could see the territory of the Tzar. The mighty Ararat is in front of us, and stretches upwards into the realms of space, its lofty crest hidden in some vaporous clouds.

It was extremely cold. A bright sun poured its rays down upon our heads. The golden orb gave out no warmth, but it half blinded us with its splendour.

The people in this district suffer very much from ophthalmia: a traveller rarely finds himself in a house where one of the inmates is not labouring under this complaint.

The plain narrows. A broad lake of water is on our left. To our right front and amidst the rocks lies the little town of Bayazid. The ruins of an old castle are in the fields below. The track begins to ascend. It winds higher and higher amidst the crags. A few houses are passed, and the barracks which contain two battalions of infantry. We come to the Pacha's residence. Dismounting, I proceeded to pay that official a visit.

He had been for some time in Egypt, and spoke Arabic very fairly, having great pleasure in showing off his proficiency in this language to the officers of his household.

I learnt that, six weeks previous to my ar-

rival, the Russian authorities in Daghestan had ordered a levy of troops to be made amidst the inhabitants. The latter declared that they were Mohammedans, and said they did not wish to fight against their Lord, the Commander of the Faithful. They added that the Tzar formerly had promised that those men who wished might leave Russia with their wives and children, and settle on Turkish soil; they asked for this permission for themselves.

"However," continued the Pacha, "the Russian authorities would not allow them to leave the country. Cossacks were sent to the district in question, and 400 people—amongst them women and children—were shot down and beaten to death!"

Bayazid is only a twelve hours' march from Erivan, the frontier town of Russia. There is a level road between these two stations. The Russians had a large artillery force in Erivan, and there were only two mountain guns in Bayazid. The Turkish officers were convinced that if an attack were made upon Bayazid, they would be unable to offer any effectual opposition. In their opinion it would be better for them to retire upon Karakilissa and Deli Baba, and make a stand at these points.

Major-General Macintosh, when writing about Kurdistan during the time of the Crimean War, remarks that he does not think there is a place of greater importance than Bayazid, in a military point of view, in the whole of Western Asia. There is a continuous descent along the banks of the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf; but as this great valley conducts through the range of Mount Taurus into Syria, its value to Russia, on this account alone, must be obvious. It is much nearer to her present frontier, and much more accessible than Erzeroum, which lies on the western branch of the Euphrates; and should the contingencies of the present war render it possible for Russia to push on a force into the northern part of Syria, the good-will of the Kurds[1] at the moment of undertaking such an operation, would afford her an immense advantage. There is another exceedingly strong pass at Bayazid, on the Persian side, where a very small regular force might completely seal the entrance into Persia, from the side of Erzeroum, except through the roads of central Kurdistan. It may also be looked upon as a key to Kurdistan, and to Diarbekir, Mosul, and

[1] Fortunately during the present war the Kurds have remained true to the Sultan, or Major-General Macintosh's predictions might have been realized.

the whole course of the Tigris as far as Bagdad. I have no hesitation in saying, that Russia, with the assistance of the Kurdish tribes, could speedily establish a route, and march an army down this valley into Syria.[2] The distance from Erivan to Aleppo is not above 500 miles, if so much, and the route by Aleppo, Diarbekir, and Van, to Aderbzou, from the Mediterranean, is quite practicable for an army.

I rode to see the barracks. Eighty years ago they formed part of a palace belonging to a Kurdish chieftain, a certain Mahmoud Pacha. He had expressed a wish to have the most beautiful residence in the world, and, after conversing with numerous architects upon this subject, had accepted the service of an Armenian. The latter had designed a very handsome building, with large glass windows, and everything that could be desired in the way of comfort. The Pacha was satisfied with the palace, but not with the idea that the Armenian architect might possibly construct a similar building for some other kindred chieftain. To prevent this Mahmoud ordered his executioner to cut off the Armenian's hands. This was done. The poor victim shortly after-

[2] For Importance of Syria from a Military Point of View, see Appendix XV., p. 383.

wards died a beggar. In the meantime the Pacha was gathered to his fathers, leaving one son. This man, after committing all sorts of excesses, was bitten by a snake, and died at Alexandretta. His child was brought up at Bayazid, and afterwards became Caimacan at Toprak Kale. He had lost his life in the affray with the Circassians, which has already been mentioned in this work.

On entering the barracks, sometimes called the citadel, the irony of fate was clearly shown. The large window-frames which had been brought to Bayazid for Mahmoud eighty years ago, and at an immense expense, had all disappeared; their places were filled up with sheets of Turkish newspapers. The marble pillars and carving in alabaster over the portico were chipped and hacked about, the harem of the former owner was a dormitory for the troops. Four hundred soldiers slept in the rooms allotted by Mahmoud to his seraglio.

A Hungarian doctor in the Turkish service accompanied me over the building. Descending a flight of steps, he led the way to a large vault. Here lay the bodies of Mahmoud and of his favourite wife, in two tombs of the purest marble.

"He was a great rogue when he lived," said a Turkish officer who had joined our party, pointing to an inscription which merely said, "Mahmoud Pacha, son of Issek Pacha, lies here;" "but he is still now, and can do no one any harm. Peace be with his bones!"

CHAPTER XIX.

A spy—The news from Erivan—The border line—How he passed the frontier—The Mollahs—A war of extermination preached by them—A Turkish newspaper—Turks in Asia—Christians in Europe—The Conference—A Conference in St. Petersburg—The European Powers dislike Russia—General Ignatieff a judge instead of a prisoner—The hour for the evening prayer—A Turkish officer on prayer—His opinion about European Bishops—They eat mutton every day—A Turkish Captain.

We leave the barracks. A beautiful view extends before us. We look down upon the red, green, and white plateau which divides us from the Tzar's dominions. In some places the sun has slightly melted the snow, the sand is exposed to view; in others, and nearer the lake which lies in the midst of the plateau, patches of vegetation can be seen. The clouds which overhung Ararat have been dispelled by the sun: the huge mountain, enveloped in its white pall, stands out in bold relief.

I now called upon the Pacha. Whilst I was conversing with him, a servant entered and whispered something in his ear.

"Let the fellow come in," he observed; then, turning to me, he remarked that a Turk had just arrived from the Russian frontier, and brought the latest news of the military preparations in Erivan.

For some time past the Russians had prohibited any inhabitant of Turkey from crossing the border-line. It was difficult to obtain any authentic information as to the quantity of troops the Tzar's generals had massed in the neighbourhood. The new arrival succeeded in passing the boundary-line by saying to the Russian officers that he had been forcibly enlisted as a soldier, and was a deserter from his regiment. He had obtained permission to return to Turkey by declaring that he wished to bring his wife—who lived in a village near Bayazid—to Erivan: the Russian general had ordered him to obtain as much information as he could about the strength and disposition of the Turkish forces. He was a thick-set, sturdy-looking little fellow, with a bull neck and keen grey eyes; his attire consisting of a blue turban, a yellow shirt, and a pair of crimson trousers. According to him, the Mollahs were preaching a war of extermination

against the Russians in Persia. However, the natives of that country were very lukewarm in their friendship to the Turks. It was not impossible that they would join Russia, or at all events allow the Tzar's troops to march through their territory in the event of an offensive movement against Van.

The Pacha took up a Turkish newspaper which he had just received from Constantinople.

"Listen!" he said. "The man who writes for this paper knows what he is about."

The article was to the effect that Russia wished to drive the Turks out of Europe because they were Mohammedans, and because in European Turkey the Christians were in the majority. "Very good," said the writer, "let us abandon Europe; but in Asia the Christians are in the minority. According to the same reasoning, the Russians and English ought to leave all their Asiatic possessions, and give them up to the original proprietors of the soil. Our Sultan has no objection to let every Christian in his dominions leave Turkey and go to Russia; but the Tzar, on the contrary, he will not let the Mohammedans in his empire cross the frontier: if they try to do so, he sends his soldiers; they cut the throats of our co-religionists. A Conference, com-

posed for the most part of Christians, has been held at Constantinople to inquire into the way the Sultan treats his Christian subjects. Why should not a Conference be assembled at St. Petersburg, composed for the most part of Mohammedans, to inquire into the way the Tartars, Turkomans, and other inhabitants of Central Asia are treated by the Tzar?"

"Yes," said the Pacha, as he finished reading to me these extracts. The European Powers dislike Russia, and, although they hate her, and know that she is the origin of all our difficulties, they are too timid to allow the fact. What a mockery it must have seemed to the representatives of England, France, and Germany, to find themselves sitting in judgment upon Turkey, and General Ignatieff, instead of being equally on his trial, seated at their side, and a judge instead of a prisoner! Does it not make you smile to think of it?" added the Pacha; "how the general must have laughed in his sleeve!"

Another officer entered the room. He had been educated in the military school at Constantinople. From frequent intercourse with Europeans, mostly Frenchmen, he had begun to look down upon the religious observances of his countrymen.

It was about the hour for the evening prayer. The Pacha, Cadi, and several other Turks commenced performing their devotions, regardless of the presence of a stranger. The new arrival, the Hungarian doctor, and myself, remained seated, the former remarking that it was very hard work praying, at the same time glancing rather contemptuously at his superior officers.

"Did you not pray when you were at Constantinople?" I inquired.

"Effendi, I did everything *à la Franga* (in European fashion). Europeans, from what I could learn, do not pray much."

"Not pray!" I observed; "what do you mean?"

"No, Effendi; the men, I have been told, go to the churches to look at the women; the women, some to pray, but others to look at the men and show off their fine clothes the one to the other. Is not that the case in your country?" he added.

"No. Of course there are exceptions; but the English people as a rule are religiously inclined."

"Effendi," continued the officer, "I have often heard Frenchmen say that a Christian ought to be a poor man—that is, if he carried out the

doctrines of his Prophet. But, my friends used to laugh and declare that their bishops and priests were rich men, and that some of the Protestant Mollahs were so wealthy that they could afford to keep carriages, eat mutton every day, and have servants to wait upon them."

"The fact of our bishops and priests eating mutton or keeping carriages does not make the Protestant religion the less true," I now observed.

"I do not know that," replied the Turk. "If I were to be taught a religion by a man who did not believe in it himself, or who did not carry out its doctrines, I should think that I was wasting my time."

The rest at Bayazid had done all our party good. The horses, which were still very emaciated on account of the long and frequent marches, had picked up a little flesh. I determined to leave Bayazid and accompany a Turkish captain who was going through Persia to Van with despatches for the governor of that town. The officer must have been sixty. He was quite grey; but, he sat his horse like a centaur, and was more enthusiastic for the war than any Turk with whom I had previously conversed.

"You may get killed," I remarked.

"Please God I shall not," was his reply; "others may die, and then there will be some promotion."

CHAPTER XX.

A Yezeed (devil-worshippers) village—The Usebashe—The worshippers of Old Scratch—The Yezeed's religion—The Spirit of good—The spirit of evil—The rites—The Grand Vizier of Allah—The unmarried priests—The wives and daughters of their congregation—A high honour—Women honoured by the attentions of a priest—Great excitement at the priests' arrival — Mr. Layard — His admirable work—Kelise Kandy—My host—His house—They want to conquer the Shah—Nadir Shah—He once conquered you English in Hindostan—The Tzar of America—You pay Shere Ali a large sum of money—He is a clever fellow.

We turned our backs upon Mount Ararat, and, ascending a low range of hills covered with loose rocks and boulders, arrived at a Yezeed (devil-worshippers) village.

The houses were built in the sides of a hill. Cone-shaped huts made of tezek, and filled with that fuel, showed that the inhabitants had no objection to heat in this world, however hot they might expect to be in the next.

An old man, considerably above the middle stature, approached our party. Addressing the Usebashe, he invited us to dismount. It was about luncheon-time. I determined to avail myself of the opportunity afforded me to learn a little about the ways and habits of these strange people.

"Here we are, sir, with the worshippers of Old Scratch!" observed Radford, as he was preparing the mid-day meal, which consisted of a freshly-killed hen, boiled with some rice. "Mohammed has just been telling me something about them. All I know is that Old Nick has not much to complain of so far as his flock is concerned. They have been at our sugar already, and would have carried off Mohammed's tobacco if he had not been on the look out. I suppose they think it right to steal, so as to keep on good terms with their master."

The Yezeeds' religion, if such it may be called, is based upon the following dogma: that there are two spirits—a spirit of good and a spirit of evil. Allah, the spirit of good, can do no harm to any one, and is a friend to the human race. The spirit of evil can do a great deal of harm, and he is the cause of all our woes. From this starting-point the Yezeeds have been brought to believe

that it is a waste of time to worship the spirit of good, who will not hurt them, and that the proper course to pursue is to try and propitiate the spirit of evil, who can be very disagreeable if he chooses. To do so they never venture to make use of the name of the devil, as this they believe would be an act of disrespect to their infernal master.

They are visited twice a year by different high priests, when certain rites are performed. These rites are kept a great secret. The Turks who gave me some information about the Yezeeds were unable to give me any details about the nature of the ceremonies. I was informed that the Yezeeds are divided into two sects; that the one looks upon the devil as the Grand Vizier of Allah, and the other regards him as the private secretary of the good spirit. It was said that the two sects hated each other to such an extent that, if a man belonging to the one which looks upon the devil as being the Grand Vizier of Allah were to enter a village belonging to members of the rival faith, the new arrival would have a great chance of losing his life.

The Yezeeds' priests are many of them unmarried. However, should a priest or sheik arrive in a village, the first thing which is done by the

inhabitants is to offer their wives and daughters for his inspection. The sheik will select one. It will then be considered that he has conferred a very high honour on the young lady's relatives. There are different laws as to the subsequent treatment of these women. In one of the sects they are not allowed to marry, but are set apart; and, in the case of a married woman, she is not permitted again to live with her husband. In the other sect they are permitted to marry, or if the lady has a spouse, she must return to him. It is then the duty of every Yezeed to make her rich presents, and the inhabitants of the village must maintain her husband and herself during the rest of their lives. Under these circumstances a woman who has been honoured by the attentions of a priest is looked upon by a youthful Yezeed in much the same light as a rich heiress by many impecunious younger sons in a European ball-room; her hand is eagerly sought for in marriage. If, she already possesses a husband, the latter considers himself as one of the most fortunate of men. The result of this is, that when a priest arrives in a village, great excitement arises amidst the population—every man hoping that his wife or daughter will be honoured

by being selected. The ladies take immense interest in the proceedings. The visits of the reverend gentlemen are eagerly looked forward to by all classes of Yezeed society.

This information was given me by some Turks with whom I had conversed during my journey. I now asked my host if these statements were true. He at once repudiated them, and declared that they were inventions of the followers of Islam.

"Do you look upon the devil as the Grand Vizier of Allah?" I now inquired.

If a bombshell had exploded in the room where I was sitting, there could not have been greater consternation than that which was evinced by the members of my host's family. Springing to their feet, they fled from the building—an old woman very nearly upsetting Radford's cooking-pot in her haste to escape into the open air. The captain looked at me, and then indulged in a sort of suppressed laugh.

"What has frightened them?" I inquired.

"Effendi," he replied, "you mentioned the word 'Shaitan' (devil). It is very lucky for you," continued the old man, "that there are five of us, and we are all well armed; for, if not, the Yezeeds would have attacked our party for a

certainty. Any disaster which may happen in this village during the next twelve months will be put down to you. If a man's cow or camel dies, the fellow will say that it is all your fault; the sooner we continue our march the better."

It was getting late; the inhabitants had withdrawn to some distance from their houses, they were gazing at our party with lowering brows. I would gladly have repaired the mischief that I had done; but an apology might have only made matters worse. I was the more sorry, as I had hoped to have had the opportunity of questioning the Yezeeds as to some of their customs. What I had heard about them from the Turks was so different to what is related of this singular people by Mr. Layard in his admirable work, "Nineveh and its Remains," that I had become rather sceptical as to the veracity of my informants. The old captain, however, consoled me by saying that, on my journey from Van to Kars, I should have to pass by many other Yezeed villages, and would there be able to pursue my inquiries upon this subject.

Very shortly after leaving our halting-place, the guide stopped, and said something to the officer.

"What is he saying?" I inquired.

"The summit of this hill is the border-line,"

was the reply. In another minute we had entered the territory of the Shah.

The track was good and firm; although there was plenty of snow on the hills, there was but little on the plain below. After a few hours' march, we halted for the night in a village called Kelise Kandy.

The Usebashe was well known to the chief proprietor in the district, and, coming out to meet us, he invited our party to enter his house.

Kelise Kandy is a large village, and much cleaner than any of those which I had seen on the Turkish side of the frontier. The houses were well built, and many of them whitewashed. Several haystacks were in a yard belonging to our host, hundreds of sheep and cattle stood in a large enclosure near his dwelling.

The proprietor was dressed at first sight a little like a European. He had a black coat; a red sash was tied round his waist; a pair of white trousers covered his legs. But a very high, cone-shaped, astrachan hat was on his head, and this article of attire, much resembling an extinguisher, did away with his otherwise slightly European appearance.

A number of servants, all armed with daggers stuck in their waist-belts, and with hats, if pos-

sible, still more like an extinguisher than that which their master wore, stood round the room. It was a good-sized apartment, thirty feet long by twenty broad. The floor was covered with a thick Persian carpet, of beautiful design, but not dear; indeed, I subsequently learnt that it had only cost fifteen pounds of our money.

Light was let into the room by some double windows—probably made in this fashion so as to keep out the cold. Our host, after motioning to me to squat down on one side of him, and to the Usebashe to squat down on the other, produced a cigar-case, and offered me a cigarette.

He had been often in Erzeroum, and also in Russia, where he had imbibed a taste for smoking tobacco in this form. His acquaintance with the Muscovites had not prepossessed him in their favour.

"They want to conquer the Shah," he presently remarked. "They will make use of us as a stepping-stone to Van and Bagdad; after which they will annex their catspaw. We ought to have another Nadir Shah," he continued. "If we had one, the Russians would not dare to laugh at us as they do."

"I thought that there were very good relations between the Courts of Teheran and St. Petersburg," I now remarked.

"The Shah is obliged to be on good terms with the Tzar," replied the Persian. "The Tzar is too strong for him."

"If there be a war between Russia and Turkey, which side will Persia take?"

The proprietor shook his head.

"We ought to go with Islam," he remarked; "but, better still, remain neutral. I am told that there are many Russian officers in Teheran. They are doing their best to influence the Shah in their master's favour. Nadir Shah once conquered you English in Hindostan," he added.

"No, he conquered part of India before we went there. However, now Hindostan belongs to us."

"I thought he had," continued the man. "I was told so in Russia; I was also informed that the Tzar of America had defeated you, and was an ally of the Emperor of Russia. Is that the case?"

"There is no Tzar in America" I replied, "we have had no war with the United States for many years."

"But you paid them a certain sum of money to prevent them going to war with you?" observed my host; "and not only that, but you pay Shere

Ali, of Afghanistan, a large sum every year with the same object. Will Shere Ali fight against Russia if there is a war between the Tzar and Turkey?"

"I do not know."

"Some Muscovites say that Shere Ali is on their side," remarked the Persian. "But he is a clever fellow, and is not likely to join the weakest party."

CHAPTER XXI.

Dinner—The Persian's wife is poorly—The wonderful wet paper—The *samovar*—The harem—Be not alarmed—She is in a delicate state of health—Jaundice—She feels better already—No medicine for your complaint—A mustard plaster would be useless—Sons of the devil—My lord's baksheesh — Commotion amongst the servants.

LATER in the day dinner was brought in—a chicken surrounded by a huge pile of rice. A Turk as rich as our Persian host would have provided his guest with fifteen or twenty courses, but the Persians are satisfied with one. I was not aware of the custom, and only tasted the chicken. Presently it was taken away; instead of a fresh dish making its appearance, some water was brought, in an ewer, for us to wash our hands.

"You Englishmen are very temperate," said the host, rising.

I did not tell him what was passing through my mind. I was ravenously hungry, and would

gladly have had that chicken brought back again; but it was already in the hands of the servants outside. They were devouring the contents.

"You are a great hakim," now observed the proprietor.

"Who told you that?" I remarked, surprised that the reputation acquired in the Kurd's house had thus preceded me.

"The Ûsebashe knows it. Mohammed, too, has told my servant. Praise be to Allah who has sent you here!"

"I am not a hakim!" I hastily replied. "I am an officer."

"Do not say that," said the Persian, who spoke Turkish fluently. "Do not deny the talents that Allah has given you. Your arrival has cast a gleam of sunshine on our threshold, and you will not go away without gladdening the hearts of my family."

"What do you want me to do?" I inquired.

"My wife is poorly: I ask you to cure her."

"But really I know very little about medicine. I have only a few simple remedies with me."

"Simple remedies indeed!" said the Persian. "A man who can set a person's shoulder on fire with a piece of wet paper!"

"What is the matter with your wife?"

"I do not know, but you will tell me."

"Well, I must see her," I replied.

"Impossible!" said the Persian. "She is in the harem. I cannot take you there!"

"But how can I tell you what is the matter with her if I do not see her?"

"Give me a piece of that wonderful wet paper, perhaps it will cure her."

"Effendi," said the Usebashe, turning to the Persian, "you cannot tell a horse's age without looking into his mouth. The Frank cannot tell your wife's ailments without looking at her tongue."

A consultation took place between my host and some other Persian visitors. It was at length agreed that, as a hakim, I might be admitted into the harem.

In the meantime, a servant brought in a *samovar* (tea-urn), which the proprietor had purchased at Erivan; and whilst the Usebashe and myself were drinking tea, with lemon-juice instead of cream—as is the custom in Persia as well as in Russia—my host left the room and proceeded to the harem to announce to his wife that I would see her.

Presently he returned, and, taking my hand, helped me to rise from the ground. Then, going

first, he led the way across a yard, surrounded by a high wall and planted with fruit-trees, to a detached building, which I had previously thought was a mosque.

"This is the harem," said the proprietor. We entered an outer room, he drew a thick curtain which hung against one of the walls. An opening now appeared: stooping low, I entered the inner apartment. It was furnished, or rather unfurnished, like the one set apart for the Usebashe and myself. A pan of live charcoal stood in one corner. In the other, reclining on a quantity of silk cushions, was the wife of my host.

She was enveloped from head to foot in a sheet made of some gauze-like material. There were so many folds that it was impossible to distinguish her features or even divine the contour of her form. Her feet, which were very small and stockingless, were exposed to view. She had taken them out of two tiny white slippers which lay by the side of the charcoal pan, and was nervously tapping the ground with her heel.

"She is alarmed," said my host. "Be not alarmed," he added, turning to his wife. "It is the hakim who has come to make you well."

These remarks did not tranquillize the lady.

Her heel tapped the ground more quickly than before, the whole of her body shook like an aspen-leaf.

"She has never seen any man save myself in the harem," said her husband; "and you—you are a European."

"What is the nature of her illness?"

"She is in a delicate state of health."

"Can I look at her tongue?"

There was a whispered conversation with the lady. By this time she was a little more calm. Removing the folds of her veil, she allowed the tip of a very red little tongue to escape from her lips.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said my host, who was taking the greatest interest in these proceedings.

"It is a nice tongue; but now I must see her eyes."

"Why her eyes?"

"Because she may have what is called jaundice, I must see if her eye is yellow."

"Perhaps she had better expose the whole face," said the Persian.

"Perhaps she had," I remarked.

And the poor little lady, whose nerves were now less excited, slowly unwound the folds of muslin from around her head. She was certainly pretty,

and had very regular features, whilst a pair of large black eyes, which looked through me as I gazed on them, were twinkling with an air of humour more than of fear.

She understood Turkish well, as she came from the border, and, looking at me, said something in a low voice.

"She feels better already," said my host. "The sight of you has done her good, when you have given her some medicine, she will doubtless be quite well."

"What is the matter with you?" I said, turning to the patient.

She blushed. Her husband then remarked that she fancied strange dishes at her meals, and in fact was delicate.

It gradually dawned upon me what the nature of her malady was, and the more particularly as I was informed by my host that they had been married but a very few months.

"I have no medicine for your complaint," I remarked.

"No medicine!" said the Persian indignantly. "Mohammed has shown me the bottles and the little boxes. Besides that, you have the wet paper!"

"A mustard plaster would be useless."

"But she must have something!" said the husband.

Now, my medicine-chest was very limited in its contents. It merely contained cholera medicine, pills, and a few ounces of quinine, besides the prepared mustard plasters.

A pill, in the lady's condition, would not have been safe: I could not have answered for the consequences. Cholera mixture might have been equally disastrous in its effects. Quinine, I thought, could not do any harm; it is exceedingly nasty, an infinitesimally small dose leaves a very disagreeable taste in the mouth.

"You shall have some medicine," I observed. "Please God it will do you good."

"Inshallah! Inshallah!" replied my host devoutly; and accompanying me to the room prepared for the Usebashe and myself, I gave him three grains of quinine, to be taken in three doses, one grain in each dose.

"Will it do her much good?" inquired the Persian.

"That depends upon Allah," I remarked.

"Of course it does," said my host, and taking the medicine, he returned to his seraglio.

As we were leaving the house, I observed a great commotion amidst my host's servants.

Mohammed was some time before he joined our party.

"What was the matter?" I asked.

"Effendi, they are sons of the devil, these Persians!" vociferated my man indignantly. "I waited behind to give them my lord's baksheesh, but they were greedy creatures, and one—a strong man—snatched all the paras out of my hand, and thrust the money in his waist-belt. The others cursed and called him many dogs, but the fellow did not care. They then wanted me to give them more money; I had none to bestow. They are like jackals, these Persians. They would cut a man's throat as soon as eat a pillaff!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Villages—Arab Dize—Shadili—Shalendili—Karenee—Kurds—Radford wishes to bleed the inhabitants—Persian men with their beards dyed red—Every part of a woman is false—These Persians are a nation of women—The old fire-worshippers' superstition—Gardens—Irrigation—Soldiers—The flint fire-locks—They are unclean ones, these Persians—The little dogs do some things well—A Persian will kiss you on one cheek, and will stab you behind your back.

We rode along a flat country. A few hills could be seen on our bridle-hand. The track was in capital order for the march. After passing several small hamlets—amongst others, Arab Dize, Shadili, and Shalendili—we pulled up at a large village called Karenee. It was inhabited by Kurds, all of them being Persian subjects. Here there were 350 houses. Judging by the number of people who came to ask for medicine, so soon as I dismounted from my horse, the whole population was unwell. It appeared that the Persian in whose house I had

stopped on the previous evening had sent word to the chief proprietor in this Kurdish village, to say that a celebrated hakim was on his way. No amount of expostulation saved us from the intrusion of the inhabitants. Every one wished me to look at his tongue and to feel his pulse. Radford, who was in another room, was interrupted in his cooking by a crowd of the humbler Kurds, who believed that, when the master was so great a hakim, his servant must necessarily have some medical skill.

Presently my servant entered.

"What has happened?" I remarked.

"I cannot get on with my cooking, sir," was the reply. "They will come and shove out their dirty tongues just over my cooking-pot. Some of the people who have got nasty diseases and sore legs insist upon showing them to me. Quite turns me hup, that it does. I had two boxes of hantibilious—I have given them all away. If I had only a pair of champagne nippers, sir, I would draw the rascals' teeth, perhaps that would take away their taste for my doctoring. Do you think it would do any harm if I were to bleed one or two of them, sir?"

"Could you stop the bleeding after the operation?" I inquired.

"That, sir, is just what was passing in my mind. If I thought as how I could, I would have taken a little blood from each of them in turn. It would have cooled them down a little, and they would not have been so anxious for my company in future."

On reaching a village about three hours' distance from our sleeping quarters, we heard that the short road over the mountains to Van was blocked by the snow, and that it would be absolutely necessary to go by Khoi, and by a circuitous route which I had hoped to avoid.

I did not believe the statement, and ordered the guide to take the mountain track. The man reluctantly consented. Higher and higher we ascended the steep which divided us from the capital of Armenia. The snow at each moment became more deep. At last the guide halted, and distinctly refused to advance.

"I shall lose my life," he said. "You can do what you like with your own, but I have children for whom to provide."

The Usebashe interfered.

"The fellow is telling the truth about the road," he said. "I too, like yourself, thought that he was deceiving us. We had better go to Khoi."

There was nothing to be done but turn round and continue towards that town. It was about fifty miles distant from us. We halted for the night at a Kurdish village called Melhamee. Here the inhabitants received us very discourteously. If it had not been for the Usebashe, who reminded them of the laws of hospitality which are prescribed by their religion, I much doubt whether we should have obtained a resting-place. They had learnt that I was an Englishman, and were under the impression that they would be pleasing the Russians if they threw difficulties in our way.

"We know who you are," said a Kurd, "and the people in Erivan know who you are too. The Russians are our friends," he continued.

"Take care that your friends do not eat you some day," said the Usebashe.

"They will eat you first, and we shall help them!" said the Kurd.

This aroused the captain's indignation. I thought that there would have been a disturbance. But, after a little more verbal warfare, the belligerents parted.

"All the people in this village are in Russian pay," said the Usebashe, "and that is why they

are so hostile to you as well as to ourselves. These men," he continued, "are foolish enough to believe in the Russians, and think that because the Tzar's agents give them money and presents, this same sort of treatment will be continued. Poor fools! they will find their mistake some day."

We rode by men driving before them oxen laden with wood for fuel. There were many villages on either side of the track. The Persian inhabitants, attired in loose blue garments, and with their beards dyed red, gazed curiously upon us as we passed.

Some of the greater dandies amidst these gentlemen had their finger-nails also stained; and unless a man has his beard dyed a bright colour, he has very little chance of meeting with the approval of the fair sex. A stout red-haired Welshman would have what is termed *un grand succes* amidst the ladies in these regions.

"These Persians are ridiculous creatures," said the Usebashe. "Only think of the men dyeing their beards red! One would have thought that black would have been a more appropriate colour."

"Some of our English women dye their hair a light colour," I remarked.

"With women I can understand it," said the Usebashe. "Every part of a woman is false from

her tongue to her smile, dyeing her hair red, enables her to carry on the deception; but for men to dye their hair red—they might as well form part of a harem at once! However, these Persians are a nation of women."

And the Usebashe pointed contemptuously at a little knot of men who were seated outside a small dwelling, and watching eagerly for the moment when the sun would disappear behind the hills.

I have often wondered whether something connected with the old fire-worshippers' superstition has a lurking-place in the minds of the Persians or Kurds. Day after day, and at the same hour, I have seen the entire inhabitants of a village turn out and gaze intently upon the great orb of light slowly sinking into space on the distant horizon. I have questioned them about this subject. They indignantly repudiate the idea of any act of worship to the sun; they say that they do so because it is their habit, and because their fathers, grandfathers, and ancestors did the same thing before them.

We rode by many gardens surrounded by high walls; some of these enclosures were five or six acres in extent. Cherry, apple, peach, and mulberry trees abound throughout the district; A plentiful water-supply, which is brought from

the mountains by means of artificial dykes, irrigates the various orchards. Little trenches intersect each other at many places along the fields, and when the proprietor wishes, he can at once place his land under water. This must be an inestimable boon to the inhabitants during the hot months, as otherwise their entire crop would be destroyed by the heat.

Soldiers dressed in a dirty sort of French uniform, but with black sheepskin hats of the extinguisher shape, sat outside the guard-houses in the different villages. They looked askantly at the Usebashe as he passed—for the Usebashe was in uniform. A wonderful sort of blue cape covered the upper part of his person, and red knickerbockers, stuffed in high boots, his extremities. A curved scimitar hung from his waist-belt. The red fez on his head, and on our guide's, showed their allegiance to the Sultan.

The two men clad in European costumes were also a source of wonder to the soldiers. Some of them gripped the flint fire-locks with which they were armed, and made a movement as if they would like to have had a shot at our little party.

"Yes, you dogs! I have no doubt but that you would like to do so," said the old Usebashe,

shaking his fist at them, after we had got to a safe distance. "However, your guns are only serviceable up to fifty yards, it takes you five minutes to load them! They are unclean ones, these Persians; do you not think so, Effendi?" continued the old Usebashe.

"I have seen so little of them I cannot judge. But, their roads and houses are much better and cleaner than those which you have in Turkey.

"That is true," said the captain sorrowfully. "The little dogs can do some things well, but they are sly and deceitful. A Persian will kiss you on one cheek, and will stab you behind your back. He will call himself your friend, and will slander you to your neighbours. He will offer you the best horse in his stable: the offer comes from his lips, and not from his heart. When you know them better, you will find this out for yourself."

CHAPTER XXIII.

No signs of Khoi—At last we arrive—The Turkish Consul—Russian intrigues—Persian soldiers have attacked a Turkish village—Kashka Beulah—A Turkish Usebashe and seven men brought prisoners to Khoi—The Ambassador at Teheran—Retaliation—The exchange of prisoners—The origin of the disturbance—The Shah's uncle—Russian agents in Teheran—Kurdish girls make the best wives—They do not care about fine clothes—How to make use of your mother-in-law—The women in your country—A fortune on dress—My last wife cost ten liras—Persian women—The Persians are very cruel—Odd customs—The fortifications of Khoi—Soldiers gambling.

VILLAGE after village were left behind us, still there were no signs of Khoi. We had been told that it was only an eight hours' march from Melhamee, two more sped by ere the walls of the city were in sight. Soon afterwards we rode through a narrow gate which gives access to the town, and presently pulled up at a house belonging to the Turkish Consul, who is the only diplomatic agent to be found in this city. He had

been educated in Constantinople, and spoke a little French. For the last two years he had been established in Khoi, and he greatly bewailed his thus being cut off from all European society.

I now learnt that Russian intrigues had been the means of very nearly creating a war between Persia and Turkey. There is a Turkish border-hamlet, called Kashka Beulah, about nine miles from Khoi. Some Persian soldiers had recently attacked this village, and had robbed the inhabitants of everything they possessed.

Whilst the Persians were engaged in their work of pillage, some Turkish soldiers, under a Usebashe, arrived from an adjacent guard-house. But the Persians were more numerous. They captured the captain and seven of his men, and brought them prisoners to Khoi. A Turkish lieutenant in the guard-house heard of the fate of his Usebashe, and arrested two Persian merchants who happened to be in the neighbourhood. He sent them as prisoners to Van. The Consul, on hearing of this, telegraphed to his Ambassador at Teheran, for instructions how to act. The latter official sent back an answer that the Persian merchants were to be immediately released. The Consul then wrote to the governor at Van, inform-

ing him of the order he had received. The governor, however, declared that he could not comply with it without authority from Constantinople. After several weeks' delay, during which time the Turkish captain and his men had been kept in chains in the prison at Khoi, and had been treated like the commonest of malefactors, orders came from Teheran and Constantinople for the mutual exchange of prisoners.

A day was fixed. At the appointed time the Turkish Consul, with the prisoners and three hundred Persian soldiers, started for the frontier. Here he was met by the Persian Consul from Van. The latter was accompanied by the Persian captives and by an escort of Turks. The troops then retired to a short distance. The Consuls remained alone with their prisoners. The exchange was effected.

"What was the origin of the disturbance?" I inquired of the Consul.

"That is exactly what I wished to discover," replied that official. "I went to the governor of Khoi, who, by the way, is the Shah's uncle, and asked him why his regular troops had first of all attacked our village. The reply was, 'My orders came from some one of higher rank than I am.' Later on, it turned out that

Russian agents at Teheran were the origin of the affair."

"I am very dull here," now remarked the Consul. "My wife died six months ago. I have not been able to find any one to replace her."

"Why do you not take a Kurdish girl?" observed the Usebashe. "They make the best of wives," he continued; "if their husbands have money they do not ask for any, if the husbands have no money the wives never bother their heads about the matter. In addition to this, they do not care about fine clothes. A long piece of calico and a pair of slippers content each one of them as well as all the silks and satins in the bazaar at Erzeroum."

"My late wife was a Kurd," replied the Consul sorrowfully. "She cost me very little."

A servant entered the room and lit the speaker's pipe.

"This man is my father-in-law," he added. "My mother-in-law cooks for me downstairs. When I married their daughter I wanted some servants; my wife proposed that we should engage her father and mother. I did so, and have found them hard-working people. When my poor wife died, I allowed them to remain with me. When I marry again, my new lady will probably

wish her own relations to come here: I shall be obliged to get rid of my present servants."

"It is a very economical way of providing for a wife's relatives," I observed.

"Yes," said the Consul, laughing. "You could not make use of your mother-in-law as a cook in either Constantinople or London. Besides that, the women in your country cost their husbands a fortune in dress."

"Yes," I replied, "some of the women's dresses cost from 50 to 60 liras a piece, and, after having been worn once or twice, they are thrown away or given to the servants."

"Allah!" said the Usebashe, "50 or 60 liras! Only think of it!"

"The Inglis speaks the truth," said the Consul. "I have heard of this before, when I was at Constantinople. My last wife cost 10 liras," he continued; "I could buy five or six wives for the same price as a great English lady gives for her dress!"

"Why do you not marry a Persian woman?" I now remarked. "By all account they are very pretty, and you would have an opportunity of learning the language"—the Consul having previously bewailed to me his ignorance of that tongue.

"Marry a Persian, indeed!" interrupted the Usebashe. "The Persians will not give their daughters in marriage to us Turks. They are very selfish," he added. "We make no objections to our daughters marrying Persians. But the latter are most particular about this subject."

"You are both Mohammedan nations," I remarked.

"Yes, we are," said the Consul; "and the Armenians and yourselves are both Christian nations, but your forms of Christianity are very different. There is as much difference between a Persian and a Turk as between an Armenian and yourself."

"The Persians are very cruel," observed the Usebashe. "If a man commits a crime, and is detected, the authorities are not satisfied by taking the culprit's life, but often torture him first—sometimes by taking out his eyes, and at others by mutilation.

"The inhabitants do very odd things," said the Consul. "For instance, a short time ago there was an official in this town who was extremely unpopular. He died, and you would have thought that the matter was over; but no, six months after the man's decease, some of the townspeople went to the cemetery, exhumed the body, and hacked it to pieces. This was done by

way of revenging themselves upon the official. There was a robbery in the bazaar," continued the speaker. "A man was taken up on suspicion of being implicated in the theft; he swore that he was innocent, but accused another man. The latter had nothing whatever to do with the robbery, but was unpopular in the town. Some people belonging to the bazaar went to the governor, and said to him, 'The man last arrested is the thief; you must order the executioner to cut his throat.' The governor was weak enough to consent, the innocent person was put to death. Soon afterwards the governor repented of what he had done. However, he was in need of money at the time, he determined to turn his repentance to some account. He ordered fifty of the richest people amongst those who had pressed him to execute the innocent man, to be imprisoned, and he kept them in gaol until such time as they had paid him a large sum of money."

I now walked round the fortifications of the town. They consist of a wall about thirty-five feet high, built of clay, with a brick foundation, and a dry ditch, which can be filled with water if necessary. There were sixteen old cannon on the ramparts. The Kurds and the inhabitants think that the place is impregnable. A battery of nine-

pounders would be quite sufficient to destroy the fortifications, which are much out of repair. Any properly equipped force ought to take the city, which contains 7000 houses, in about half an hour.

The soldiers in the different guard-houses ran outside the buildings. They presented arms to the Consul as he walked with me through the streets. Presently we came to a place where two sentries had been posted. The men had put their flint muskets on the ground, and were engaged in gambling with each other—small balls of dried clay, something like marbles, taking the place of dice.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The bazaar—Recumbent Persians—Carpets—Cutlery—Russian calicoes—The houses in Khoi—The schools—A class of lads—The pedlar—The schoolmaster chastises him—Pillaff—Bonbons—Persian ladies like sweetmeats—Articles of native manufacture—The mosque—The Russian officials in Erivan—We leave Khoi—Kotoor Boghaz—The Turkish captain who was taken prisoner by the Persians—His explanation of the affair—The Russians are our fathers—The defile—Magnificent positions for defence—A mineral spring—The change of temperature.

I ARRIVED at the bazaar. It is a very large building, arched over in many places, and here and there is constructed of bricks. It was a hot afternoon. The bazaar was delightfully cool, many of the inhabitants had gone there merely with the object of lying in the shade. At almost every step we took, we came upon the forms of some recumbent Persians. It was rather dark. The idlers' ribs must have suffered. A muttered curse would be the only sign of the men's disgust;

they would turn over and be asleep again in another minute.

The bazaar was better arranged than any of the market-places which I had visited in Anatolia. The shops belonging to men who sold one kind of article were all side by side, and not mixed up with the stalls belonging to traders in other merchandise. Some carpets were very beautifully designed, and could have been purchased for one-fourth of the price they command in the London market. The cutlery mostly came from Erivan in Russia. An immense quantity of gaudily-coloured Russian calicoes were exposed for sale.

We came to a samovar (tea-urn) shop. The owner, a sleepy-looking Persian, was very wide awake, so far as his interests were concerned. He was engaged in a wordy warfare with a Kurd who wanted to buy an urn for his house. The conversation became so loud, and the gesticulations of the Kurd were so energetic, that I thought he was about to attack the merchant. However, a minute later the affair was settled, and the purchaser was drinking a glass of tea with the salesman.

Most of the houses in Khoi are built of a sort of brown clay. If it were not for the numerous

mosques which are painted blue and green, the town would be very sombre in its appearance. Many of the doors to the buildings were supplied with massive iron knockers—a rarity in Asiatic Turkey—and the many windows on the ground-floors, which were guarded by iron bars, rather reminded me of Cordova.

Streams of muddy water ran through the streets. Hundreds of women were busily engaged in washing the domestic apparel.

We passed by an open window, and, on looking in, I found that the building was used as a school. A master was seated on the window-sill, fifty or more children were clustered round his feet. He was teaching them pieces of the Koran, which the little ones were endeavouring to learn by heart. A class of lads, averaging, I should say, from fifteen to twenty years of age, were squatting in a corner occupied in learning how to write—a very rare accomplishment in Persia, and principally confined to the merchant classes. Some of the lads had escaped for a moment from the vigilance of their master, and were buying oranges from a pedlar. The fruit had been brought from Tabriz, as there are no orange-trees in the neighbourhood of Khoi. Suddenly the Hodja discovered their absence; he ran outside the school.

He did not confine his blows to the lads, but allowed the pedlar to share them with his pupils.

We arrived at some pillaff shops; here legs and wings of chickens, surrounded by piles of rice, were placed before the merchants. One of them, taking a piece of meat in his fingers from a plate, handed it to me. He wanted my opinion of his wares.

"Good!" I said.

"Have you pillaff in your country?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"But not like my pillaff?"

"No, not so good."

This greatly delighted the trader: running out of his shop, he insisted that I should return with him and taste his sweetmeats. These last were some of them very well made and had been manufactured with a considerable amount of skill—a trade going on in bon-bons between Khoi and other towns in the interior. The Persian ladies are very fond of sweetmeats, a large quantity of these delicacies being consumed in the different harems.

I wanted to buy some article of native manufacture in silver. It was impossible; the jewellers kept nothing by them ready made; they could have executed an order, but this would have been a tedious affair. After having visited

the mosque in the town—a building which was rather more lofty than the Turkish mosques, but in other respects very similar—I began to think that it was time for me to continue my journey to Van.

It was very warm here, but the route from Van to Kars would be covered with snow, and I had only two months left of my leave of absence to complete the journey to England. The Consul pressed me to stay another day in his house. However, we had commenced making our preparations, and I was the more eager to leave the town as I had been given to understand that my arrival had caused great uneasiness to the Russian officials in Erivan. From their being so close to Khoi they have begun to look upon this town as their own territory.

The paternal Government was alarmed lest I should be murdered by the Persians; and after the extreme solicitude the Russian authorities had shown for my safety when I was travelling to Khiva, I should have been deeply grieved to have given them any more annoyance on my account.

The following morning we left Khoi at daybreak. The city stands on a plain, and is surrounded by a chain of hills, but they are at a considerable distance from the walls.

The latter gradually disappeared, and, after a march of two hours and a half along a good road, we arrived at Kotoor Boghaz, a famous pass which divides the territory of the Sultan from that of the Shah. There is no Persian military station in the neighbourhood. The Turks have built a sort of block-house at the entrance of the gorge. Here I found a small force consisting of one captain, two lieutenants, forty infantry, and twenty-eight cavalry soldiers. Ahmed was the name of the captain. I now discovered that he was the identical officer who, six months previous, had been made prisoner by the Persians, and taken to Khoi. He informed me that one Turkish soldier, Osman by name, had been killed in the fray, and that he himself had been kept in chains for forty days in the gaol at Khoi, during which time he had nothing given him to eat save bread and water. In addition to this he had to sleep on the bare floor. According to my informant, the Persian captives who had been sent to Van had been well treated. They had been given beds in which to sleep, and had been supplied with pillaff.

"What do you think was the cause of the Persians attacking the Turkish village?" I inquired.

"The Russians were the origin of the disturbance," replied the officer. "Whilst I was being taken a prisoner to Khoi, I heard the Persian soldiers say, 'The Russians are our fathers,' and they laughed at me as they said so."

"The sooner we fight Russia the better," continued the speaker. "She will not be half so troublesome to us in open fight as she is at present."

We proceeded onward through the Kotoor Pass. A little stream, called the Kotoor Su, dashed along at our feet, and gradually became wider as it received a succession of small tributaries from the adjacent mountains.

The defile presents a series of magnificent positions for defence. It is in many places not more than 200 yards broad. Precipitous heights look down upon the stream from either hand.

There are several mineral springs in this neighbourhood—some being of a sulphurous nature. These are largely used by the Kurds, who, if unwell, come here during the summer months and drink the waters.

Presently the guide turned off the path; ascending some rising ground, he dismounted by the side of a spring. Taking a tin cup from my

holster, I desired him to fill it, after which I tasted the water. It was warm, and reminded me of the Sprudel spring at Carlsbad, but is much stronger. Two glasses full of this Kotoor water are equivalent in their effects to at least four of the Sprudel.

Snow lay on the ground beneath us. At first in patches, then becoming more frequent it covered the winding path. A hail storm came on. A cutting wind whistled through the gorge. The sudden difference between the heat at Khoi, and the cold in the Kotoor Pass, struck a chill to our very bones. We had been marching for six hours; there were still five more ere we could reach a resting-place.

Dismounting from our horses, we ran by their side, and tried to restore the circulation in our bodies. The rapid changes of climate in this part of Asia Minor are very dangerous to travellers. The natives have a saying: "A chill in the evening is death in the morn." If any one experiences a chill, and does not succeed in becoming warm again immediately, he is certain to feel some ill-effects. We passed by another hot-spring; it issues from the bank of the Kotoor river. The guide, borrowing my tin, dismounted, and began to wash his mouth.

"Why are you doing that?" I inquired.

"For tooth-ache," was the reply.

We now learnt that the Kurds have an implicit belief in the efficacy of this water for such complaints.

CHAPTER XXV.

Kotoor—The Quarantine station—The medical officer in charge—The Governor of Kotoor—A Russian disguised as a Persian—Mineral wealth—The Russians would like this territory—A stepping-stone to Bagdad and Mosul—A loyal Kurd—Aleshkert—The people there take the strongest side—Moullah Hassan—Kurdish merchants—The postman—His mule—The mule in the water—My new yellow trousers—The saddle-bags in the river—Nestorian villages—How to buy a wife—Exchange and barter—A horse and two sheep—Van—The Pacha—The barracks—The garrison—Bitlis.

I WAS not sorry to reach Kotoor. The track had been very bad for the last half of our journey. An eleven hours' march made under such circumstances is tiring for man as well as beast.

There is a quarantine station in the town. The medical officer in charge has to examine all people travelling from Persia to Turkey by this route. This is done to prevent persons suffering

from cholera or plague spreading these maladies throughout the Sultan's dominions.

The governor of Kotoor was a Persian by birth. His father had been in the Shah's service, but had changed his allegiance and enabled the Sultan to take possession of some land round Kotoor, which originally belonged to Persia. He now informed me that the Persians were forming a military camp at Salmas, and said that probably this was being done with the connivance of Russia.

The medical officer, an Italian, entered the room; he was about eighty years of age, and had been in Kotoor since 1847. His emoluments consist of ten piastres per head, which he receives from every one who passes along the Kotoor road from Persia to Turkey.

"A Russian came here the other day," observed the doctor. "He was disguised as a Persian, and thought that I did not recognize his nationality."

"What was the object of his journey?"

"Probably to stir up the Kurds, and invite the Armenians to rise against the Mussulmans," replied the doctor. "There is a great deal of mineral wealth in this neighbourhood," he continued; "coal and iron abound within two miles of this place.

"The Russians would like to take this territory for two reasons," remarked the governor; "first, because having Kotoor and Van, they would be able to make depôts and preparations for a march further south upon Bagdad and Mosul; and, secondly, on account of the mines in the district."

A Kurdish chieftain who lived near Bitlis had recently written to the Sultan, offering him the services of 20,000 men, in the event of a war between Turkey and Russia. His offer was accepted, and the loyal Kurd's heart had been gladdened by the present of a magnificent silk turban and a sword.

The mountaineers near Kotoor could all be relied upon by the Turks. But there was reason to mistrust the sincerity and good faith of the Kurds in the neighbourhood of Moush and Aleshkert. They were said to have recently received large sums of money, besides arms, from Russia.

"If the Russians were to be worsted, the Kurds would be the first to turn these arms against their quondam friends," added the governor; "for the people about Aleshkert are proverbial for one thing,—namely, that they always take the winning side."

The following morning I said good-bye to the

hospitable old doctor, in whose house I had slept. He had kindly given me a bed in one corner of his room—he himself, and the rest of his family, having slept in the other.

We rode towards Van. It is about sixty miles distant from Kotoor. Our track for the first hour ran within the mountain gorge—a continuation of the Kotoor Pass, but which here is several miles wide. After riding by several Kurdish villages, we began to ascend a succession of rising slopes. Plateau after plateau, each higher than its neighbour, were extended in front of us; the snow at each moment became deeper. It was evident that we could not reach Van on that evening. I determined to break the journey at the village of Moullah Hassan, which would be about a ten hours' march from Kotoor. Several Kurdish merchants had joined our party; they were travelling from Khoi, and drove before them oxen and calves laden with timbaki (Persian tobacco).

One of the Kurds possessed a mule. This animal, besides his master's personal effects, carried the post-bag from Khoi to Van. The Kurd led his mule for some time, but at length, tiring of this, he turned the animal loose, and drove him before our party, in company with the

oxen and calves belonging to the other traders. We had nearly reached Moullah Hassan; the mule had outstripped the rest of the caravan, I was riding behind him. The road suddenly dipped. There was a declivity in front of us. I lost sight of the animal. He had disappeared.

It was becoming dark. I pulled up my horse for a moment—it was lucky that I did so, for in another moment we should have been in a river—the dip being neither more nor less than the bed of the stream, which was covered over with a thin film of ice and two or three feet of snow. In another second the mule's head appeared above the surface. His frantic struggles showed that he was endeavouring to gain a foothold.

The proprietor of the animal came up.

"My new yellow trousers!" was his first remark. A fearful oath then resounded from his lips.

He had bought some clothes at Khoi. They were in his saddle-bags and on the mule—the letter-bag being evidently considered by the muleteer as something quite secondary to his personal attire. He tried to reach the animal, but the ice, breaking, let him into the water. In the meantime the exertions of the mule had loosened his surcingle, presently it gave way; saddle, and

letters, in addition to the wardrobe of the Kurd, slipped off the animal's back. They sank to the bottom of the river.

Our guide, turning to the right, proposed that we should ride up the stream, and try and find a place where the ice would bear. This was done. About half an hour afterwards we found ourselves beneath the roof of a Kurdish farmer—the chief proprietor in the village of Moullah Hassan.

There were several Nestorian villages in the neighbourhood; however, the inhabitants of these hamlets possess the reputation of being dirtier than the Kurds, so the traveller who is wise will invariably elect to pass the night with the mountaineers.

The Kurd whose mule had fallen into the water entered the room. In one hand he bore something which was dripping wet. He salaamed, and then began to wring out the article he was carrying; the trousers were exposed to view. Once of a yellow colour, they were now a dull brown. The Kurd, stretching them out on the floor, gazed in a melancholy manner upon the soiled vestments.

"A horse and two sheep," he remarked with a sob; "Effendi, have pity upon me!"

"What does he want?" I inquired of Mohammed.

It appeared that the Kurd wished to buy a wife from a neighbouring farmer who had some marriageable daughters. Their father, nothing loth, and who was in want of a pair of broad yellow trousers, had consented, provided the candidate for his girl's hand would provide him with a beautiful pair, a turban, and some tea. Broad yellow drawers, or pants, as Yankees would call them, are not often to be met with in Kurdistan. They are brought from Erivan in Russia, and are greatly prized by the mountaineers. The Kurd had been to Khoi on purpose, had sold there a horse and two sheep; with the proceeds of the sale he had purchased the attire in question. He was now dreadfully alarmed lest the father of the girl should decline giving his daughter in exchange for the soiled apparel.

"But what can I do in the matter?" was my next question.

"Give me a baksheesh," said the Kurd, "and I will return to Khoi and buy some more garments."

The man had forgotten about the mail-bag, which lay buried beneath the frozen surface of the river.

Desiring him to go and fish up the letters, I promised that, later in the day, I would take his case into consideration.

The snow disappeared as we approached the town of Van. We rode by a small lake, about twelve miles from our halting-place. Continuing on over a succession of table-lands, the path sloped down towards the great lake or sea, to which the capital of Armenia gives a name.

Van stands in a plain and is surrounded by orchards filled with fruit-trees. The ground in the neighbourhood is highly cultivated, corn and other cereals flourishing throughout the district.

I had sent forward a letter of introduction to the governor of Van from Ismail Pasha of Erzeroum. The man to whom I had entrusted the epistle had not taken the trouble to deliver it. The governor was quite ignorant of my arrival.

I stopped at his house, and, going up to the reception-chamber, found him busily engaged in conversation with an official who had recently arrived from Constantinople, to inquire into the excesses said to have been committed by some soldiers upon the Armenians in Van.

The Pacha received me very courteously, in

spite of my not having a letter for him; he remarked, with a smile, that there were no hotels in Van as in Constantinople, and said that he would provide me with a room in a barrack which had been lately erected in the town.

The officer commanding the garrison now entered the room, and accompanied me to my quarters. The barrack was two stories high, and in the form of a square, with a courtyard for drill in the centre of the building. The officers and men's rooms were on the first story, and below them the stables for the horses. The apartment given me was large and clean. The walls were whitewashed, the floor was covered with a Persian carpet. A large looking-glass—the first I had seen since I quitted our consul's house in Erzeroum—was suspended from the walls.

There were only half a battalion of infantry and a battery of Krupp guns at that time in Van. The remainder of the garrison, consisting of one battalion and a half, had marched the previous week to the neighbourhood of Bitlis, where some Kurds had burnt down a Turkish guard-house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The artillery at practice—The horses—The Commandant—The military school at Constantinople—The citadel—Typhus—The swamp—The sanitary state of the city—The lake—Natron—A substitute for soap—Stone cannon-balls—Nadir Shah's attack upon Van—Greek and Assyrian coins—Salutes during Bairam—An inscription on the rock—An adventurous Englishman—The Commandant—A Kurd—Hernia—How to cure rupture—Three American Missionaries—The English and American flags—The conflagration at Van—Armenian inventions—The Commissioner—The troops.

THE following morning I walked with the commandant to see the artillery at practice. The drill was fairly done. The guns were horsed with fine-looking animals from 15·3 to 16 hands high, mostly greys, and brought from European Turkey. The officer who commanded took great pride in his battery. A few hours after the drill was over, he accompanied me through the stables. The steel was bright, and the harness

in thorough good order. When I remarked this to the commander, he replied :—

"Effendi, I was educated in the Military School at Constantinople. If the rest of our officers had been there, we should have a better army. But, please God, for all that we shall give the Russians more to do than they expect."

I now went to see the citadel. It stands on a rock in the middle of the town, and is about 500 feet above the level of the lake.

Van is surrounded on three sides by a chain of hills, which are at a distance of from three to seven miles from the town. On the fourth side it is bounded by the lake which bears its name. There is a swamp towards the west, and close to the houses. This makes the place very unhealthy in the summer months—typhus and other fevers are prevalent in the district. The military surgeon, a Hungarian, who accompanied me in my ride to the citadel, observed that several complaints had been made to the authorities at Constantinople as to the sanitary state of Van, and a letter had been sent to the Medical Department recommending that the swamp should be drained. A Pacha had died of typhus only six months before; this had thoroughly aroused the new governor. It had acted upon him like the death

of a director, in a railway accident, acts upon the other directors of the line. However, nothing had been done up to the present time towards carrying the governor's and doctor's suggestions into effect.

I now learnt that the lake contains natron. The townspeople have a very simple manner of obtaining this substance. In the summer months they pour water from the lake into large shallow basins; the heat of the sun evaporates the water, and carbonate of soda is deposited at the bottom of the vessels. It is afterwards sent to Erzeroum and Stamboul. The inhabitants of Van use this substance for washing purposes as a substitute for soap.

The road wound round the height on which the citadel stands. After about a fifteen minutes' climb, our horses reached the summit. Here there were several very old guns, some dating back more than 250 years. Large piles of stone balls lay behind many of the pieces, the commander, pointing at them, remarked that now-a-days they would not be of any use, although in the last century they had struck terror into the midst of a Persian host. The modern citadel, if it may be termed by that name, is merely a block-house, with accommodation for about 100 soldiers. There are many galleries cut in the solid rock, some of which were used in old days as

quarters for the troops, and others as dungeons for prisoners. Some heavy chains were lying on the floors, or fastened to rings in the rock. Presently we came to an enormous cavern filled with stone cannon-balls. The commandant informed me that these had been brought there just before Nadir Shah's attack upon Van.

"Nadir Shah besieged this town for seven years," continued the officer, "look at the marks of some of his handiwork." With these words he showed us a few holes in the wall which had apparently been made by artillery fire.

Many ancient Greek and Assyrian coins had been found in the neighbourhood of the citadel, and, according to the doctor, the place abounds with inscriptions in characters which cannot be read by any of the inhabitants.

There is a well of naphtha about fifty yards from the block-house. The commandant, going with me to the spot, made a soldier draw out some of the contents. The well was very deep, and the inhabitants of Van had used the naphtha from time immemorial. The doctor was doubtful as to whether it was a natural well, or merely a large cistern which had been filled many years ago with this liquid, possibly for the use of the garrison.

"Are the guns in the citadel ever discharged?" I inquired.

"No," said the commandant, "they are all useless with the exception of one small piece which we keep for firing salutes during the Bairam. This rock is much too near the town to be used as a fort," he continued. "A hospital ought to be built here, or it would be a good site for a depôt of stores; but as a defensive position it is useless against modern artillery."

We came to a place in the rock where it descends abruptly for several hundred feet. "An Englishman was let down from here by a cord some years ago," observed the doctor. "About 200 feet below this spot there is an inscription cut on the stone. The inscription is about Semiramis. Formerly we all wished to know what was the meaning of the writing; but, no one in Van was bold enough to descend the rock, or, even if some Armenian or Turk had dared to make the attempt, he would have been unable to decipher the characters. Well," continued the speaker, "an Englishman came here and was lowered by cords over the precipice. If he had fallen even from the spot where the inscription is cut, he must have been dashed to pieces, as it is a long way above the rocks. How-

ever, your countryman succeeded in taking an impression of the characters, and I believe a translation of them is in the British Museum. You can see the inscription from the town itself," he added. "The letters are very large, they occupy a place about twelve feet long by eight wide."

We returned towards the barrack. On the way I took the opportunity of looking at the characters on the rock. They are cut on four square blocks, each block being placed by the side of its fellow. Imagine four gigantic sheets of the *Times*, placed one alongside the other, and covered with huge quaintly-formed letters; you will then be able to form an idea of the appearance of the inscription. As you look at the writing from the ground, it appears that in the third square from the right the letters are a little defaced, but in the others the characters stand out as clear as on the day when they were first chiselled. Several Armenian children were playing at soldiers in the street, their fathers and brothers were being instructed in drill in the barrack-yard. Some little military enthusiasm existed in the town even amongst the Christians, and the governor had promulgated the Sultan's edict that every one of his subjects was to be taught the use of arms.

I paid the commandant a visit. His apartments adjoined mine, whilst I was with him several men arrived—some wishing to be soldiers, others desirous of being released from the conscription. A fine-looking Kurd was amongst the last-mentioned applicants. He was dressed in the usual picturesque costume of his race, but, in addition, wore a sort of white muslin shawl, which enveloped him from head to foot.

"You will make a capital soldier," said the commandant. "You had better serve."

"Bey Effendi," replied the man, "I am ruptured."

"Really," said the doctor, who was present in the room; "on which side?"

"The right," replied the man, pointing to his groin.

"Then you will do very well for the infantry," observed the Hungarian. "A man must be ruptured on both sides to be freed from service in that branch of the army."

The Kurd went away rather crestfallen. I then learnt that it is a common practice amongst those mountaineers who do not wish to serve, to purposely rupture themselves. This they do by pressing with their finger and thumb on the lower part of the stomach until a swelling arises.

The operation hurts. After a man has ruptured himself on one side he does not feel inclined to repeat the process on the other. The doctor, who gave me the information, observed that the Kurds have a way of curing ruptures which is not generally known to the medical faculty. They burn the skin around the ruptured spot with a hot iron, the muscles will then contract, and this often effects a cure.

Three American missionaries called: they were living at a village about an hour's ride from Van. They had been there for some years, but had not succeeded in making many converts.

They described the country as being in a very unsettled state, and said that they had lately heard from some other missionaries near Bitlis that a Kurdish sheik in that neighbourhood had recommended them not to go to the mountains, as they were in the habit of doing during the summer months, for he could not guarantee their safety.

The missionaries at Van were eager to know what part England was likely to take in the event of a war. Although Americans, they are looked upon by the inhabitants as Englishmen, and the English flag is much more respected in Asia Minor than that of the United States.

The commissioner who had been sent from Constantinople, to inquire about the recent disturbances at Van, and the burning of the Armenian bazaar, entered the room. He informed me that immediately after the conflagration had occurred, fabulous reports as to the amount of the property destroyed had been published in the Armenian papers. It was first stated that 1,000,000 liras would not cover the loss experienced by the merchants in Van. Subsequently it was said that 200,000 liras in specie had been stolen by the Turkish soldiery, and that goods to the value of 300,000 liras had been destroyed by the flames.

When the commissioner arrived at Van, his first act was to make a list of all the merchants who had shops in the bazaar. Then, sending for each man separately, he asked him what was the nature of his merchandise, and at how much he valued his losses. When the commissioner added up the sums claimed by all the merchants in Van, he found that the total amount did not exceed 96,000 liras. In addition to this the Armenians acknowledged having saved goods to the value of 10,000 liras.

In the official's opinion 23,000 liras would cover the entire loss; and from what I afterwards saw

of the ruins of the bazaar, and judging from the small area over which they extended, I am inclined to believe that he had fairly estimated the damage.

The Armenian newspapers, probably instigated by Russian agents, had declared that the Turkish troops stationed in Van had first set fire to the bazaar, and then pillaged it in the confusion. The commissioner, after the most searching inquiries, was unable to discover that the troops were in any way implicated in the affair. Several Armenians kept petroleum and lucifer matches in their warehouses: his idea was that the fire originated either by spontaneous combustion, or through some one accidentally dropping a lighted match.

The soldiers had been called out to help to extinguish the fire. Thinking that the men might have stolen something during the conflagration, the commissioner asked the commander to issue an order for all the garrison to march to Erzeroum on the following morning. This was done. Shortly afterwards the different battalions left the town. The commissioner, accompanied by some Armenian merchants, met the troops on the road. The soldiers' baggage was then searched, and each man in succession. Nothing was found which could in any way connect the troops with the robbery.

CHAPTER XXVII.

An extempore market—Carbonate of soda—The population—The Pacha's salary—The Commander's pay—The Hungarian doctor's contract—The Armenian church—An inscription—A heathen temple—The Armenian clergy—Their different grades—The monks—The two Patriarchs—The Catolicos—The *meira*—The miraculous power of the Catolicos—The miracle turned into £ *s. d.*—Baptismal and burial fees—Prayers for the dead—A curious tradition—King Abgar the leper—The journey from Van—The mirage—Gull—Paz—Tishikoomlekui—Ardisch—A Kurdish girl—A strange custom.

I NOW walked to an extempore market which the Armenians are making use of until the old one is reconstructed. With the exception of quantities of rough silk brought from Persia, raw cotton, and carbonate of soda, which had been taken from the lake, there was literally nothing to see.

It was said that there were 20,000 inhabitants in the town; I am inclined to believe that the number has been exaggerated. The market-place which had been destroyed by fire stood on a very

small area of ground. The impression conveyed to my mind was that the whole town did not contain above 16,000 inhabitants. The Pacha receives a yearly salary of 2200 liras, and is paid in gold. The other officials are not so fortunate; the pay of the commander of the garrison only amounted to 20*l.* a month, and was always several months in arrear; in addition to this he was paid in Turkish bank-notes. The Hungarian had a contract with the Government; his pay amounted to 17*l.* per month, and had to be given him in gold; in consequence of this, he was quite as well off as the commander.

From the market-place I went to the Armenian church, which stands in the middle of the town. It consists of several rooms, one of them being very much like a wooden barn, the others are built of stone with arched roofs. There was nothing to be seen in the building save a few tawdry pictures of saints; it was carpeted in the same way as the Turkish mosques. The priest who accompanied us, raising a curtain, showed me an inscription in cuneiform characters cut in the stone.

"This part of the building is very old," he said; "it was formerly a heathen temple."

"How old?" I inquired.

"One thousand eight hundred years," said the priest.

"Nonsense, brother," said another. "It is two thousand."

"Say three thousand, and you will be nearer the mark," added a third.

It was evident that none of these gentlemen had any data to go upon for their calculations, I left the church rather disappointed. I had hoped that some of the divines might be able to give me information as to the antiquities of the city. The Armenian clergy do not trouble their heads about such matters; their time is so taken up in the performance of idolatrous rites, and in looking after the welfare of the fairer portion of their flock, that they have not a moment to spare for the study of the ancient history of Armenia.

The Armenian who wishes to be a priest must serve in six different grades before he can be ordained. He must be an exorcist, porter, reader, sub-deacon, candle-lighter, and deacon. If he has any interest with his bishop, he can pass through all these grades in one day.

As a priest, he is allowed to marry; however, like the clergy belonging to the Greek Church, if his wife dies, the Armenian cannot take unto himself a second spouse. He then may become a monk, and live, free of expense, in one of the monasteries. Next in order, but above the monks, are the

bishops and the two patriarchs—one residing in Constantinople, the other at Jerusalem—the patriarch at Constantinople being looked up to by the Armenians as a sort of civil head, besides being their spiritual guide. We now come to the Catolicos, who is first of all in the ecclesiastical hierarchy. He lives in Russia, near Mount Ararat, and is the chief personage of the Armenian Church.

All bishops and priests have to wear beards. The bishops are ordained by the Catolicos, and a council of bishops consecrates the latter. The Armenian Christians worship pictures; confess to their priests; offer prayers for the dead, and ask for the intercession of their saints. An oil is used for the baptism of children. It is called *meira*. The Armenians believe that this oil has boiled without any fire having been placed under it, and they think that this has been effected through the miraculous power of the Catolicos. Whoever and whatever touches this oil is made holy, and is looked upon as having been sanctified.

The Catolicos sells the *meira*, and makes a very large sum by the sale of the oil. The other revenues of the Church arise from baptismal and burial fees, prayers for the dead, taxes imposed upon the people by the ecclesiastics, voluntary contributions, and money left in the wills of devotees.

According to an American missionary at Erzeroum, the Rev. Moses Parmelee, who has published a work which treats of the Armenian clergy, "many of the higher ecclesiastics become very wealthy at the expense of the poor people whom they cheat and oppress."

He also remarks that the Bible of the Armenians is in their ancient language, which is not understood by the masses of the people.

They were a free nation till the beginning of the eleventh century, but later on the Moguls and Turks devastated Armenia, and the inhabitants have never raised their heads since.

There is a curious tradition connected with the Armenian faith. It is to the effect that, at the beginning of our era, some envoys from Abgar, King of Armenia, happened to be in Jerusalem. Whilst they were in the city they saw Jesus Christ, and afterwards informed their sovereign of the miracles which our Saviour was performing throughout Syria. The monarch was a leper, and, thinking that the same supernatural being who had saved so many lives in Jerusalem might be able to do something for him, the king wrote, say the Armenians, the following letter to the Saviour:—

"Abgar, son of Arsham, Prince of this land, to

Jesus the Saviour and benefactor of man. Greeting. I have heard of Thee, and of the cures wrought by Thy hands without remedies and without plants. For it is said that Thou makest the blind to see, the lame to walk. The lepers are healed, and spirits are cast out. Thou healest the unfortunate afflicted with long and inveterate diseases. Thou dost raise the dead. As I have heard of all the wonders done by Thee, I have concluded that Thou art either God come down from heaven, or the Son of God, to do such things. I therefore have written beseeching Thee to deign to come to me and cure my disease. I have also heard that the Jews use Thee ill, and lay snares to destroy Thee. I have here a little city pleasantly situated, and sufficient for us both."

Jesus replied: "After I have gone I will send one of My disciples, who shall cure thy malady, and give life to thee and thine."

Some Armenians say that Christ caused the imprint of His face to be left on a handkerchief, and gave it to the envoys, telling them that it would cure their master. This is cited to justify the adoration of pictures, which is part of the Armenian faith. According to another tradition, the handkerchief never reached the leprous king; for the envoys who were carrying it to their

master were attacked by brigands, and it was stolen on the way. This version tells us that Thaddeus subsequently healed the leprous sovereign.

It was the 7th of March. I had already spent several days in Van, and, contrary to my hopes, had not benefited by the rest. I was still suffering from dysentery; instead of the complaint getting better, it had become worse. By all account we should be able to find milk in most of the Kurd and Yezeed villages between Van and Kars; so I determined to start for the latter place and try what a milk and rice diet would do towards restoring my health and strength. We rode for two hours by the side of the lake; then, leaving the blue water, ascended a low range of hills. The sun's rays were very powerful; a mirage was formed before us. Miles upon miles of water were reflected in the sky. Presently we crossed a little stream known as the Mahmod Tchai, and after a short march halted at Gull—a small village with thirty houses, half belonging to Armenians, half to Mohammedans.

The morn breaks. We ride over some high table-land, and then return to the lake. Our route lies along its shores. Sand-hills slope down to the water's edge; myriads of starlings flit about

the beach; pelicans and other wild fowl sail along the surface of the deep. After a six hours' journey we rest at Paz—a small Kurd village with only ten houses.

The following day we marched along a good track to Tishikoomlekui, a devil-worshippers' village. Then crossing the Bendimah river—here about thirty yards wide—on a stone bridge, we continued to Karahana, and so on to Ardisch, an Armenian village with 200 houses and a resident Caimacan.

A pretty Kurdish girl, whom I had seen at Paz, accompanied us to the latter place. I now learnt that the females in some parts of Kurdistan have a strange custom. This is to beset any stranger who is about to enter or quit their village. The girls dance round the wayfarer, and take the opportunity to divest him of his apparel. When he is in a nude state, they seize their victim and carry him with them before some old matron,[1] complaining to her that their prisoner has grossly insulted them. The man is lucky if he escapes with his clothes minus the cash in the pockets.

[1] Major Millingen goes more fully into particulars about this custom of the Kurdish women. See Appendix XIII., p. 366.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Akserai—The Kurds—Raids upon the villages—Five females ravished—The Pacha at Van is powerless to help the villagers—The hot springs in Lake Van—Fish—How to catch them—Zerekli—Starlings—Patnos—We cross the Murad river—Dotah—The Caimacan—The devil-worshipper—His house—A Yezeed sheik—Scarcity of accommodation.

We reached Akserai. I was informed by my host, an Armenian, that the Christians in this district live in constant dread of their warlike neighbours, the Kurds—and the more particularly of the Kurds from Persia. These mountaineers sometimes made raids upon the villages, and committed all sorts of excesses on the women. Only three months previous a scene of this description had taken place at Akserai. The Kurds had come there in the night: five of the females in the village had been ravished by the assailants.

The Armenian who gave me this information declared that he liked the Pacha at Van, but said that the latter was powerless to prevent these attacks. There were 5000 Kurds in the mountains,

and all were well-armed men. Artillery could not be transported in those regions. The troops at the disposal of the Government were too few to be of any real assistance.

There were many hot springs in Lake Van, and I was assured that, in places, a man could not put his hand in the water without being scalded.

Fish, according to my informant, are only caught in the spring months. The finny tribe then descend the rivers to the Lake, and are taken in large numbers.

The villagers draw three nets across the mouths of the rivers. There are funnels in the first two nets, which are left open for the fish to pass. The apertures in the second net being much smaller than those in the first. When the men discover, by the pressure against the outer net, that they have as many fish as the trammels will hold, they close the funnels, and draw the nets together. The captives, in their endeavours to escape, leap several feet into the air, and the scene is a highly animated one. No large fishes are met with, their average size being from one to two pounds. When a sufficient number have been taken, the women salt them down, and they are kept for winter consumption.

There is a great deal of plough-land in the

neighbourhood of Akserai, and, on inquiry, I learnt that corn is grown here in large quantities.

We rode along the shores of the lake for two hours, and, after traversing a well-cultivated country, reached Zerekli. Here many of the inhabitants were seated on the roofs of their houses—the women working and the men basking in the sun. A few soldiers could be seen mending their uniform, and an old Armenian woman was occupied in stitching a shirt belonging to a truculent-looking sergeant. This gentleman sat beside her, sans chemise, and smoking a long chibouk; volumes of smoke from his pipe were slowly wreathing themselves in the atmosphere.

My host was engaged in mending the roof of his house. A buffalo, or some heavy animal, had walked upon it. The part near the chimney had given way.

Thousands of starlings were perched on some trees in the rear of the dwellings. Many of these birds could be seen hopping about in close proximity to a crowd of Turkish and Armenian urchins. The latter were very different to English lads; for if the starlings had settled down in one of our own villages, it would not have been long ere some boy or other had thrown a stone at them.

It was pleasanter sitting on the roof of the house than being an inmate of its subterranean recesses. But the night turned bitterly cold. A thick mist arose from the lake. It warned the villagers to retire within their dwellings, if they did not wish to risk catching a fever.

We followed their example, and in a short time experienced one of the plagues with which Moses afflicted the Egyptians. There were some loose boards in a corner of the stable; I took them, and tried to remove my body from the onslaught of the vermin by making a sort of scaffolding to sleep upon, three feet from the floor. However, it was all to no purpose. If my tormentors could not reach me by climbing from the ground, they ascended the sides of the building and dropped down upon the scaffolding from the ceiling.

Sleep was out of the question. Starting before daybreak, we continued our journey alongside the lake. Thousands of geese and ducks were skimming along the surface of its waters. In the distance some broad-bottomed boats could be seen. They were laden with wood, and were transporting this article of fuel to the adjacent villages.

We crossed two small rivers, and then, continuing through deep snow, arrived, after a six-hours' march, at Patnos. A river of the same

name runs through the village, which contains fifty houses, and the stream, continuing its course a few miles farther, runs into the Murad. Patnos was garrisoned by a company of soldiers. A Mudir looked after the welfare of the inhabitants. The troops were not strong enough to cope with the Kurds in the neighbourhood. The result was that the misdeeds of the mountaineers went unpunished.

A few hours later, and we crossed the Murad river, here about sixty yards wide, the water being up to our horses' shoulders, and, after an eight-hours' march, halted in a Yezeed village called Dotah.

The Caimacan in this place was not very hospitably inclined. Instead of offering me a room in his own house, as had been the custom with the governors at our previous halting-places, he ordered an old Yezeed farmer to provide us with accommodation for the night.

The ancient devil-worshipper was anything but pleased at having to find a shelter for my servants and self. He had only two rooms, and one of the travelling priests or sheiks of his community was with him as a visitor. The sheik would want a room to himself, and there would be only the stable left for the old man, his family, our horses, and selves.

CHAPTER XXIX.

My host—The sheik's appearance—My host's two daughters—They attend upon the sheik—Caressing the flames—I love the fire—An insult to the Shaitan—Do you believe in Allah?—Allah can do no harm—The Yezeed fetish—The tomb of Sheik Adi—Your cows shall not die—Mohammed wants a fetish—A cure for rheumatism—The Melek Taoos—Do you ever pray?—What is the use? Everything is fixed—You cannot force Destiny to change her mind—Hidden things—The balls of clay—Mr. Layard—The seven archangels.

My landlord was not a sweet creature to look upon. The sheik who was his guest had a still more forbidding countenance; the latter gentleman, with his deep-set eyes, high, narrow forehead, coming almost to a point where it reached his skull, and long cockatoo-like nose, having a very demoniacal appearance. My host had two daughters, who had been deputed to wait upon the sheik. They followed him about like spaniels,

and vied with each other in obeying his commands.

I was seated beside the fireplace when the distinguished individual entered the room. He evidently expected that I was about to arise to receive him in a way becoming to his dignity, and made a sign as if to ask me not to move. I paid no attention to this gesture, but motioned to him to sit by the fire. This he did, and, squatting opposite me, unbared a pair of long shining arms and began to pass them through the flames, as if he were caressing the fiery element.

"You like heat?" I remarked, by way of commencing a conversation.

The man slowly raised his eyes, which glittered in his head and flashed like the embers on the hearth.

"Heat is good, Effendi. Fire gives warmth—without warmth we should die. Fire gives life, and destroys it. I love the flames."

Mohammed came close to the fire and stooped down. The sheik's eyes sparkled brighter than before: he said something. My servant laughed, but moved away from the hearth.

"What did he say?" I inquired.

"He was afraid, Effendi, that I was about to

spit in the fire. They think that this is a great insult to the ——" Here Mohammed stopped; he did not like to utter the word "Shaitan" (devil); The sheikh, who appeared much frightened at the beginning of the sentence, and had left off passing his arms through the flames, commenced repeating that operation.

"Do you believe in Allah?" I remarked.

"Allah is good," was the reply. "Allah can do no harm."

My host now came up, and, bowing before the sheik, said something. The latter, placing his hand into his sash, produced two clay balls, which he gave to the proprietor—the latter receiving them with an air of the greatest satisfaction.

These balls had been manufactured with clay taken from the tomb of Sheik Adi—a saint who is highly reverenced by the Yezeeds—the travelling sheiks make a certain sum of money by selling them to the devotees.

"Your visit has brought happiness to my daughters and myself," observed the proprietor.

The sheik did not reply immediately, but presently remarked,—

"Your cows shall not die; no robbers shall enter your doors; illness shall not attack your family."

Mohammed approached.

"I too should like a ball," he remarked. "It might keep off my rheumatism. The Effendi's plasters do good, but they hurt. The ball would not cause me any pain. Give me one;" and my servant held out his hand to the sheik.

"Go away!" said the latter in rather strong tones. "Go to your own saints, and let them cure you."

Then, rising, the man left the room, closely followed by the two daughters of the proprietor.

These girls were neither of them good-looking, and dirty to an extent which no man who has not been in the East could imagine.

It is said that there are pretty women amidst the daughters of the worshippers of the devil; my personal observations do not lead me to place any credence in this statement.

I inquired of the proprietor if the sheik had brought the Melek Taoos (King Peacock) with him. This is a bird manufactured of bronze, which is occasionally carried about by the leading men amidst the Yezeeds, and which all devil-worshippers are bound to reverence.

"No," replied my host; "our guest is not a Cawal (a sort of priest). Who told you about the Melek Taoos?"

"The Turks, and, besides, I have read about it, and seen a picture of the bird in a book written by a Frank."

"What a marvel!" said the host; "very few of our sheiks can read, much less write."

"Do you ever pray?" I inquired.

"Pray? like the Mohammedans?"

"Yes."

"No; what is the use? You Christians do not pray like the Mohammedans," continued the old man.

"No; but we pray to the Founder of our faith."

"Everything is fixed," observed the Yezeed; "then what is the good of praying? You cannot force Destiny to change her mind."

"Then what is the good of the balls you have just received? for if your cows are destined to die, they will die."

My host did not show any wish to continue this conversation, and he presently remarked,—

"We are talking about hidden things; no good will come of it."

"But if you have got the balls of clay," said Mohammed, joining in the conversation, "they ought to keep you from any harm."

"Who knows?" said the proprietor; and, rising

from the ground, he lay down in a farther corner of the room, next some sheep, and was soon lost to consciousness.

Mr. Layard, who lived some time amongst the Yezeeds, remarked about these strange people,—

"They recognize one Supreme Being; but, as far as I could learn, they do not offer up any direct prayer or sacrifice to Him. My questions on this subject were evaded, and every topic was shunned connected with the attributes and existence of the Deity.

"The name of the devil is never mentioned, and any allusion to it by others so vexes and irritates them that it is said that they have put to death persons who have wantonly outraged their feelings by its use.

"So far is their dread of offending the evil spirit carried that they carefully avoid every expression which may resemble in sound the name of Satan, or the Arabic word for 'accursed.' When they speak of the devil, they do so with reverence as Melek-el, the mighty angel. The Yezeeds believe Satan to be the chief of the angelic host now suffering punishment for his rebellion against the Divine will, but still powerful, and to be restored hereafter to his high estate in the celestial hierarchy. He must be conciliated and

reverenced, they say, for as he now has the means of doing evil to mankind, so will he hereafter have the power of rewarding them. Next to Satan, but inferior to him in might and wisdom, are seven archangels who exercise a great influence over the world; they are Gabriel, Michail, Raphail, Azrail, Dedrail, Azrapheel, and Shemkeel. Christ, according to the Yezeeds, was also a great angel who had taken the form of man. He did not die on the cross, but ascended to heaven."

CHAPTER XXX.

Alongside the river Murad—Waterfalls—The Melaskert river—Tchekhane—An attack of fever—Quinine—The doctor at Toprak Kale—He arrives—The consultation—Excitement amongst the villagers—The stethoscope—The audience—How clever these Franks are!—The Effendi is going to die—Rheumatic fever—Pressed fruit—A native remedy—A long night.

We were once more in winter, deep snow lay along our path. There were several Yezeed villages by the track, which began to rise abruptly by the side of the river Murad, and was here and there cut out of the solid rock.

In many places waterfalls dashed over the path, and we were literally riding beneath a canopy of water, which fell, several hundred feet over precipices into the river below. At others the torrent dashed across the track itself. We had to advance with the greatest caution to avoid being swept down the abyss.

I now crossed the Melaskert river. Here our guide had a narrow escape of being carried away by the torrent. Presently we arrived at Tchekhane, an Armenian village, about eight miles distant from the town of Toprak Kale.

I had been suffering great pain during the last two marches, and, on dismounting from my horse, should have fallen to the ground, if it had not been for Mohammed.

The latter helped me to enter the house of my host, an Armenian peasant. Staggering up to the hearth, I threw myself down beside the fire. My legs seemed to have lost all their strength; I had great pain in the head and back. My pulse was beating very rapidly. It intermitted.

Thinking that it was an attack of fever, I desired Radford to give me the medicine-chest, and after taking ten grains of quinine, tried to sleep. This, however, was impossible—the insects in the house would have prevented slumber, even if the fever had not done so.

The night passed away. In the morning I found myself so weak that I could barely raise my head from the pillow.

"There is a doctor at Toprak Kale," observed my Armenian host. "He is a Frank: why not send for him?"

I did so; but the medical man did not arrive. I lay all that day racked by pain, and half devoured by insects.

In the morning I overheard the following conversation between Mohammed and the proprietor.

"There are many fleas; my Effendi cannot sleep."

"It is true," replied the Armenian; "but there are by no means so many here as in a Kurd village a few miles distant. The Kurds have been obliged to abandon their houses in consequence of these insects. They have had to live in tents for several months past."

Another night passed without my obtaining any slumber. In the morning I had a visit from the doctor, a Hungarian who was attached to a regiment at Toprak Kale.

The news of the arrival of the son of Æsculapius was soon spread through the village. My bed-chamber, the stable, in which there were three cows, was speedily thronged by as many excited inhabitants as could find standing-room.

The doctor was a young man; he had not been long in Asia Minor, and could only speak a few words of Turkish. But he wore a uniform and was accompanied by a Zaptieh. This was suffi-

cient at once to strike awe into the Armenian villagers.

"Are you in pain?" said the doctor, in German.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Behind the shoulders and in the side."

"I will examine you."

Producing a stethoscope, he placed one end of it upon my chest, and the other to his ear. This proceeding gave rise to great astonishment amidst the assembled visitors, who eagerly pressed forward to witness the operation.

"Donnerwetter!" said the indignant physician in German. "Haide, go away!" This last word in Turkish to the Armenians, who, frightened at the sonorous sounds of the "Donnerwetter," had already withdrawn for a few steps.

There were also some Turkish peasants in the room. They had made friends with Mohammed. He had placed them behind two cows in a corner, so that they might have a good view of the doctor.

"What is he doing to the Effendi?" inquired one of them of Mohammed.

"He is looking into his body," observed another.

Mohammed himself now craned out his neck in my direction.

"Effendi! is he looking into your stomach?"

"No; he is listening to the beats of my heart."

"How clever these Franks are!" said one of the Turks. "They do not even take the trouble to look; they are quite satisfied by listening."

"I wish the hakim would put the instrument on my chest; it would do me good," he continued.

"Perhaps he would if we asked him," added the other.

"Silence!" said Mohammed. "The doctor is saying something."

The face of the medical gentleman became a little grave after he had sounded me. This gave great satisfaction to the audience.

"See how solemn he looks!" remarked one of the bystanders; "the Effendi is going to die."

"What is the matter with me?" I inquired.

"Rheumatic fever; and your heart is out of order," said the doctor. "You must lie quiet for several days, and I will send you some medicine. My battalion probably marches to-morrow," he continued, "and so I fear I cannot come here again."

Pocketing his fee, the medical gentleman mounted his horse, and rode off with the Zaptieh.

I had eaten nothing for two days, and my mouth was parched. Mohammed, seeing this, brought me some pressed fruit—a sort of wild cranberry, which the natives dry, and then, if any one has a fever, they soak the fruit in water and give it him to drink. The pressed berries are very nasty to look at. They much resemble tezek. For a moment I thought that Mohammed was giving me a piece of that fuel by way of a febrifuge. On tasting the beverage I found that the flavour was very agreeable. It was acid, and, in Mohammed's opinion, was a most valuable remedy for fever.

The day wore on. In the evening the cows inside my bedroom were joined by three buffaloes.

The air in the room became fouler and more dense. It was snowing outside, and the proprietor had covered the hole, which took the place of a chimney, with a large stone. I lay awake for the greater part of the night, every now and then drinking copious draughts of the pressed fruit dissolved in water. Nature at last succumbed. I had not slept for several nights. The figures of the cows and buffaloes became smaller: they gradually disappeared. The light given out by a

piece of cotton steeped in some melted fat, and placed in an iron tripod, became more flickering: the sounds of my followers' snoring seemed to fade away. I shut my eyes and fell asleep.

I was awakened late the following afternoon by something cold and clammy against my hand. On looking up, I found it was one of the cows. My arm was stretched out by her trough. The animal was licking my fingers with her tongue.

"I was afraid that she would awake you, sir," remarked my servant Radford, coming to my side. "I wished to drive her away, but was afraid of disturbing you."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Mohammed's febrifuge—The doctor's medicine—Zedhane—Daha—Hassan Bek—Bash—The garrison—We cross the Araxes—The bridge made by a Circassian—Karakroot—The Circassian horsemen—The inhabitants—Their eyes and teeth—Gedjerharman—The plain around Kars—The streets of the town—The sewerage of the population—The civil governor—The river—The war with the Persians—Mount Kara Dagh—The fortifications.

THE rest had done me good. Mohammed's febrifuge seemed to agree. Later on, the doctor's medicine arrived. I took a dose, and felt myself much worse in consequence. I determined to stick to the native remedy.

Day after day passed by. At last I was able to raise myself a little from the floor. My appetite gradually returned; and one fine morning I determined to make an attempt to reach Kars. My servants lifted me on my horse: once on his back, I made them strap me to the high pommel in front of the saddle—a Turkish one.

The fresh air did wonders, and, though very weak, I managed to reach Zedhane, a village which we had stopped at on our way to Bayazid, and which lay on the route between Van and Kars.

We rode to Daha, passing by Kurdali, a small village, seven miles from Zedhane, and with some strong positions, from a military point of view, in the neighbourhood. The track was very different to what it had been a few weeks previous. There was little snow, and we were able to reach Daha in five hours. Our course was almost due north, and ran through a broad mountain pass to Hassan Bek, a Kurd hamlet, and from there to Bash, an Armenian village with a hundred Khans. Here a battalion was quartered. The men had fought at Alexinatz, and, according to their lieutenant-colonel, an officer whose acquaintance I had made at Erzeroum, they were eager to cross bayonets again with the Russians.

We left Bash, and after a two hours' march crossed the Araxes on a rickety wooden bridge. It had been made by an enterprising Circassian. There is a ford several miles down the stream, but the Circassian had thought that, if he were to make this bridge, a great many passengers would prefer taking the short cut, and would

gladly pay a few piastres for the privilege of crossing the structure.

We came to the village of Karakroot, in which the Circassian lived. The sheik, a fine-looking man, informed us that here there were only twenty-five houses, but there were 1005 houses which belonged to people of his nation in the neighbourhood. In the event of war, the inhabitants of this district could muster 2000 horsemen. The houses belonging to these Circassians were far cleaner than any which I had seen in the Kurdish or Armenian villages. They were all built of wood, with wooden floors. A small enclosure, made of sharp-pointed stakes, surrounded each of the dwellings. There were quantities of buffaloes, cows, and sheep in some adjacent fields, and the granaries were said to be well supplied with corn and barley.

The inhabitants were smart-looking fellows, and all of them dressed in their national attire—in tight-fitting sheepskin coats, with the wool worn inside, and buckled round their waists by a narrow leathern strap, studded with buttons; broad leather trousers, stuffed into high boots covered their legs, and small Astrachan caps their heads.

For arms, the men carried long daggers in

their waist-belts—many of the hilts being beautifully worked in silver.

There were several women and girls in the village. They did not conceal themselves, as is the custom of the Armenian or Turkish women. We had the opportunity of looking at their faces. I was under the impression that the Circassian girls were very fair. This is not the case; they more resemble the Spanish belles, and have a clear olive complexion, through which you can discern the blue veins. One girl was very good-looking. She could not have been more than sixteen, and sat the horse on which she was mounted with more grace and ease than any of her male companions.

The chief features in all these women are their eyes and teeth. The former are very large, and the latter small, well-shaped and white as pearls. Tooth powder is unknown in this district. How they preserve their teeth so perfectly is to a European an enigma.

You see men of from sixty to seventy years of age who have never lost a tooth, each one is as white as the purest ivory. The Circassians have another advantage, from a European point of view, over the Kurds. They do not sleep in their cow hovels. The stables are sepa-

rated from the apartments reserved for the family.

We rode by several more Circassian villages, and after passing Gedjerharman, which is a nine hours' march from Bash, came to a district inhabited by Turks and Armenians. The latter complained of their warlike neighbours the Circassians, and declared that a Turk had been killed the previous evening, in a quarrel with one of the mountaineers. All this part of the track was in good order. Seven hours after leaving Gedjerharman we entered the plain around Kars. In rear of the town, which is built in the form of a sickle or half-moon, are some high mountains. A series of detached forts occupying commanding positions defends the approaches to the citadel. This last stands in the north-west angle of the town.

Seven battalions of infantry were drilling in the plain. They presented a more martial appearance than any of the troops which I had previously seen in Asia Minor.

The streets of Kars were in a filthy state Every house was crammed with soldiers. The whole sewerage of the population had been thrown in front of the buildings. Fortunately the weather was cold. A very disagreeable smell

could be perceived, as our horses stirred up the refuse beneath their hoofs.

We halted at the house of the civil governor. He had been kind enough to place a room at my disposal. The following morning I rode out to visit the fortifications. The river Kars Tchai runs through the town, and is crossed by three stone bridges, each about forty yards wide. The Persians in a war with the Turks had tried to turn this river, so as to cut off the water from the garrison, but failed in the attempt. I first went to Mount Kara Dagh, which is about 1400 yards from the town, and commands the road to the Russian fortress at Alexandropol or Gumri. A small barracks had been erected for half a battalion of infantry; some earthworks had been thrown up around the position, which was defended by twelve Krupp guns. The site for the powder magazine had not been judiciously selected; but, as it is possible that the war may not be over ere this work is published, the reader will pardon me if I do not mention its exact situation.

On the plain below, 1600 yards from the Kara Dagh, and 2000 from the town, was a small redoubt called the Hafeez Pacha Tabia; here there were nine guns, the battery facing the south.

Fifteen hundred-yards south-west of this point and 3000 from the town, stood the Kanli Tabia, an important redoubt, in very good repair, and with sixteen guns in position. The only other defensive works in the plain consisted of a small redoubt called the Sowaree Tabia, in which were two guns. No connecting lines had been made to join the different redoubts; the ground between them was entirely unprotected. On my mentioning this to an engineer officer who accompanied me, he remarked that it was winter, and the ground was hard, when the weather became milder, the troops would commence digging trenches and forming breast-works.

On the north-west of the citadel, and in a commanding position stood the Veli Pacha Tabia with fourteen guns; and to the right of this battery, and slightly in advance of it, some earthworks had been thrown up at the suggestion of Bloom Pacha, a German officer; here there were five guns. The river separates these works from the Kara Kalpak Tabia, a strong position adjoining the Kara Dagh, and defended by ten guns.

In the citadel known as the Itch Kale, and which is slightly in rear of Bloom Pacha Tabia, and on the opposite side of the river, there were twelve guns. To the left of Veli Pacha Tabia was

a battery of thirteen guns, known as the Tchim Tabia. Closely adjoining this battery, but more to the west I saw the Tamar Tabia with twenty-three guns; here there was a barrack for one battalion. Five hundred yards in rear of the Tamar Tabia stood the Diktipe Tabia with thirteen guns; and about the same distance behind Diktipe, covering the northern slopes, the Tachmach Tabia with eighteen guns. On the east of Bloom Pacha Tabia there was a work with four guns, known as Inglis Tabia; and slightly in advance of this battery Williams Pacha Tabia with twelve guns. This made up all the defences on the north side of Kars. Most of these redoubts had been very much neglected; however, the town was better fortified on the northern side than from the south. Every facility was afforded to me for viewing the works in question, and I was permitted to take the angles between the different positions, besides being shown the exact bearings of all the powder-magazines.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The garrison of Kars—Dr. Lanzoni—A probable outbreak of typhus—The two Pachas—Whose fault is it?—If God wills it, there will be no Cholera—If God wills it, the Russians will not come here—The hospitals full of men suffering from typhus fever—The International Commission—The Grand Duke Michael—Gumri—The Armenians and their nationality—The speech of the Grand Duke—The Master of the Armenian school—You shall go to prison—The Emperor Nicholas—Religious liberty granted to Armenians in Russia—The document—The Patriarch's death—Suspicious circumstances—Cossacks firing upon Mohammedans—Three children wounded—Clergymen of the Church of England—Hankering after the idolatrous practices of the Greek faith—Wolves in sheep's clothing—Colonel Lake—A little boy shot by the Cossacks—Russia the father of the fatherless—The Right Hon. R. Lowe, M.P.—The Author of *the Bulgarian horrors*—English officers and soldiers massacred in the Crimea—The Court of Inquiry—The Duke of Newcastle's speech—Russian officers butchering the English wounded.

THERE were at the time of my visit to Kars about 20,000 troops quartered in and about the town; but large reinforcements could be sent from Erzeroum should occasion arise for their services. Later

in the day Dr. Lanzoni, of the Quarantine, called upon me; he is an Italian, and in the International Service. On my alluding to the state of the streets in Kars, he remarked that he had written twice to the authorities at Constantinople, but that no notice had been taken of his letters. "We shall have an outbreak of typhus or plague in the summer," continued the doctor. The mortality will be very great, if we are besieged before the filth is cleared away.

The civil governor entered the room. He joined in the conversation.

"It is the fault of the military Pacha," he observed. "The soldiers have made this mess in the streets, and the military Pacha thinks that the civilians in the town ought to clear it up. I have told him that this work ought to be done by the troops, but he says that the soldiers are the Padishah's servants, and that their duty is to fight, and not to be scavengers."

"What have you done about the matter?" I inquired.

"We have written to Constantinople," replied the governor.

"How long does it take for a letter to go there?"

"About three weeks."

"Yes," said the doctor, "three weeks to go, and three weeks to return, in all six weeks, with-

out considering the delay there will be in answering the communication. We may have the cholera here long before that time."

"If God wills it, there will be no cholera," said the Pacha.

I interrupted him, "You are strengthening your garrison?"

"Yes."

"You will repair the fortifications?"

"Yes."

"You are supplying the troops with Martini-Peabody rifles at a great expense to your Government?"

"Yes."

"Well," I continued, "why are you doing this?"

"On account of the Russians," said the Pacha, "but why do you ask me these questions?"

"Because if God wills it, the Russians will not come here, and if He has decreed that Kars is to fall, nothing that you can do will prevent that event taking place."

"Then you think that armies are useless?" said the Pacha.

"No, but you would seem to hold that opinion, for you do not take the trouble to have the streets cleared, and say, if God wills it so, that there will be no epidemic."

"Allah is all-powerful. He knows everything

that has happened and that will happen," said the governor devoutly. "We are all dust in His sight. If we have the cholera in Kars, it will be the military Pacha's fault."

Shortly afterwards my visitor left the room.

"I am very glad you spoke to him as you did," said the doctor. "Our hospitals are full of men suffering from typhoid fever; more than 10 per cent. of the poor fellows do not recover. This is a case in which the European powers ought to interfere," continued the speaker. "I am a quarantine officer, and am paid by the International Commission. It is my duty to prevent the cholera or any other infectious disease being brought from the East, but these Turks are doing their best to breed a plague in the heart of their principal fortification. Kars is only thirty miles from Gumri," he added, "if this place were to fall, the whole of Asia Minor would follow."

"Do the Armenians in this town like the Russians?" I now inquired.

"Not at all," said the doctor. "Only seven months ago the Grand Duke Michael visited Gumri, the Russian frontier fortress. When he was there he inspected the Armenian schools, and made a speech to the girls in one of these institutions. After a few remarks about the

progress they were making, the Grand Duke concluded his discourse by addressing their mothers in these words, 'Rappelez-vous bien que le lait avec lequel vous nourrissez vos enfants doit être le lait Russe.' The Armenians are immensely vain of their nationality. This speech of the Grand Duke incensed them very much against him. The Russian prince made himself still more unpopular a few days later," continued the doctor. "In the course of a visit to the master of one of the Armenian schools, he observed some pictures in the schoolroom. 'What pictures are these?' he inquired. 'They are likenesses of some of the former kings of Armenia,' replied the schoolmaster. 'You have no right to have any portraits here save those of the Tzar and of the members of the Imperial family,' said the Grand Duke, 'you shall go to prison.'"

An Armenian gentleman entered the room; he corroborated everything that the doctor had said, and presently remarked that many years ago the Emperor Nicholas had given the Patriarch Mateos a document in which the Tzar granted full religious liberty to all Armenians in Russia. "Our Patriarch kept this deed always on his person," continued the speaker. One day he died very suddenly, and under rather suspicious circumstances. His successor searched everywhere for

the document, but could not find it. At length he discovered a copy: he then wrote to the authorities in Tiflis, and asked for a fresh paper. His request was refused, and at the same time he was informed that no such religious liberty had ever been granted to the Armenians."

"Is it true that the Russian authorities do not permit the Mohammedans to leave the Tzar's dominion?" I now inquired.

"Yes," said the doctor; "a very few months ago a case came under my own observation. Some Mohammedans wished to leave Russia and escape to Turkey; as they were passing the border-line, a band of Cossacks fired upon them. They continued their flight, but three children had been wounded and were afterwards treated in the hospital at Kars."

As I copy the above lines from my note-book, I cannot help thinking of some few Clergymen of the Church of England who, secretly hankering after the superstitions attached to the Greek faith, put themselves forward as champions of Holy Russia. But we need not be surprised. Those people who are so deadened to a sense of right and wrong as to imagine that they are doing God service by instilling into the ears of our wives and children sentences from the foul pamphlet entitled "The Priest in Absolution," can readily bring them-

selves to believe that killing pregnant women,[1] and flogging Christian women and children,[2] to make them change their religion, is justifiable on the part of the Russian Government. Priests like these would gladly re-establish the Inquisition in our midst. They could defend the massacres of St. Bartholomew, if the victims had been Mohammedans; and on the seventh day of the week they stand up in their pulpits and preach the doctrine of peace by advocating the extermination of the Turks.

The above-mentioned way of treating Mohammedan little children is no novelty on the part of the Tzar's soldiery. Colonel Lake, in his work, the "Defence of Kars," remarks that, "brought up as savages from their infancy, some of these Cossacks will not scruple to commit the most barbarous actions. As an instance of this, on one occasion, during the earlier period of the blockade, a party of them made a dash at a small village by the river side called Karaba Kilissa, and though the inhabitants offered not the slightest opposition to them, they beat a little boy, twelve years of age, very cruelly with their whips, and finally shot him—the ball passing through his thigh and breaking the bone. It was heart-rending to see the poor old mother weeping over her dying child.

[1] See Appendix IX., p. 351. [2] See Appendix I., p. 323.

He was packed up in an *araba*, or country cart, and sent down to the hospital, where he was attended by Dr. Sandwith. Every possible care was taken of the little sufferer, but he died under the amputation of the shattered limb.

We were told a few months ago by the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P., that Russia was the father of the fatherless; judging from the way she has treated these Mohammedan children, it would not put her to much expense to provide for a numerous family.

It was a goodly spectacle this Holy Russia putting herself forward last autumn as the Champion of the Bulgarians, after she had done her best to foment[3] the disturbances which led to the massacres in their country. It may be refreshing to some of the believers in Muscovite philanthropy if I recall to their recollection what took place very recently in Central Asia.

"Kill the Turkomans, kill them all!" was General Kauffmann's order during the Khivan campaign.

"I suppose you mean in the Circassian style," was the dry remark of an old colonel, well acquainted with the Russian manner of making war upon the Circassians.

[3] See Appendix IV., p. 337, Russian Agents and the Massacres in Bulgaria.

"Yes; kill them all! Spare neither age nor sex! Let none escape!"

Circassian[4] pregnant women cut to pieces!—does this go for nothing in the eyes of those gentlemen who called out for vengeance on the Circassians in Bulgaria? Circassian children butchered by Russian soldiery!—is this nothing to two clergymen of the Church of England, who denounced in the strongest language an imaginary atrocity of the Turks?

Are these things nothing to the Right Hon. W. Gladstone, M.P., who, writing last autumn about a friendly power, remarked, "What seems now to be certain in this sense (besides the miserable daily misgovernment, which, however, dwindles by the side of the Bulgarian horrors) are the wholesale massacres—

> "Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
> But this most foul, strange, and unnatural!"[5]

the elaborate and refined cruelty—the only refinement of which Turkey boasts!—the utter disregard of sex and age—the abominable and bestial lust—and the entire and violent lawlessness which still stalks over the land."

Two wrongs do not make one right. This is

[4] See Appendix VII., p. 349, The Schoolmasters in Massacre.

[5] Hamlet, i. 5.

an old saying and a true one. The atrocities committed by the Russians in the Caucasus are no excuse for those perpetrated by the Circassians in Bulgaria; but the Circassians are Mohammedans, the Muscovites profess the doctrines of Christ. Why was the author of the Bulgarian horrors silent when his own officials reported the crimes of the Russian soldiery? We have been told that Russia is the torch-bearer of civilization, and our military attaché at St. Petersburg, Captain and Lt.-Col. Wellesley, has stated that he believes the Muscovite soldiers are incapable of the atrocities laid to their charge. Mr. Gladstone has quoted this officer as an authority.

It may be that our military attaché is ignorant of what took place during the Crimean war. He was a child in petticoats at the time. But Mr. Gladstone cannot assign extreme youth in his own case as an excuse for bad memory. He was a member of the Cabinet, and, as such, had access to all official despatches. Let me ask him if he can remember the circumstances under which many of our officers and soldiers met their death at the battle of Inkerman, and when they were lying helpless on the field? Does he know how Captain the Hon. Henry Neville, of the 3rd battalion of Grenadier Guards, was butchered? and

how Captain Sir Robert Newman, Bart., shared the same fate? Does he know how poor Disbrowe of the Coldstreams was tortured? *Possibly* all these things have escaped from his memory, but the Cabinet to which he belonged did not forget them at the time.

A Court of Inquiry[6] was held in the Crimea. It investigated the accusations made against the Russian troops. The proceedings of this Court of Inquiry, accompanied by a despatch, were forwarded by Lord Raglan to the authorities at home. In these papers will be found the names of many British officers and privates who were proved to have been brutally massacred—by the Russian soldiers—when imploring mercy, and helpless owing to their wounds. Such horror was created in the minds of some of the Cabinet, that one of its members, the War Minister, the late Duke of Newcastle, alluded to the matter on the 12th of December, 1854, in the House of Lords, as follows. I give his own words:—

"The enemy which our men met were not content with the legitimate use of their weapons, but had the BARBARITY, THE ATROCIOUS VILLANY, I will call it, TO MURDER IN

[6] The first witness examined at this Court of Inquiry was Sir Charles Russell, Bart., M.P. for Westminster.

COLD BLOOD THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS AS THEY LAY HELPLESS ON THE FIELD; AND not the ignorant serfs alone did that, but MEN HOLDING THE POSITION OF OFFICERS. Our men have had to fight the savage and uncivilized Kaffirs, but in no instance have THEY EXPERIENCED SUCH BARBARISM AS WITH THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS ! ! ! !"

A number of families in Great Britain were in mourning after Inkerman. Many old fathers and mothers thought that their sons had been killed in fair fight. They have been deceived. The proceedings of the Court of Inquiry were in the War Office this summer. I challenge the author of the Bulgarian horrors to ask the Government to lay these papers, with Lord Raglan's and Marshal Canrobert's despatches relating to them, on the table of the House of Commons. It is to be hoped that he will do so. The British public would then be able to judge for itself what sort of men the Russians are, and how thoroughly Russia merits the terms—The Torch-bearer of Civilization and the Protector of the Unprotected—which have been applied to her by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and the Right Hon. Robert Lowe.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The march to Ardahan—Molla Hassan—A Turkish major—The garrison of Ardahan—The position of the town—The fortifications—Procrastination in military matters—The military governor—A colonel of artillery—The Russians might take Van—The Ala Dagh mountains—Freemasonry—The ancient Assyrians—To Livana by road—By the river to Batoum—Selling the horses—What they fetch—A bad bargain.

I STARTED early the following morning *en route* for Ardahan, a Turkish fortress about forty-two miles from Kars. The road was good for the first three hours, but then became very bad. We rode over some mountains covered with deep snow, and halted for the night in a small village called Molla Hassan, inhabited by Kurds. A Turkish major had recently inhabited the room assigned to us. He had intended remaining there for some time; but the insects proving too much for him, he had taken up his abode in a Turkish village near Kars.

"These Turks have thin skins," said an old Kurd, my host, as he told me the story; "only

think of their being frightened by a few fleas. You Ingliz are much braver people."

"My Effendi is very particular about these matters," remarked Mohammed; "if he is bitten, there will be no baksheesh."

The Kurd's face lengthened.

"I have a cart," he presently observed; "it is clean, it has been standing in the cold. The fleas are frozen. I will drag the cart into the road and the Frank can sleep in it."

This was done, and I managed to secure a few hours' rest, a very rare occurrence in a Kurdish village. The track was very bad between Mollah Hassan and Ardahan; after marching for six hours and a half, we reached the latter place, which was at that time garrisoned by 12,000 soldiers.

Ardahan is surrounded on the north, south, and east by mountains—towards the west there are some heights about five miles distant from the town. The site is a bad one for defensive purposes. The roads which lead from the Russian frontier stations, Akellaki and Akiska, present a series of commanding positions which dominate the Turkish lines. A little river winds through a valley on the west front of Ardahan, and finally traverses the town. The stream is crossed by two wooden bridges without parapets.

An attempt was being made to fortify Ardahan on its western side by throwing up some earthworks only eight hundred yards distant from the houses. No guns had been placed in these batteries.

There were thirteen pieces in a fort on a hill called Manusa, about 3000 yards to the north of Ardahan, and in another position south of the town on the Kars road. Here there were four small earthworks, called Ahali, Sangher, Gaze, and Kaptamele, mounting in all twenty-four guns. Three hundred yards to the east there was one more earthwork, called Kaiabashe, containing eighteen guns. Fort Manusa, the strongest point in the defences of the town, is commanded by a height called Ramazan. The Turks had not thought of occupying this last position; although should an enemy once succeed in placing some guns on the Ramazan height, Ardahan must eventually be taken.

On my pointing this out to an engineer officer who accompanied me, he acknowledged the truth of the remark, at the same time observing that, Inshallah, when the winter was over, he would fortify the height in question.

Procrastination in military matters is the great defect on the part of the Turkish authorities. But it ill becomes an Englishman to blame them.

Perhaps no country is more negligent about these subjects than our own.

"The Russians will not come, Inshallah," remarks the Mohammedan, and he sits down and lights his pipe.

"It is extremely unlikely that Germany will invade Great Britain, or that India will ever be attacked," says one Englishman. "It is highly improbable that Russia will take Constantinople or the highlands in Armenia," remarks another, "when that moment arrives it will be time enough to go to war. We can then talk about a conscription for our army. We have more money than any other nation, and should be stronger at the end of a campaign than at the beginning." People who make use of these arguments, forget that France was a very rich country; but that with all her money and her hastily levied troops she was unable to withstand the disciplined armies of Moltke."

The military governor was despondent as to his power of defending Ardahan. If he could have had his own way, he would have selected another position nearer the Russian frontier. It was now too late to do this, and the more particularly as the Pacha believed that hostilities would break out immediately. He had no cavalry at his disposal to bring him information

about what was going on near the border. However, 2000 Circassian horsemen were shortly expected, and wooden sheds were being built for them close to the Kaiabashe earthworks. A colonel of artillery called upon me: he had been educated at Woolwich. He had not been in England for more than twenty years, but he spoke English remarkably well. On my observing that I had heard that the Russians had lately withdrawn their troops from Erivan, he remarked that the Muscovite general had probably done so through fear lest the Turks should advance upon Tiflis from Batoum.

"What would be the result if the Russians were to take Batoum?" I inquired.

"They might remain there. It would be very difficult for them to advance inland," was the reply. "There are no roads. The Russians might take Van," he continued; "but even if they were to do so, they would find it very difficult to advance upon Erzeroum *viâ* Mousch. It would be almost impossible for them to transport their artillery over the Ala Dagh mountains."

"Would the Kurds help the Russians?"

"The Kurds would probably join the strongest side. I have been a great deal in the mountains, and know the Kurds well. There are freemasons

amongst them," added the Colonel. "Their free-masonry dates back from the time of the ancient Assyrians."

I now learnt that it would be better for me to sell my horses in Ardahan, than to take them to Batoum. The shortest route to the last-named town was to go to Livana by road, and then down the Tschoroch river, to the seaport in question. We could hire five horses so far as Livana; if we were to take our own animals there, we should not be able to dispose of them. Calling Mohammed, I desired him to go to the market and inform any people who might wish to buy horses, that there were four for sale.

"Five, Effendi," said Mohammed; "I shall sell mine too. When we reach Batoum the Effendi will go to Stamboul; but I must join my battalion. That is, unless the Effendi will take me with him."

"Impossible, Mohammed," I replied. "I shall only remain for twenty-four hours in Constantinople, and from there go to my own country. You would be taken up as a deserter after I had gone, and perhaps shot. What would your wife say?"

"I could get a fresh wife at Stamboul."

"Go and sell the horses!"

A tear fell down Mohammed's cheek. He sighed deeply and left the room.

Presently Radford came to me,—

"Bless my heart, sir, if that 'ere Mohammed ain't a crying; he keeps on saying Stamboul, and wants to go there. He says, '*et à la Franga*, meat cooked in the European style, is nice; and that he loves my cookery!' the fact is, sir, he don't want to go to his regiment."

A sound in the courtyard attracted my attention, I went to the window. Mohammed was outside with the five horses; several Turks and Circassians were looking at them. The animals had very little flesh on their bones; but they were in much better condition for work than on the day we left Constantinople. Mohammed's horse was in a wretched state, he was nearly blind, from the effects of the snow. In addition to this he walked lame.

"He is a brute," observed an old Turk; "take him away, Mohammed; kill him for his skin, make leather of it."

"His grandfather was a magnificent animal," replied Mohammed indignantly. "His sire was the admiration of the people in Tohat. He himself is thin, he will soon get fat again. Any how," continued my servant, "my lord's horses are for sale; unless you first buy mine you shall not purchase his animals."

Some conversation ensued, a farmer at last offered 10 liras for the five horses.

"The Effendi gave 16 liras for the grey at Stamboul," remarked my servant.

"Ardahan is not Stamboul," replied the Circassian; "the horses have carried the Effendi a very long distance."

"This proves that they are good animals," said Mohammed.

"It shows that they were good horses," observed the Circassian drily.

No one would bid any higher, and as I was in a hurry to start, I agreed to accept 7½ liras for my own four horses, letting Mohammed have 2½ for his own Rosinante-like steed. Seven liras and a half, or 6*l.* 15*s.* is not a great price for four serviceable animals. I could have obtained the same amount for four dead horses in London. However, my stud had carried us for more than two thousand miles, over a country without roads, and for the greater part of the distance through snow. I could not complain that the animals had been dearly purchased. It cost me a pang to part with the little grey. He was a sterling good horse, and in England would have been worth from 60*l.* to 70*l.* The sale was concluded. In a few minutes I was receiving from the Circassian a pile of Turkish bank-notes, which he extracted one by one from some hiding-place next his skin.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Ardanusch—The Ardahan river—Shadavan scenery—Crossing the mountains—The roof of the world—The Tschorock river—Mohammed is afraid—Kismet—If a Christian is ill—Going to Paradise—Does a Christian send for a doctor?—A vast amphitheatre—Kale or the old fortress of Ardanusch—Akiska—War—The Mostaphas are to be called out—The road to Livana—The cayek.

We rode by several Turkish and Kurd villages in the direction of Ardanusch. The track was firm and tolerably level. After a four hours' march we crossed the Ardahan river on a wooden bridge about seventy yards long by sixteen feet wide. The structure was very much out of repair; the planks were loose in many places, here and there large holes in the timber let us see the river below. We halted at Shadavan, a Turkish village containing about thirty houses, and close to the water's edge. I had intended to have made a longer march, but the hired steeds were wretched brutes. They had shown unmistakable signs of fatigue. The proprietor of the house

in which we stopped owned large flocks of sheep, the country round Ardahan being chiefly grazing land. He informed me that for every thousand sheep he possessed, the tax collector took from him the sum of thirty liras annually. There was no tax for sheep under a year old, nor for cows and oxen.

Two hours after leaving Shadavan, the path crossed a high mountain. It was covered with its winter garb; this fortunately was frozen hard and afforded a firm foothold. The scenery around us became each moment more wild; fir-trees, shaded in their cold white robes, embroider the sides of the steep; huge rocks, their northern faces covered with snow, but black as ebony towards the south, frown down on the glistening carpet. The track wound higher and higher. A thick oppressive mist enveloped us like a shroud. We were above the clouds. The air became each moment more rarefied. We breathed with difficulty, owing to our elevation. It seemed at last as if we had reached the roof of the earth. A plateau lay before us.

Onward we march. Our horses struggle through the drifts. Every minute we have to stop to let them take breath. At last the road begins to descend; now abruptly for a few hundred yards,

we slide down some glaciers; then it dips over a succession of crests, each one lower than its predecessor. We reach the regions of vegetation, and, continuing for some time our descent, find that winter has been left behind us.

There were many villages in this district, fruit-trees abounded throughout the neighbourhood. No more snow could be seen. The weather was oppressively warm. The Tschoroch river dashed along at our feet on its way to Batoum. Mohammed, pointing at the rapid stream, said something to my English servant.

"What is he saying?" I inquired.

"He don't like the idea of going in a boat, sir," replied Radford. "He is afraid that he will be drowned."

"Do you know how to swim, Mohammed?" I inquired?

"No, Effendi. Cannot we continue our journey by road to Batoum?" he added. "The road is safe, but the water is dangerous."

"Mohammed, it may be written in your kismet that you are to be drowned."

"Perhaps, Effendi. But—"

"But what?"

"If I am to die, I would sooner end my days in a bed."

"You ought to be very glad to have the chance of dying," I now remarked. "Only think of the many wives who are awaiting you in the next world."

Mohammed here shrugged his shoulders.

"Effendi, you are a Christian."

"Yes."

"Do Christians believe in a future state of happiness?"

"Yes."

"Do they think that their heaven will be more delightful than this earth?"

"Yes."

"If a Christian is ill, does he send for a hakim (physician)?"

"Yes."

Then added Mohammed triumphantly, "Why does he do so; he ought to be delighted at the chance of speedily going to Paradise, and yet Effendi, according to you, the Christian does his best to postpone the pleasure."

The track now became very bad, it led several times across the river which was spanned by rickety wooden bridges. The may-trees were in full blossom. The voices of a thousand songsters chirruping amidst the branches echoed over the waters.

We enter what appears to be a vast amphi-

theatre. The Coliseum at Rome on a gigantic scale lies before us. Its walls are represented by a circular range of hills, the boxes looking down upon the arena by numerous châlets, they jut forth from the slopes. An enormous rock faces us. It stands out on one side of the amphitheatre, and might have been an emperor's throne. The boxes grow larger as we ride across the arena. The resemblance fades away. A speck appears on the crest of a neighbouring height; bigger and bigger it becomes.

"Kale, or the old fortress of Ardanusch," says our guide, pointing to it. Soon afterwards we put up for the night in a house belonging to the Caimacan of the district. This official informed me that it was only an eighteen hours' march to Akiska, the Russian frontier station. The road to the border was a good one; artillery could be brought along it. There were no troops in Ardanusch, and the governor was much alarmed lest the Russians should commence the war by an attack upon his town. Whilst we were conversing, a servant brought him a letter which had been sent on by special messengers from Ardahan.

The Caimacan opened the envelope. "War!" he cried. "An order has come for me to call out all the Mostaphas (the last reserve) in this district. The

Government would have never put itself to this expense unless our Padishah had felt sure that war was inevitable."

Leaving me, the governor went out to give the necessary orders for the execution of the Sultan's mandate.

We continued onward to Livana; the track was sometimes so narrow that we had to ride or lead our horses in Indian file. Now we come to a place where ten men could defend the road against an army, and then to a spot where the path has given way altogether, and fallen into the stream below. Our guide reins his horse backward. It is impossible to turn. We essay another route, and presently again strike the river. A large cayek was anchored by the bank. A man coming up to me proposed that we should go in his boat to Batoum.

"How much money do you want for taking us there?" I inquired.

"Ten liras, Effendi."

"Go away, sheep's son!" ejaculated Mohammed indignantly; "we will ride to Livana, which is only four hours' march from here; and then, if it pleases the Effendi to entrust himself to a boatman, I will get a ship for two liras—rascal that you are to ask ten liras for the hire of your little cayek!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

The precipice—Better to die to-morrow than to-day—Livana—The Caimacan—The Padishah of the United States—The Clerk—A man with a node on his forehead—A Christian with a hump-back—The cayek—The owner of the boat—The Georgians—Mohammed's alarm—The current—Miradet—The Mudir—A deserter.

The road took a very circuitous course as we approached Livana. We were several hundred feet above the Tschoroch river, and could gaze down almost perpendicularly into the abyss below. Suddenly the sound of a shout reached our ears. We glanced in the direction of the noise.

"It is the cayek," said Mohammed eagerly. "The men are taking it to Livana. They will next propose that we should hire it from there to Batoum. Holy Prophet!" he continued, "how the waters roar, how near the boat goes to the rocks! My body groans, Effendi, at the idea of going to Batoum by water."

"You will very likely soon have to fight the

Russians," I replied; "what difference can it make if you are drowned to-morrow in the Tschoroch, or are shot a few weeks later?"

"To-morrow is close at hand, Effendi. It would be better to die a few weeks later; besides that, when the Russians are shooting at me, I shall be shooting at them. I shall be frightened, but they will be frightened too. It is very different to travel on the river. I cannot drown the river, the river can drown me,"—and Mohammed shuddered as the cayek darting round a neighbouring crag, suddenly disappeared from our view.

We crossed a stone bridge, which spans the Tschoroch, and began to climb the steep hill on which Livana is built.

I stayed at the house of the Caimacan, a Georgian by birth. He was popular with the Armenians. Several of the Christian merchants who came to visit me spoke very highly in his praise. Formerly there had been many robberies in the neighbourhood, but Alinihat Bey, the Caimacan, had arrested all the robbers, every man's life and property were now secure. I now heard, amongst other rumours, one which I had previously heard in Persia, to the effect that the Padishah of the United States had informed the Queen of England that if she were to join Turkey against

Russia, that he, the Padishah of the United States, would ally himself with the Tzar. According to the Caimacan, this had restrained England up to the present time from allying herself with the Sultan. You will see the Pacha at Batoum," observed the speaker.

"Yes?"

"Will you do me a favour?"

"Certainly."

"Effendi, I have a Kateb (clerk), a good man —that fellow on the carpet. Look how beautifully he writes! He is nice-looking, too, and we all like him. But the Pacha, he has a Kateb. The fellow is hideous, besides that, he has a node in the middle of his forehead. The governor wishes to change Katebs with me. He says that he does not like a man with a node on his forehead; I do not like this either; and to sit all day long with a man who is so disfigured would make me very ill."

"It would make us all ill," observed the Armenians, eager to please the Caimacan.

"Yes," continued the latter; "Effendi, you would oblige us very much if you will tell the Pacha that I like my Kateb, and do not wish to part with him. A man with a node is a disgusting sight," he added.

"Very disgusting," said the Armenians—the man who spoke loudest being a Christian with a hump-back.

In the meantime Mohammed had made an arrangement with the owner of a large cayek to take us the following morning to Batoum, which would be about a nine hours' journey by water from Livana. We rode down to the bank of the river. Here, close by the bridge, was a large boat. It was half full of firewood, which was going to Batoum. Two oarsmen sat in the stern of the cayek, and two more in the bows There were no rowers in the middle of the boat; this part was filled with wood, some other passengers, my party and self. Our fellow-travellers and the boatmen were Georgians. A very stout old gentleman who sat behind me was arrayed in a bright blue jacket and a large white turban; in addition to this he carried a gigantic scarlet umbrella. A few drops of rain began to fall; the umbrella was opened. Its happy possessor looked proudly round; he was an object of admiration and envy to the rest of his countrymen.

The boatmen, who were clad in brown serge jackets and trowsers, had their breasts covered with cartridge-cases, in the Circassian style. Each

man carried a long silver-mounted dagger in his waist-belt, and a black *cufia*, a sort of head attire, was worn by them instead of a turban. The river, which was very high, ran through the arch of the bridge at a great pace. Mohammed's face became an ashen hue as the captain of the cayek, loosening the cord which bound his bark to the shore, pushed off into the boiling torrent. For the first second or two the oarsmen could not get any command over their boat. It turned round and round, missing, as it were, by a miracle the many rocks in the channel.

The rowers all this time were raising wild cries to Allah. Mohammed, who had crouched down in the bottom of the bark, was grasping Radford's hand in a paroxysm of terror. In another moment the crew succeeded in gaining the mastery over their craft. They steered her into the middle of the river. The current was running like a mill-stream. We flew rather than floated along the waters.

Numerous rocks interrupt the channel; some of them are forty and fifty feet above the surface; others can only be detected by the foam and surf which bubble over their dangerous peaks. The mountains on either side of us are of igneous stone; they are covered with green bushes. A

white line winds amongst the heights; it marks the track to Batoum, an eighteen hours' march by land, but only nine by water. We pass the ruins of an old castle. We dart round a promontory. The scene changes. Vineyards deck the river's banks. Oxen can be seen ploughing the slopes above us. Many women, in bright red garments, and with white head-dresses, follow the plough. They knock to pieces the clods of earth with iron hoes. Waterfalls pour down the heights. The river grows wider; it becomes more rapid every moment. The wind is rising. The chief boatman remarks that we cannot arrive at Batoum that evening.

To reach the town it was necessary to enter the Black Sea; but to effect this in stormy weather, and in an undecked boat, would be impossible. We anchored for the night at the village of Miradet, four hours from Livana by the river, but twelve by land. I obtained accommodation in the house of the Mudir of the district. There were some cells in this building; in one of them was a prisoner—a deserter, who had run away from the army. There was a hearth in his dungeon, and Radford was permitted to cook there, the deserter taking great interest in the culinary operations.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Price of corn—Indian corn—Barley—Hardly any horses in the neighbourhood—Bashi Bazouks—The Persians—Bagdad—A passenger had been drowned—Mohammed is sea-sick—The harbour of Batoum—The quarantine station—The garrison—The Cossack outposts—Shooting Turkish soldiers—The encampment—The sanitary arrangements are good—The new rifle—The market—Money-changers—A Turkish steamer—The agent—If the Lord wills it—Farewell to Mohammed—His tears—Human nature—Reform impossible in Turkey so long as Russia keeps on intriguing—My fellow-passengers—The Pacha—Trebizond—Arrival in London.

I NOW learnt that corn is dear in this district, costing two piastres and a half the oke. It is chiefly brought here from the neighbourhood of Ardahan, the difficulty of transport adding enormously to the price. Indian corn is grown in the vicinity of Livana, but it is not easy to procure barley. This last, however, is not so much required, as there are hardly any horses in the neighbourhood.

Just above Miradet lie the ruins of an old bridge. At this time of the year, the only way to cross the river is in the cayeks of the peasants. I was informed that in the summer months

a horseman could ford the Tschoroch in some places near the village. According to the Mudir, there are iron-mines in the neighbourhood, but the inhabitants did not work them.

There was a battalion of infantry, Bashi Bazouks, in his village. The men, Georgians, were magnificent fellows, much taller than the Turkish soldiers, and with that light and elastic step which distinguishes mountaineers. A report had just reached Miradet that the Persians were attacking Bagdad with thirty thousand men; In the opinion of the Mudir, this was the precursor of an immediate outbreak of hostilities between the Sultan's forces on the one hand and Russia and Persia on the other.

We entered our cayek early the following morning. Mohammed was more alarmed if possible, than on the previous afternoon. A passenger had been drowned two weeks before, when going to Batoum. Mohammed had learnt this; he now bandaged his eyes with a pocket-handkerchief.

"What are you doing that for?" I inquired.

"So as not to see the waters," replied Mohammed; "they roar, my stomach aches."

"Tchok eyi (very nice), is it not?" suddenly remarked Radford, nudging his fellow-servant violently in the ribs. We were in the midst

of some rapids. Two or three violent bumps announced our close proximity to the rocks. "He will not laugh at me any more, sir, for not liking to look down precipices. Have a hegg, Mohammed;" taking one from his own pocket, Radford handed it to the sufferer.

We had arrived at the open sea. Mohammed removed his handkerchief from his eyes, the motion of the cayek was different to that which he had experienced on the river. He gazed upon the egg for an instant, and then thrust it away indignantly; the sea and his fears were too much for him; he leaned against the side of the boat. Radford was thoroughly revenged.

The harbour of Batoum is one of the finest in the Black Sea. Numerous batteries mounted with heavy guns defend it on the sea side. Three large ironclads were anchored within thirty yards of the shore, the water being very deep.

I landed at the quarantine station, and now learnt that every house in the town, or rather village, was crowded with troops. The doctor of the quarantine offered me a room in the station; I gladly availed myself of his kindness.

There were only 8000 men in Batoum itself; the remainder of the garrison, consisting of 12,000 infantry, with some artillery, were sta-

tioned at Tschoroch Su, a strong position about six hours from the town, and defending the road from Poti. Mohammed's Tokat battalion was quartered here. It was probably the point against which the Russians would make their first attack, he was aware of that fact.

"Would you like to accompany me to Constantinople?" I asked.

"No, Effendi, not for all the money in the world will I go there. One hour on the sea is very awful; five days would kill me. My brother," pointing to Radford, "is brave on the water; I am brave on the land; we are both brave;" seizing his fellow-servant's hand, Mohammed shook it heartily.

A major on the staff called. According to him, the Cossack outposts were in the habit of firing upon the Turkish troops. It appeared that on the 26th of March, 1877, a few Turkish soldiers were walking in the Sultan's territory, but on the edge of the frontier-line. Some Russian soldiers fired and shot three of them; then, fording a river, which divides the two countries, the Cossacks carried the dead bodies and arms to the Russian side of the border. They afterwards complained to their officer that the Turks had crossed over on Russian soil.

"War has not been declared," I remarked.

"No," said the major; "the Russians are doing their best to make us attack them; but we shall not do so. They shall have the whole odium of the war, and Allah will judge between us!"

I accompanied the officer to an encampment close to the coast. The tents had been pitched between the mouth of the Tschoroch river and the town. Three thousand infantry soldiers were quartered in this place. The sanitary arrangements of the camp left very little to be desired. Everything was clean and orderly. An air of smartness prevailed amongst the soldiers, which was refreshing to witness after what I had seen in other parts of the empire. The men's tents were banked up with stones to a height of three feet from the ground. Well-dug trenches carried off the rain-fall. Many of the officers lived in huts which were surrounded by little gardens. All these battalions were armed with the Martini-Peabody rifle. I asked some of the men how they liked their new weapon, being curious to know if they objected to the recoil. There was no fault found with the gun on this score. The troops were highly pleased with the arm. They wished for nothing better than to have the opportunity of trying it upon their quarrelsome neighbours.

We next visited the market in the town, or rather village, for Batoum with its few hundred straggling houses does not deserve the former title. There was hardly anything exposed for sale. A solitary sheep was hung up in one shop. Some stale fish were lying on the counter of another. There were several money-changers in the streets; business, however, was slack, and these gentlemen lived by lending money on exorbitant terms to the Turks—the usurers being many of them Armenian Christians.

A Turkish steamer was to leave Batoum that night for Constantinople. I made inquiries as to when she would be likely to arrive at her destination.

"In five days," said the agent at the booking-office—a most saturnine-looking old Turk, "that is if the Lord wills it; but the Lord may will that the vessel shall lay to in Trebizond, and return here with troops without going to Stamboul."

Under these circumstances I determined to go in the Turkish boat as far as Trebizond, and continue my journey in some other steamer to Constantinople. Mohammed accompanied me on board the vessel. The moment for parting at last arrived. The poor fellow was much affected. Some big tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"Will you go with me to Constantinople?" I inquired.

"To the end of the world, Effendi!"

"But think how ill you will be."

"Never mind, Effendi, only let me come. It is true that my stomach sank within me yesterday, but my heart is very full to-day; for am I not losing my lord as well as my brother?"—seizing Radford's hand, Mohammed wrung it heartily.

The vessel had got up steam; the deck was being cleared. Mohammed rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and clambered down the side of the ship into a little boat. Several of his countrymen tried to comfort him. He was not to be consoled. As we steamed out of the harbour, I could still see the poor fellow straining his eyes in our direction.

"That Mohammed was not such a bad chap after all, sir," presently remarked Radford. "Them Turks have stomachs, and like filling them they do; but they have something in their hearts as well."

There was a great deal of truth in the observation. Those people in England who have declared that it is impossible to reform the Turks would do well to learn the Turkish language, and travel in the Sultan's dominions. Human nature is everywhere much the same. There is more good in the world than bad, or otherwise, as a French philosopher

once said, the bad would have destroyed the good, and the human race would no longer exist. Give the Turks a good government, and Turkey would soon take her place amidst civilized nations.

This, however, would not be pleasing to the Sultan's powerful neighbour. Reform is impossible in Turkey so long as Russian agents [1] foment rebellion amidst the Sultan's subjects.

One of my fellow-passengers was a Turkish doctor. He had the rank of Pacha and was under the Army Medical Department. He had left Constantinople with orders to visit Kars, and report to his Government about the sanitary state of this town. On arriving at Batoum, he found that the tracks were still covered with snow. The doctor, who was suffering from heart disease, had determined to return to Trebizond.

"In what state is the road between Erzeroum and Kars?" he now asked.

"Probably it is covered with snow."

"Dear me," said the Pacha, "I shall wait a little at Trebizond for a change of weather."

"You had better go to Kars as soon as possible," I remarked, "or there will be an outbreak of fever there."

"If I travel quickly," observed the official, "I

[1] See Appendix IV., p. 337.

shall die of heart disease. A little sooner or later will not make much difference to the people in Kars. I shall be able to leave the service in a year and a half," he continued; "if I were to hurry myself, death might carry me off before I could enjoy my pension. Please God there will be no war. We shall have so many cases to attend. I was at Alexinatz," he added.

"Did you have a great deal to do?"

"Yes, so few of our surgeons know anything about anatomy; dissecting a Mohammedan is contrary to the tenets of Islam. But there were plenty of dead Servians, and so our people practised upon them."

The following morning we arrived at Trebizond. There was a French steamer on the point of starting for Constantinople. I had just time to take my luggage on board of her. In a few minutes we were again steaming ahead. Three days later, and after a most delightful passage, we anchored in the Bosphorus. My leave of absence had nearly expired. There would be another French vessel belonging to Les Messageries Maritimes leaving on the morrow for Marseilles. I took our tickets on my way to the Hôtel de Luxembourg, and eight days afterwards arrived in London.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The journey is over—Declaration of war—Her Majesty's Government—An iniquitous and unnecessary step on the part of the Tzar—The Treaty of Paris—Its infringement—Impossible to foresee the consequences of such an act—Russia's contempt for England—England allied with Turkey—Applying the rod—A Conference might be held at St. Petersburg—The solemn assurances of the Emperor—Samarcand—Khiva—The Black Sea Convention—Let the Russians go to Constantinople—People who believe in Russian promises—A non-military power like England—England ought to join Turkey.

My journey was over. A few weeks after my return to London, war was declared by Russia against Turkey. In the opinion of her Majesty's Government, this was a most iniquitous and unnecessary step on the part of the Tzar. Her Majesty's Government did not conceal its views about the matter. The Earl of Derby, in a despatch to Lord A. Loftus, dated May 1st, 1877, made use of the following expressions:—

"They (i. e. her Majesty's Government) have not concealed their feeling that the presence of large Russian forces on the frontiers of Turkey, menacing its safety, rendering disarmament impossible, and exciting a feeling of apprehension and fanaticism among the Mussulman population, constituted a material obstacle to internal pacification and reform. They cannot believe that the entrance of these armies on Turkish soil will alleviate the difficulty, or improve the condition of the Christian population throughout the Sultan's dominions. But the course on which the Russian Government has entered involves graver and more serious considerations. It is in contravention of the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris of March 30, 1856, by which Russia and the other signatory Powers engaged, each on its own part, to respect the independence and the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire. In the Conferences of London of 1871, at the close of which the above stipulation, with others, was again confirmed, the Russian Plenipotentiary, in common with those of the other Powers, signed a declaration affirming it to be an essential principle of the law of nations, that no Power can liberate itself from the engagements of a Treaty, nor modify the stipulations thereof, unless with the consent of

the contracting parties by means of an amicable arrangement. In taking action against Turkey on his own part, and having recourse to arms without further consultation with his allies, the Emperor of Russia has separated himself from the European concert hitherto maintained, and has at the same time departed from the rule to which he himself had solemnly recorded his consent. It is impossible to foresee the consequences of such an act. Her Majesty's Government would willingly have refrained from making any observations in regard to it; but Prince Gortschakoff seems to assume, in a declaration addressed to all the Governments of Europe, that Russia is acting in the interest of Great Britain and that of the other Powers; they feel bound to state, in a manner equally formal and public, that the decision of the Russian Government is not one which can have their concurrence or approval."

It is very clear, from this despatch, what the opinion of her Majesty's Government was about the matter. However, neither Prince Gortschakoff nor his august master are easily affected by verbal remonstrances.

They had shown how little they cared for treaties by their conduct after the battle of Sedan.

"France is beaten, and who cares for England?" thought Prince Gortschakoff: he tore up the Black Sea Convention.

His august master, animated of course with the most peaceful intentions, wishes to destroy the Turkish Empire. Verbal remonstrances are of no use if applied to a semi-barbarous nation. Some people can be appealed to through their sense of right and wrong, others only through their skins. The Russian nation has a peculiarly thick skin; for this reason the rod ought to be a heavy one. England, allied with Turkey, and before the latter power is crippled, could easily apply it. The Tzar might be compelled to fulfil his solemn assurance about Khiva; Russia could be driven out of Central Asia, and forced to relinquish her hold on the Caucasus.

A Conference might then be held at St. Petersburg to arrange about the conditions of peace, and to inquire into the treatment of the United Greek Christians. Lord Salisbury could inform Prince Gortschakoff that some of the British nation do not approve of the Russian authorities ordering soldiers to flog Christian women and children,[1] by way of making them change their religion;

[1] See Appendix I., p. 323, The Floggers of Women and Children.

and that others object to the Tzar's troops killing Circassian women in the family-way.[2]

We have been told that these last-mentioned individuals were Mohammedans, and that Prince Gortschakoff's master would have liked to Christianize and civilize them; but at the same time, and in spite of the assertion of a member of the late Liberal Government, that Russia is the protector of the unprotected, our plenipotentiary might be instructed to tell the Tzar that his soldiers should have shown their amiable qualities in some other manner. The subject of the Teke Turkomans, and how they were massacred—men, women, and children—during the Khivan campaign, could also afford our representative an opportunity for remonstrating with the Imperial Chancellor.

The latter should finally be distinctly given to understand that Englishmen do not look upon the establishment of a Constitution and a Parliament by the Turkish Government as an insult and defiance to Russia, whatever the Russians may do.[3]

In the mean time, and while I pen these lines, the Tzar's armies have crossed the Danube. They are quartered on Turkish soil. The Treaty of Paris has been once more broken by the Russian

[2] See Appendix VII., p. 349, The Schoolmasters in Massacre.

[3] See Appendix IV., p. 339.

Government. The solemn assurances made by the Emperor have been cast to the four winds. A climax has been put to the breaches of good faith; displayed first of all about Samarcand; secondly, Khiva; thirdly, the Black Sea Convention and immediately after the battle of Sedan. England has not declared war with Russia. There are still some people amongst us who place credence in the Russian Emperor's statement that he has no intention to interfere with British interests. "Let the Russians go to Constantinople," is the remark, "they will not stop there. The Tzar will dictate terms of peace in the Sultan's capital. The Muscovite armies will return to their own country. If the worst comes to the worst, England with her fleet could drive out the invader." Men who argue like this do not care to remember that Russia has broken faith with England four times in the last ten years. Should the Sultan be forced to succumb to his foe, and the Emperor's troops be once established in Constantinople, it would be almost impossible for a non-military power like England to dislodge them from the position. Whatever we might be able to do by sea would be counterbalanced by our inability to follow up the advantage by land. It must not be forgotten that

Turkey is fighting not only for herself, but also for the security of our Indian Empire.[1] A few millions sterling would enable the Turkish Government to supply its soldiers with the munitions of war.

An English contingent force of fifty thousand men could defend Constantinople against all the Russian armies. It is to be hoped that the Ottoman troops will do more than hold their own. But this is doubtful. The Tzar has thrown down the gauntlet to England by taking action on his own part against the Sultan. We should accept the challenge, and draw our swords for Turkey.

[1] See page 333.

APPENDIX A. (I.)

THE FLOGGERS OF WOMEN.

Lieutenant-Colonel MANSFIELD *to Earl* GRANVILLE.

Official (Received Feb. 16).

Warsaw, *January* 29, 1874.

MY LORD,

It is with regret that I have to report to your Lordship a renewal of disturbances in the districts inhabited by the United Greeks in the Governments of Siedlce and Lublin, resulting in bloodshed, loss of life, and the MOST BARBAROUS TREATMENT inflicted on the peasants.

* * * * *

Several months since various of the United Greek priests represented to M. Popiel, the Administrator of the Diocese of Chelm, that the measures of assimilation had been but partially carried out; and that those priests who had done so were exposed to the gravest difficulties, amounting almost to persecution, at the hands of the peasants.

M. Popiel applied to Count Tolstoi, who forwarded from St. Petersburg, within the last few weeks, a Circular, enjoining the strictest uniformity in the abolition of organs and benches, the disuse of the rosary, the bell at the mass, chants in Polish, and many other details, too numerous to be worth relation.

Such of the priests as had not, or were not prepared to execute the recommendations of the Circular, have been ejected from their cures. The number, however, is insignificant, as almost all had previously acquiesced in

the views of the Government, and the Nonconformists had been eliminated.

As may be supposed, the peasants care nothing about the Synod of Zamosc, or about the purity and usages of the Primitive Church, Oriental or otherwise; but they have a deep-rooted veneration for the usages in which they and their fathers have been brought up.

The operation of Count Tolstoi's Circular has been most disastrous; in some few villages the peasants have entirely abstained from frequenting the churches; but in many the priests have been ill-treated, one having been stoned to death.

The aid of the police and military has been called in; in one parish three peasants were killed and many wounded. Isolated Cossacks are waylaid and murdered by the peasants. In some of the conflicts the military have been roughly handled, stoned, wounded by scythes, bones broken, and contusions, more especially among the officers.

In the district of Minciewicz, the peasants surrounded the church, and defied the military to introduce the priest. The former, with their wives and children, were finally mastered and surrounded, and were given the option of signing a declaration accepting the priest; on their refusal FIFTY BLOWS WITH THE "NAGAIKA"[1] (COSSACK WHIP) were given to every adult man, TWENTY-FIVE to EVERY WOMAN, AND TEN to EVERY CHILD, IRRESPECTIVE OF AGE OR SEX; ONE WOMAN more vehement than the rest, receiving as much as ONE HUNDRED.

* * * * *

I have, &c.,

(Signed) C. E. MANSFIELD.

[1] Is this the way the Rev. Mr. Malcolm Maccoll would like to see the union of the Eastern and Western churches brought about?

APPENDIX A. (II.)

CHRISTIANITY AS UNDERSTOOD IN RUSSIA.

Lieutenant-Colonel MANSFIELD *to the Earl of* DERBY.

(Received, February 22.)

Warsaw, *January* 29, 1875.

(*Extract.*)

I have the honour to report to your Lordship that 52,000 United Greeks in the Government of Siedlce have been received into the Russian National Church.

I need not recall to your Lordship's notice, the PERSECUTION of the UNITED GREEKS, which I have had to report for several years past, and which, within the last twelve months, has taken a more exaggerated form.

THE PASSING OVER OF THESE 50,000 UNITED GREEKS has been effected by various means, in which PHYSICAL MALTREATMENT has formed a not inconsiderable element.

In some parishes, THE MOST OBSTINATE having been sent to the interior of the Empire OR SIBERIA, THE REMAINDER, finding their substance being eaten up by the Cossacks, gave in to the pressure of the subordinate officials, and SIGNED THE PETITION DESIRING TO BE RECEIVED INTO THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

In other districts money has been distributed, when it was seen that the resistance was less obdurate.

In others CORPORAL MALTREATMENT was resorted to, until the peasants gave in; but stating as they did so, that they yielded only on compulsion.

The details of the different degrees of compulsion in the various villages would take too much space to relate; but I cite as a specimen what I have heard, from a gentleman of whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, of what took place in a village on his property.

The peasants were assembled and beaten by the Cossacks, until the military surgeon stated that more would endanger life; THEY WERE THEN DRIVEN THROUGH A HALF-FROZEN RIVER UP TO THEIR WAISTS INTO THE PARISH CHURCH, through files of soldiers, where their names were entered in the petitions as above, and passed out at an opposite door, the peasants all the time crying out, "YOU MAY CALL US ORTHODOX, BUT WE REMAIN IN THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS."

* * * * *

APPENDIX A. (III.)

RUSSIAN CIVILIZATION.

In an extract from the *Monde*, published in some correspondence laid before the Houses of Parliament, I find the following remarks :—

"Russia is anxious for a second Congress, and asks all Europe to agree to it, in order to settle certain rules of humanity to be observed during a war, and she aspires to appear in the eyes of the world as a civilized nation full of charity; how can we reconcile this with the fact that this Power should be so barbarous in time of peace as regards its peaceful subjects, whose only fault is that of remaining faithful to the religion of their fathers?

"The cruelties that the Russian Government perpetrate against the unhappy Catholics who are called United Greeks, are worthy of the horrors of the time of Nero. The Province of Podlachia, the people of which are Ruthenians, is more especially persecuted. There blood has flown in streams for more than a year. Troops have been sent there who behave as if they were in an enemy's country, for they live entirely at the expense of the people, who are not rich. The soldiers are authorized to kill for food all the cattle without exception, even the draught oxen.

"The inhabitants who remain true to their faith are delivered over to a THOUSAND TORTURES. The

commonest form is to STRIP THEM, then ONLY CLOTHED IN THEIR SHIRT, THEY ARE STRETCHED ON THE SNOW AND BEATEN UNTIL THEY ARE NEARLY DEAD, as much from the effects of the blows as from the loss of blood and the cold they suffer. They are then taken to the ambulances. If they recover those ingenious tortures can be renewed on them, which Russia distributes freely to those who refuse obstinately to embrace that orthodox religion which is brought before them in so benign and attractive a manner.

"This Polish province contains at least 300,000 United Greeks, all under this same régime, for all are to be converted by this apostolic proceeding. The number of unfortunates crippled by the beatings is so great that it has been found necessary to organize many new ambulances. They are thrown into them; but it must not be imagined that they are cared for there. God alone is their doctor, for no trouble is taken either to treat or feed them.

"Moreover, this same treatment is adopted for sick and wounded soldiers. With the object of cheering them they are given a kind of soup made of gruel of revolting half-mouldy buckwheat, in which the grains are drowned in a quantity of hot water. In time of war THE SORES OF THE WOUNDED ARE OFTEN DRESSED WITH STRAW, BECAUSE THE LINT AND THE CLOTH WHICH ARE SENT BY CHARITABLE PEOPLE TO THE HOSPITALS ARE SOLD BY THE OFFICERS TO PAPER-MILLS.

"All this may give some idea of what is passing there, where the passion of cruelty follows an unrestrained course, proud to be able to advertise its unrighteous zeal in sight of those whose orders are being carried out.

"One is filled with grief and astonishment when one thinks of the people exposed to tortures by Russian barbarity and wickedness. It is a counterpart of the Chinese persecutions, which the Muscovites seem anxious even to surpass.

"The heroism of the unhappy Podlachians is forgotten by all the world, they are delivered up to rapine and torture, deprived of union and hope, and bear all this with calm gentleness and perseverance; they are ready to die, so long as it is not outside the bosom of the Church, and after having betrayed their faith.

"What an example to all, and what a disgrace for those who, without being exposed to such trials, have not been able to persevere!"

APPENDIX IV.

RUSSIAN AGENTS AND THE MASSACRES IN BULGARIA.

Extract from Mr. LAYARD'S (*H.M. Ambassador at Constantinople*) *Despatch to the Earl of* DERBY *dated 30th May*, 1877.

"SINCE my arrival in Constantinople my main object has been to prepare the way for peace. I have thought that in doing so I should best carry out the wishes and intentions of her Majesty's Government. I had this end in view, as I informed your lordship at the time when I induced the Porte to appeal to the Powers for their mediation under the 8th Article of the Treaty of Paris. I had little hope that war could be averted by this step, but it appeared to me that it might afford an opening for the interference of those Powers in the interests of peace on some future occasion. The opening of the war has not been quite so favourable to Russia as she appears to have expected. The extraordinary rise in the Danube has checked her advance on the side of Europe, and has enabled Turkey to increase her means of resistance. Although the Porte might, no doubt, have done more in this respect, there is no doubt that the difficulties of the Russian campaign in Roumelia have been much increased by the delay, and although Russia may succeed in the end, it will probably be at a greater

sacrifice than she may have at first contemplated. The simultaneous attack on the European and Asiatic territories of Turkey has not, therefore, led to all the results upon which Russia apparently counted. According to information derived from various sources it would appear that the rise in the waters of the Danube, and the consequent floods over the surrounding country, will render its passage very difficult, if not impossible, for three or four weeks to come. Does not this delay afford an opening for another effort in the interests of peace? The position of affairs is this. Russia has succeeded in Asia, and thus she holds a material guarantee for what she may require on behalf of the Christians of Turkey in the shape of a province; in Europe she cannot be said to have yet succeeded, and she will probably have to encounter a desperate resistance, and to make vast sacrifices before she can impose her own terms upon the Porte. Moreover, the longer the war lasts the greater the risk of drawing other Powers in it against her. If hostilities be prolonged Turkey, in her despair, may have recourse to measures to embarrass and injure Russia which may to a certain extent effect that object. Although the rising in the Caucasus may not have the importance that has been attributed to it, and the negotiations between the Porte and revolutionary and national leaders may not lead to serious results, they are undoubtedly a danger to Russia. The real intentions of Russia would also be brought to a test by proposing to her at this moment a mediation. If her real object is, as she asserts, the improvement of the condition of the Christian populations, she has surely now the means of obtaining a satisfactory guarantee for it. The Turkish Government, it must be admitted, has already done a good deal in the direction pointed out by the Powers at the Conference and in the Protocol of London. It is prepared to do more, and would do

more, if the war waged against Turkey by Russia permitted it. The lesson which the Porte has received has, no doubt, made it see the absolute necessity of complying with the demands of Europe, without even the material guarantee which Russia may require. If, on the other hand, Russia has the ambitious designs generally attributed to her, and has entered upon this war for the purposes of territorial aggrandisement, her professions of humanity and disinterestedness can now be gauged, and her Majesty's Government will be able, at least, to judge what her real objects and intentions are, and how far the interests of the British Empire may be affected or endangered by them. It must not, however, be inferred that the Porte will be so easily induced to make peace, even were it in extreme peril. There are some Turkish statesmen who see the dangers which threaten their country, and who would feel the absolute necessity of bringing the war to an end almost at any sacrifice. Whilst Russia might desire to exact much, no Turkish Ministers could accept very hard or humiliating conditions without risking their own lives, and even that of the Sultan, and without exposing the Christian populations to a massacre. I may be excused for pointing out the dangers to England of a prolongation of the war, and of a complete subjugation of a large part of the empire by Russia. Should Russia desire to annex at this time any of the European provinces of Turkey, European interests would probably be called into play, and she would be prevented from carrying out her intentions. The influence, however, which she would inevitably establish over these populations would be almost tantamount to absolute possession, and would enable her to annex them, sooner or later, when she could do so with impunity; but as regards the acquisition by her of territory in Asia Minor

the case is different. The interests of England would then be alone concerned. IT WOULD PROBABLY SIGNIFY LITTLE TO THE REST OF EUROPE WHETHER RUSSIA RETAINED ARMENIA OR NOT. BUT ENGLAND HAS TO CONSIDER THE EFFECT OF THE ANNEXATION TO RUSSIA of this IMPORTANT PROVINCE UPON THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN INDIA. RUSSIA WOULD THEN COMMAND the WHOLE OF ASIA MINOR and THE GREAT VALLEY OF THE EUPHRATES AND TIGRIS, WHICH WOULD INEVITABLY FALL INTO HER HANDS IN THE COURSE OF TIME. Persia, moreover, would be placed entirely at her mercy. The suspicion that Russia has already made secret offers to Persia to assist her in acquiring the province of Bagdad in exchange for Ghilan and Mazanderan may be unfounded; but the fact that it exists, and has been entertained by persons not generally ill-informed, proves that this consideration is not one to be altogether lost sight of. In most cases, when the evident interests of two parties are concerned in effecting an exchange, the exchange is sooner or later effected. The desire of Persia to possess the province of Bagdad and the holy shrines of their prophets and martyrs is of very ancient date, and is shared by the whole Persian nation. On the other hand, THE POSSESSION OF THE ENTIRE COAST OF THE CASPIAN SEA AND THE DIRECT ROAD through a rich and well-inhabited country TO HERAT AND AFFGHANISTAN, AND ULTIMATELY TO INDIA, is a matter of VAST POLITICAL IMPORTANCE TO RUSSIA Such being the case, there is every reason to believe that, when Persia finds that the Turkish empire is threatened with dismemberment, her own

interests will get the better of any sympathy for it founded upon community of faith, and that, completely under the control of Russia, she will not be indisposed to agree to an arrangement which would be acceptable to the religious feelings and to the ambition of the Persian people. The possession by Persia of the province of Bagdad would be, as far as England is concerned, its possession by Russia. It must not be forgotten that the possession of Armenia by Russia, as regards any designs that she may have upon India, supposing her to entertain them, would be very different from that of any part of Turkestan or Central Asia. In Armenia and the north of Persia she would have a hardy and abundant population, affording her excellent materials for a large army, ready at any time to advance upon our Indian frontier, and resting upon a convenient and sure base of operations, in direct communication, by the Caspian Sea and by Batoum, with the heart of the Russian Empire. The moral effect of the conquest of Armenia and the annexation of Ghilan and Mazanderan by Russia upon our Mohammedan subjects and upon the populations of Central Asia cannot be overlooked by a statesman who attaches any value to the retention of India as part of the British Empire. It would be out of place to enter at length in this despatch upon the arguments in support of what has been above stated. The great calamities which the prolongation of the war may entail upon the various populations of this country, Mussulman and non-Mussulman, and the vast importance to the interests of humanity in bringing it to a speedy end, may be briefly mentioned. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the terrible loss of life and desolation which such a war must occasion. If the slaughter of thousands and tens of thousands of Turks is to be justified, even those who profess to be the most humane of men may feel some pity for their innocent women and

children, who will be left to perish in utter misery. But the Christians may suffer scarcely less than the Mohammedans; their homes will be rendered desolate; their lives and property will be sacrificed to Turkish fanaticism, or to the disorder and anarchy which the prolongation of the war will cause. The Porte, believing the very existence of the Empire to be at stake, has already withdrawn from the provinces even the forces absolutely necessary for the maintenance of tranquillity and for personal security. From all sides come already complaints of fears of disorders. In a country infinitely more civilized than Turkey, such would probably be the case under similar circumstances. An impartial man will be surprised that as yet there have been so few excesses committed. The reports of our consular agents prove that the public peace has been maintained in a very remarkable manner. Such outrages as have occurred have been for the most part committed by Circassians, Kurds, and other wild tribes, over which, even in times of peace, the Government can exercise but small control. In Bulgaria and Roumelia in general, as Mr. Blunt's despatches show, the Mohammedan population are well disposed towards the Christians, and their attitude towards them is, for the present, friendly and peaceful. I am informed that the transport of the new levies of many thousands of men from the remotest part of the empire to the armies in the field has been effected with the greatest order. This fact has been confirmed to me by Englishmen and others connected with railways which have been used for conveying them. In Constantinople, notwithstanding the alarm and panics which normally prevail in Galata and Pera, there is also for the present perfect quiet, and there is no reason, as far as I can judge, to anticipate any hostile movement or demonstration against the Christians. Although the state of things in Turkey

as regards the Christians is at this time such as I have described it, yet we must not count upon its lasting. Any serious reverses or disasters experienced by the Turkish army in Europe, and the advance of the Russians upon the capital, or a rising of any part of the Christian population, might be used to provoke an outburst amongst the Mussulmans, founded rather upon a feeling of despair than upon fanaticism, that might have the most fatal consequences. The Emperor of Russia has declared to his people that THIS IS A RELIGIOUS WAR, WAGED IN THE CAUSE OF THE ORTHODOX FAITH and against its infidel enemies. If Mussulmans are once convinced that it is a crusade against them and their religion they may, in their agony, turn upon the Christians, and frightful massacres may ensue. Another motive for desiring peace before Russia can completely crush Turkey, and dictate her own terms is the REPUGNANCE UNQUESTIONABLY FELT by the most ENLIGHTENED and INTELLIGENT CHRISTIANS of all denominations to being placed under RUSSIAN RULE OR PROTECTION, or even under her predominant influence. I have given your lordship evidence of this fact which I believe to be indisputable. It is shown by the encyclical of the Greek Patriarch, transmitted to your lordship by to-day's messenger. It is further confirmed by the remarkable statement of Dr. Washburne, whose impartiality cannot be doubted, and who is certainly no advocate of Turkish misrule, that of the many hundred Bulgarians who have received an American (equivalent to an English) education at Robert College, not one was implicated in the attempted insurrection in Bulgaria. The English people cannot, perhaps, yet bear to hear the truth of the events of last year; but it is my duty to state it to your lordship. The marvellous ability shown by RUSSIA and HER AGENTS in

MISLEADING PUBLIC OPINION in England and elsewhere has been amply rewarded. It will probably be long before that which is true can be separated from that which is false; when history does so it will be too late. The Porte has taken no effective means to place its case before Europe. It neither employs the Press nor competent agents for such purposes. Its appeals to the Powers, and the State papers that it issues, to refute the charges against it are so prepared that they are more calculated to injure its cause. A great portion of the English public are, probably, still under the impression that the statements upon which the denunciations against Turkey were originally founded are true—the 60,000 Christians outraged and massacred; the cartloads of human heads; the crowd of women burnt in a barn; and other similar horrors. There are persons, and amongst them, I grieve to say, Englishmen, who boast that they invented these stories with the object of "writing down" Turkey, to which they were impelled by a well-known hand. People in England will scarcely believe that the most accurate and complete inquiries into the events of last year in Bulgaria now reduce the total number of deaths to about 3500 souls, including the Turks who were, in the first instance, slain by the Christians. No impartial man can now deny that a RISING of the CHRISTIANS, which was intended by its authors to lead to a GENERAL MASSACRE of the MOHAMMEDANS, was in contemplation, and that it was directed by RUSSIAN and PANSLAVIST AGENTS. The panic that it created amongst the Mohammedans was the cause of the frightful vengeance they took. The great mass of the Bulgarians did not join in the movement, but were, on the contrary, opposed to it, and took no part in it. The Porte dealt with the insurgents, and those whom

they suspected of being their accomplices, in a foolish and barbarous manner. The agents it employed in putting down the incipient insurrection were, for the most part, ignorant, corrupt, and brutal men. The Turkish Government has justly been held responsible for their acts, especially as it has refused to punish with condign severity those who committed horrible outrages; and whether the number of the killed was 60,000 or 3000 the guilt of the Porte is the same. It must not, however, be assumed that the condition of the Bulgarians under the rule of the Sultan was as bad as the enemies of Turkey desire to make it appear. That the administration was vicious and corrupt, and that the Christians of all denominations were unjustly treated, and were not placed on that equality with their Mussulman fellow-subjects to which they have a right, are admitted facts. But nevertheless they have made great progress of late years in material prosperity, education, and wealth. Englishmen who have been engaged in works of charity amongst them, and who were certainly very far from having any prejudice in favour of the Turks when they first came out to Turkey, have told me that they have seen with surprise the condition of the Bulgarian villages and the general comfort and prosperity of their inhabitants, and have learnt with equal surprise how little they had really to complain of before a secret agency excited the hopes and passions which brought about the lamentable events of last year. The Christian populations of Turkey, or rather it may perhaps be said those who, by their knowledge and intelligence, are capable of representing them, are convinced that under the Turkish rule they have a far better chance of carrying out their national aspirations, of retaining their national faith, and developing their political freedom than under that of Russia. They believe

that the pressure recently brought to bear upon the Porte by the European Powers, and the lesson which the Turkish Government has received, will contribute to these objects. They are encouraged by the unexpected success of a Turkish Parliament, in which they find that they can freely express their opinions and expose their grievances. They knew that the unchecked success of Russia would at once lead to the destruction of this germ of future liberty and good government. I believe that they are right. A Russian gentleman observed to me, 'RUSSIA LOOKS UPON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A CONSTITUTION AND A PARLIAMENT BY THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT AS AN INSULT AND DEFIANCE TO HER. Their existence would alone furnish us with a sufficient reason to make war upon Turkey. We will never consent to be the only Power left in Europe without constitutional institutions, and as we are not yet prepared for them, we cannot, it is evident, allow Turkey to have them.' What I have ventured to write in this despatch is, I can assure your lordship, founded upon no preconceived ideas with regard to this country, but upon the information that I have obtained in free and unrestrained conversation with men of all classes, conditions, and religions. Not a day has passed since I have been here that I have not seen many such persons. Some have come to me of their own accord; others, who may have believed that their views would not be palatable to me and have kept away, I have invited to call upon me. I believe that the considerations which I have ventured to place before your lordship will be of considerable importance in the event of the mediation of her Majesty's Government and other Powers being accepted by Turkey and Russia. I must apologize to your lordship for stating them thus frankly. The vast and

vital interests at stake in this war, and the confidence which her Majesty's Government have placed in me could alone justify me in doing so."

In a despatch to the Earl of Derby, dated May 23rd, Mr. Layard says,—

"I have had a visit from the Servian agent, M. Christich, who showed me a telegram which he had just received from the Servian Prime Minister, and had communicated this morning to Safvet Pasha. In it M. Ristics gave the MOST POSITIVE ASSURANCES[1] that the SERVIAN GOVERNMENT did not contemplate ANY ATTACK upon Turkey; and that, so far from any troops having been concentrated on the Turkish frontier with this object, 'there was not in the whole principality a band of more than five men together.' M. Christich said that the Grand Vizier had informed him that the Porte had received information that Russian troops were beginning to arrive at Turn Severin, opposite Gladova, exactly where the Russian volunteers had crossed last year into Servia, and that there are therefore strong grounds for suspecting that, notwithstanding the assurances given by Russia to Austria, she intended to pass an army into Servia. M. Christich added that he had assured the Grand Vizier that the Servian Government had no reason whatever to believe that Russia intended to cross the Danube into Servia; but that, on the contrary, they were convinced that she had no such intention. I thought the opportunity a good one to speak to M. Christich of the great danger that Prince Milan was running if he were to plunge the Principality again into war; and I hinted to him that his Highness might have to deal with Austria as well as Russia."

In a despatch to Lord Derby, dated from St. Peters-

[1] This is worth while remembering—F. B.

burg on the 31st of May, Lord A. Loftus, the British Ambassador, gives an account of an interview he had with Prince Gortschakoff prior to his departure for the seat of war:—

"His Highness," says Lord A. Loftus, "expressed his conviction that the interests of the two countries in the East ought not to clash (*se heurter*), and his hope and expectation that the note of which Count Schouvaloff was the bearer would be satisfactory to her Majesty's Government. I inquired of his Highness in what light the Imperial Government regarded the declaration of independence by Roumania. Prince Gortschakoff replied that he regarded it as a *fait accompli de facto*, but not *de jure*. It was a question which could only be treated later, in conjunction with the European Powers. His Highness believed that the Austrian Cabinet took a similar view of it. In regard to Servia, Prince Gortschakoff stated that Prince Milan and the Servian Government had expressed their readiness in the present conjuncture to act according to the (*volonté*) wish of the Emperor, and that it had been signified to them in very decided terms that the EMPEROR'S WISH[2] was that SERVIA should remain PERFECTLY PASSIVE. Prince Gortschakoff was unable to say what would be the probable duration of the Emperor's absence. but I am told that in the official and court circles it is expected that his absence will not exceed six weeks."

THE TURKISH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

In a despatch, bearing the date of June 2nd, and addressed to the Earl of Derby, Mr. Layard gives an account

[2] This is worth while remembering—F. B.

of his visit to the Turkish Chamber of Deputies. He says,—

"At the time of my visit the Chamber was discussing a bill concerning municipal taxation. I may state, with confidence, and with some experience of the House of Commons, that I never saw a debate carried on with more order and propriety. Members may either speak from their seats or from a tribune, after the French fashion. With the exception of one individual, a Greek, they addressed the speaker or president from their places. Their speeches were short and to the point. Each article of the bill before them was discussed, explanations were demanded of the representatives of the department of the Government that had submitted the law to the Parliament, and were at once given. It was then put to the vote, and was passed without a division. Each deputy had a copy of the bill before him, and followed with the greatest interest and attention the discussion. I did not observe one exception. Once, during my presence, there was a little expression of dissatisfaction in the house. The exceptional Greek, to whom I have alluded, went into the tribune with a bundle of papers, and began to read a speech which threatened to last for an indefinite time. It related to the history of Turkey in general, and especially to the grievances of the Christians. The president once or twice represented to him that, although his speech might properly be delivered on a suitable occasion, it had nothing to do with the question in discussion, which referred to a matter of detail of local administration. The deputy, however, persisted, and at last the house, becoming impatient, called upon him to comply with the regulations, to obey the president, and to come down. This he was at last obliged to do. In the English House of Commons the speaker would cer-

tainly not have allowed him to go on as long as he did. No public assembly of the kind in Europe could perhaps show a more respectable, intelligent, and dignified body of men than the present Turkish Parliament. Christians and Mussulmans from all parts of the empire, even an Arab with his half-Bedouin dress, are seated without distinction together. Among the Mohammedans there are many mollahs, or teachers of the Koran, in their white turbans. The Christian speakers, who predominated the day that I was present, were listened to without any sign of impatience. They spoke with the most complete freedom, and without any restraint. The president rarely interfered, except to point out to a deputy that he was wandering from the question in debate. It must be borne in mind that this was the first attempt to bring together in a popular assembly men from all parts of the empire, Mussulmans and Christians, who were entirely ignorant of the duties they had to perform, and of the way to perform them. Had they not been directed and controlled at first by a strong hand there would have been general confusion, and the experiment would probably have failed. I know no man in Turkey so competent to be their president as Achmet Vefyk Pasha, from his knowledge, his honesty, and his determination and vigour of character. It is surprising, considering the materials with which he had to deal, that he has succeeded so soon in bringing the house into an orderly and business-like assembly. For some months there have been no complaints, even on the part of those who have done their best to discredit the Turkish Parliament, that the president has unnecessarily interfered in its discussions, or has in any way restrained the perfect freedom of debate. If there be any cause of complaint it is perhaps in the opposite direction."

APPENDIX V.

STABBING UNDER THE GUISE OF FRIENDSHIP.

RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS ENCOURAGING THE INSURGENTS AGAINST THE PORTE, WHILST GENERAL IGNATIEFF WAS THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE, AND TURKEY AND RUSSIA WERE AT PEACE TOGETHER.

THE following is a despatch from Sir H. ELLIOTT to the Earl of DERBY on this subject:—

Constantinople, February 14th, 1876.

MY LORD,—The account of the encouragement and countenance given to the insurgents at Ragusa greatly exceeds all that I was prepared for.

THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE IS THE OPEN RESORT OF THE INSURGENT CHIEFS. Their correspondence is sent to the CONSUL, who is a PARTY to all their PROJECTS, and ASSOCIATES HIMSELF INTIMATELY WITH THEM.

He does not appear to make an attempt to conceal the part he is playing, for on the occasion of the death of the Chief Maxime, in one of the late encounters, the Russian flag at the consulate was hoisted at half mast, and M. Jonine himself joined the funeral procession.

With such acts as these it is not surprising that the

insurgents should suppose their attempt to be fully APPROVED BY THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT, for they can hardly be expected to believe that an ACCREDITED AGENT would venture upon them without knowing that it meets with the APPROVAL OF HIS SUPERIOR AUTHORITIES.

Some of the wounded, when asked why they continue to struggle when the Porte is ready to grant all their demands, have answered plainly that THEY ARE BOUND TO GO ON AS LONG AS THEY ARE TOLD BY RUSSIA TO DO SO.

The assurances given at St. Petersburg of the wish of the Imperial Government that the insurgents would lay down their arms must naturally go for nothing as long as its OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE, with whom they are in communication, ENCOURAGES THEM TO GO ON.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) HENRY ELLIOTT.

APPENDIX VI.

THE RUSSIAN WAY OF CHRISTIANIZING THE TURKS.

(*Official.*)

Consul READE *to Mr.* LAYARD.

Shumla, July 23rd, 1877.

SIR,—Having on my arrival here heard that a number of Mussulman men, women, and children, said to have been attacked and wounded by Russian troops, were lying here, I obtained permission to see them.

I have the honour to inclose a list of those whom I saw, and who were lying in a "teke," a Dervish mosque, and apparently well cared for. I saw most of their wounds, and spoke to them.

Several of the elder ones gave very clear accounts of what had occurred to them (as they all said) by horsemen carrying lances, and many of them stated that they were attacked in the long grass where they were hiding themselves. One poor infant, of about nine months, had two frightful gashes on the head and had one toe cut off.

Most of them had lance-thrusts about their bodies; some, sabre-cuts. I saw them one by one, and a more sickening spectacle I seldom witnessed, not only from the nature of the wounds, but also from the youth and simplicity of the younger ones.

As regards the rumour that any of these attacks were committed by Bulgarians, I am able to state that, according to those I saw, not one such case has occurred. I asked all the sufferers one by one, separately, if they had been maltreated by any Bulgarian Christian, or if they had heard of any such case: they one and all said not.

From what all asserted, these cruelties can only be attributed to Cossacks, as the perpetrators were all described as "horsemen with lances."

The number of these victims is increasing, as others are brought in daily; and from what those I saw said, a considerable number must have been killed on the spot.

I have, &c.

(Signed) R. Reade.

List of Wounded Women and Children lying in the Teké, or Dervish Mosque, at Shumla, and visited by Consul Reade.

1. Habibe: a woman aged 25 years. Wounded in the back by a lance.

2. Mehemed: a boy aged 7 years. Wounded in the left thigh by a lance. Son of No. 1.

3. Ibrahim: a boy aged 5 years. Wounded on the right thigh by a lance: also son of No. 1.

4. Hava: a woman aged 25 years. Lance-wound on the head.

5. Aishé: a woman aged 30 years. Arm and head wound by a sabre; a lance-wound on the breast.

6. Mehemet: a boy aged 6 years. Stomach pierced by a lance. Son of No. 5.

7. Anfe: a woman aged 24. Four sabre-cuts on the

head, three lance-thrusts on left leg, one on right shoulder, and one on right thigh. Sabre-cut on right hand.

8. Nazifé: a girl aged 15. Sabre-cuts on breast and back; lance-thrust on right foot and right thigh.

9. Mustapha: an infant of about 9 months of age. Top of head frightfully lacerated by a sabre. Toe of right foot cut off. This was a sickening spectacle.

10. Féridé: a woman aged 55 years. Right shoulder wounded by lance. Right hand cut off. Lance-wound on back.

11. Eminé: a girl aged 9 years. Three sabre-cuts on head and one on back.

12. Muzcié: a girl aged 12 years. Trampled upon by a horse and severely wounded.

13. Féridé: a woman aged 40 years. Lance-wound on back.

14. Mustafa: a boy aged 9 years. Lance-wound on left leg. Son of No. 13.

15. Fatmé: a girl aged 12 years. Right thigh wounded by lance. Daughter of No. 13.

16. Gursun: a woman aged 32 years. Lance-wound on back.

17. Aishé: a girl aged 7 years. Lance-wound on head.

18. Abrahim: a boy aged 9 years. Sabre-cut on head. Lance-wounds on forehead and thigh.

(Signed) R. Reade.

Shumla, July 22nd, 1877.

APPENDIX VII.

THE SCHOOLMASTERS IN MASSACRE.

Consul DICKSON *to Earl* RUSSELL.—(*Received May 17th.*)

(*Extract.*)

Soukoum Kalé, March 17th, 1864.

I FEEL it a painful duty to report a deed that has come to my knowledge, which has so exasperated the Circassians as to excite them to further resistance, however desperate their case may be.

A Russian detachment having captured the village of Toobeh on the Soobashi River, inhabited by about 100 Abadzekhs, and after these had surrendered themselves prisoners, they were all massacred by the Russian troops. AMONG THE VICTIMS WERE TWO WOMEN IN AN ADVANCED STATE OF PREGNANCY, AND FIVE CHILDREN. The detachment in question belongs to Count Evdokimoff's army, and is said to have advanced from the Pshish valley.

As the Russian troops gain ground on the coast, the natives are not allowed to remain there on any terms, but are compelled either to transfer themselves to the plains of the Kouban, or emigrate to Turkey.

APPENDIX VIII.

OUGHT WE TO HAVE SAVED THE CIRCASSIANS?

Sir H. BULWER *to Earl* RUSSELL.—(*Received May* 20th.)

(*Extract.*)

Constantinople, May 3rd, 1864.

YOU are aware of the large and sudden immigration of Circassians into the Ottoman dominions.

The Russian Government has now acquired the territory of that brave and devoted race, who have only prized one thing more than country—liberty, or at least the life which is free from the domination of a foreign foe. They are flying the shores immortalized by their defence and seeking an asylum in a neighbouring Empire. In short, Circassia is gone; what yet remains to SAVE IS THE CIRCASSIANS.

APPENDIX IX.

LESSONS IN MASSACRE.

A PETITION FROM THE CIRCASSIANS FORWARDED TO EARL RUSSELL BY SIR H. BULWER, DATED CONSTANTINOPLE, APRIL 12TH, 1864.

(*Translation.*)

OUR most humble Petition to Her Magnificent Majesty the Queen and Emperor of England is to the effect that—

It is now more than eighty years since the Russian Government is unlawfully striving to subdue and annex to its dominions Circassia, which since the creation of the world has been our home and our country. It slaughters like sheep the children, helpless women, and old men that fall into its hands. It rolls about their heads with the bayonet like melons, and there is no act of oppression or cruelty which is beyond the pale of civilization and humanity, and which defies description, that it has not committed. We have not, from father to son, at the cost of our lives and properties, refrained from opposing the tyrannical acts of that Government in defence of our country, which is dearer to us than our lives. But during the last year or two it has taken advantage of a famine caused by a drought with which the Almighty visited us, as well as by its own ravages, and it has occasioned us

great distress by its severe attacks by sea and land. Many are the lives which have been lost in battle, from hunger in the mountains, from destitution on the sea-coast, and from want of skill at sea.

WE THEREFORE INVOKE THE MEDIATION AND PRECIOUS ASSISTANCE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE—THE GUARDIAN OF HUMANITY AND CENTRE OF JUSTICE—IN ORDER TO REPEL THE BRUTAL ATTACKS OF THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT ON OUR COUNTRY, AND SAVE OUR COUNTRY AND OUR NATION TOGETHER.

But if it is not possible to afford this help for the preservation of our country and race, then we pray to be afforded facilities for removing to a place of safety our helpless and miserable children and women that are perishing by the brutal attacks of the enemy as well as by the effects of famine; and if neither of these two requests are taken into consideration, and if in our helpless condition we are utterly annihilated notwithstanding our appeals to the mercy and grace of the Governments, then we shall not cease to invoke our right in the presence of the Lord of the Universe, of Him who has confided to your Majesty sovereignty, strength, and power for the purpose of protecting the weak.

We beg your Excellency to be the medium of making known to the great British Government and to the glorious British nation our condition of helplessness and misery, and we have therefore ventured to present to your Excellency our most humble petition. A copy of it has been submitted to the Sultan's Government and to the Embassies of the other Powers.

Signed by the people of Circassia.

April 9th, 1864. 29 Sheval, 1280.

APPENDIX X.

STATEMENT OF THE CIRCASSIAN DEPUTIES IN REFERENCE TO THE CRIMEAN WAR.

We, the undersigned, having been sent from the people of the Nectouage and Abaseck, and further commissioned on their behalf by the Deputies of the other tribes of Circassia assembled at Constantinople, to carry to the Sovereigns and to the people of England and France the appeal of our nation, and to speak for our nation, and after that appeal has been rejected by the Governments of France and of England, and we have presented ourselves before various assemblies of the English people, from whom we have heard kind words, it has then been told to us that there are, among the English people, some who say that we are subjects of the Emperor of Russia, and others who say that in the time of the war in the Crimea the generals of England and France sent to us to require troops to aid them in the war, and that we refused to give such troops, and therefore it is not proper now for England to help us in our distress, or to resist Russia in her violence and aggressions. Therefore, we now say that the words so spoken against us are not true words, but false ones, and we further declare that any one who charges us with such things privately, and who does not bring them forward in such a manner that all shall hear and all shall judge, com-

mits an act not worthy of an honest man, and ought not to be listened to by honest men.

It is easy for us to declare that we are a free people, over whom no king or emperor, or government, has had any power or authority since the world began, or as far back as the memory of man can reach, but we do not do so; we only ask what proof those can adduce who say to the contrary? Let those persons show who the king is who has conquered our country; let him tell what taxes the Circassian people has paid, or what troops have been raised amongst our tribes for the service of a foreign master. This is what no man can tell.

So also let our accusers bring forth the letters, or repeat the words, by which any request for aid was made to us in the time of the war in the Crimea, and then let him produce the answer given by us, refusing that aid or succour, and when he has done so then he may say that we did refuse to join the Allies, but not till then; but no such letter can be produced, and if such demand and such answer would be produced, it would not on that account follow that the injustice of Russia should become justice, that the danger from Russia should become security, or that the taking possession of the Black Sea by the cruisers of Russia, to interrupt all communication and all traffic, and so to make a war with England as well as Circassia, should become honourable and safe to the British nation.

The Circassians are a very small and weak people; they have no money, they pay no taxes, they have no government, they have no newspapers, they are ignorant; but this they do know, that many years Russia has been fighting against them, and that the thousands of men she loses in fighting every year, and the great treasure she expends every year, is not for the sake of Circassia. All our mountains, from the Black Sea to the Caspian, would

not be worth to Russia, if she possessed them, so much as she expends on trying to conquer them in one year of the forty years she has been endeavouring to conquer them.

We therefore know that she is expending her army and her treasure, not because she wants Circassia, but because she wants India and the Ottoman Empire; and, therefore, do we say to ourselves, it is because of Turkey and England that we have to fight night and day, that our cattle are carried off, that our houses are burnt, and that our young men have to die, and our old ones and children and women to perish. Why do the Turks and the English not help us; why are they the friends of the Russians?

We will now tell that which happened in the Crimean War.

It was in the year of your era 1854 that you drew your sword against Russia; before then that sword was in the scabbard, but our sword has never been in the scabbard; peace there never had been between the Circassians and Russians, and for thirty-three years there had been fierce wars. It was at the end of that time that the great nations of Europe went to make war. When we heard this we were very happy, and thought that the time was come when we might take breath: for we have not only to fight but also to live; but it is very hard for us to live when we have always to fight. We said to ourselves, The great nations in whose hands Russia is nothing, are going to stop her and give peace. Now we can plough our fields, and pasture our flocks, and rest from our long sufferings. Yet many amongst us got ready to help, and when the Russian troops that lay all along from Anapa to Soukum Kaleh withdrew and collected together, and retired north, we also on our qart

followed them; but when they crossed the Kouban they did not retire further, but stopped there, and they were in great force, being tens of thousands on one bank of the river and we on the other, so that neither ventured across to attack. We could not go across whilst they were so posted, but when they saw us ready, neither could they retire so as to go to the Crimea.

Now, every day we expected that some of the Allies would appear behind them and enable us to do something to destroy them; but none came, nor did they send us any succour by the sea; and then we saw there was no aid for us. So it was at the end as at the beginning, and the Allies went away, and, as before, we remained the only enemies of Russia. But it was not by sending our horsemen into the steppes of Russia or into the Crimea that anything could be done to make Russia less powerful or give to us security after the peace.

The Lesghians on the east held a body of 50,000 men ready to fall on Tiflis, so soon as word should be sent by the generals of the English or French, or from Constantinople. The people of our coast knew very well that what they had to do was to crush the Russian armies in the south of the Caucasus, and to restore the people of Georgia, Gouriel, and Imerettia to independence. This was the help they looked for in the war which England and France was making against Russia.

At various times, to the number of seven or eight, on news arriving of envoys sent to us, assemblies were called among the Shapsug and Nectouage to be ready to hear without delay their proposals, so that if any such envoy had come to concert measures with us, such as that above described, and which should be within our power to attempt and for our benefit to achieve, 25,000 horsemen from these tribes alone would have been ready to take the

field in a week. Our assemblies met and waited in vain; no envoys came; and they dispersed with heavy hearts.

Then it was that we considered what we ourselves could do, and as the Turkish commander in Kars sent no word to us, we determined to send word to him; and thereupon an envoy was sent, namely, one of the two undersigned now present in London, Hadji Hassan by name, to offer to Selim Pasha the co-operation of the forces of the Circassians, so that whilst we descended from the north they might march from the south, and thus crush the Russian power in Georgia, rescuing a Christian people from a barbarous yoke.

This envoy could only reach the Turkish camp by passing through the Black Sea in a boat with four oars, and had great difficulty in escaping the Russian cruisers. He reached Batun, and then proceeded to the Turkish quarters at Uzurget, twenty hours from Kars. The Turkish commander was glad to hear his tidings, and the plans were being prepared for the campaign, when a messenger arrived from Constantinople. The Pasha read the despatch which he had received; he did not say what it contained, but with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "We are betrayed!" The Circassian envoy understood that the Governments of France and England would not allow the Russians to be attacked where they could be really injured, so he returned to his own country. After the Russian army had been thus saved from destruction, Kars itself became their prey.

Whilst the war was going on in the Crimea, various Turks came from Constantinople; they called themselves envoys, and every one had a different story; but they never came amongst the Circassians, they all stayed at Anapa and Soukum Kaleh, the posts abandoned by the Russians.

There also came from the English and French, consuls and envoys, and captains of ships, and they also said one one thing and another another; one saying that he had authority, and another saying he had authority; and then they talked to the Turks, and the Turks talked to them, but never came to the Circassians, but, like the Turks, remained at Anapa and Soukum Kaleh; whilst we were looking for men to propose to our tribes measures of war, and to bring from their countless hosts troops, artillery, and ammunition, to help in the war we were waging against Russia, and had been waging for generations past.

We have since heard that at Anapa and Soukum Kaleh many conversations took place; we have heard that between the Europeans and the Turks, and some Circassians, men who have no authority to act on behalf of the people, that it was said that the European generals wanted a large army of Circassians to leave their country to embark on the sea, and fight in the Crimea. Such things could never have been spoken in an assembly of Circassians, for the long time which they have resisted Russia shows that they are men who know how war is to be made. If such things had been proposed in an assembly of Circassians, our people would have answered, "That is not the way to injure Russia, that is not the way to protect Circassia, that is the way only to destroy your own armies." But such proposals were never made to us, for we are a free people, and nothing is done in secret. We have no Minister as the people of England have. Our warriors fight, not because they are paid, but because they have hearts, and when anything is proposed to us then a meeting must be held. Messengers go forth, and many thousand people are collected together, sometimes 5000 and sometimes 20,000, and they give ear to what is said to them, and when they have understood it, they appoint

twenty or thirty of the wise men and elders who consult apart, and after that tell the people, and it is only when the people say Yes to what is consulted that the answer is given. Then all are willing to do what all have understood and all consented to. But amongst our people there is not one who would have consented to go to the Crimea, while every man would have been ready to march on Tiflis and save Kars. So that it appears to us that no message came from the French and English commanders to attack Tiflis for the same reason that the Russians remained on the Kouban instead of retiring into the Crimea. If our troops had not been detained on the Kouban we ourselves would have attacked Tiflis without the aid of the Allies or the co-operation of the Turks.

We have also learnt that when the envoys of England and France at Anapa and Soukum Kaleh said that we should send our forces to the Crimea, the Turkish envoys and other persons replied to them that such proposals could not be made unless the Allies engaged to secure our independence at a peace, and that this was the first word that had to be spoken on the matter; but these envoys would not allow such a word to be spoken either first or last.

Now what advantage have we gained from this war in the Crimea? That war is over seven years ago, and we have been fighting ever since!

YOU MAKE A TREATY OF PEACE TO OPEN THE SEA. THE SEA IS NOT OPEN. Had the undersigned been taken by the Russian vessels in coming to England, we should have been sent to the mines of Siberia, and we know that we the undersigned, are in all cases devoted to death because we have come here.

YOUR ARMIES HAVE BEEN IN THE CRIMEA, WHAT BENEFIT HAS COME TO THE CRIM TARTARS? DID YOU RESTORE TO THEM

THEIR COUNTRY? NO, YOU GAVE IT BACK TO RUSSIA.

WHAT BENEFIT DID THE TURKS GET FROM YOUR WAR? You made your enemy pay none of the expenses, and YOU ONLY DEPRIVED THE TURKS OF THEIR VICTORIES.

THE POLES did go to the Crimea, and WHAT BENEFIT did THEY GET FROM THAT WAR?

Did we too not help you? Did we not keep in check 100,000 men? Is Russia not sore and weak by the many years she has been fighting with us? If we did not prefer independence to slavery, would not 100,000 of our men be in her ranks? If we were not engaged in defending our country, would not the Russian frontiers be at Batun?

WHY DO WE SUFFER FROM THIS WAR? Is it not because RUSSIA WANTS TO BE MISTRESS OF INDIA and MISTRESS OF CONSTANTINOPLE? If you wait till her ends are gained it will be too late to get aid from us. If you do not give us to-day a favourable reply, we must go back to our people and tell them that the English people are joined with Russia, so that what Russia could not effect by her arms some people in England will have effected by their calumnies.

All these things we tell you. If you wish to be sure of the truth, make an assembly, as we do, and we will prove them. If you make no such assembly, you have no right to say them. From Europe or from England no help has come to us. We have heard that if there was justice to be found it was in England; we came then to England, weak and poor, expecting to find justice from you.

(Signed) HADJI HAYDEN HASSAN.
KUSTAR OGLI ISMAEL.

APPENDIX XI.

HOLY RUSSIA AND THE CURSED CRESCENT.

By A. Cleveland Coxe,[1]

Bishop of the Western Diocese of New York.

Trump of the Lord, I hear it blow;
Forward the cross; the world shall know
Jehovah's arm's against the foe.
Down shall the cursed crescent go.
To arms! To arms!
God wills it so.

God help the Russians—God bless the Czar,
Shame on the swords that trade can mar,
Shame on the laggards, faint and far,
That rise not to the holy war.
To arms! To arms!
The Cross and Czar.

How long, O Lord, for Thou art just,
Vengeance is Thine, in Thee we trust,
Wake, arm of God, and dash to dust
Those hordes of rapine and of lust.
To arms! To arms!
Wake swords that rust.

[1] I extract these lines from an American paper, which declares that they were written by the Prelate in question. To the best of my belief the Bishop has not denied the statement nor the sentiments which the verses express.—F. B.

Forward the Cross. Break, clouds of Ire,
Break with the thunder and the fire,
To new Crusades let Faith inspire,
Down with the crescent to the mire.
To arms! To arms!
To vengeance dire.

The Bishop answered by Mr. W. Croffut.

Thou Man of God, who thus implore
Thy brother's sacred blood to pour
In hateful tides of turbid gore,
From Dardanelles to Danube's shore.
Be still! Be still!
Blaspheme no more.

God help the babes, God bless the wives;
Shame on the priests that whet the knives,
Shame on the Church whose altar thrives
By wrecking peaceful peasants' lives.
Be still! Be still!
'Tis hell that drives.

How long, O Lord, before Thy shrine
Shall men pray Vengeance, God, is Thine,
Then worship Moloch as divine,
And drink the battle's bloody wine?
Be still! Be still!
O heart of mine.

APPENDIX XII.

THE CORRUPTION OF ARMENIAN OFFICIALS.

REPORT OF MR. TAYLOR TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT WITH REFERENCE TO THE CORRUPTION OF ARMENIAN OFFICIALS IN HIS (THE ERZEROUM) DISTRICT.

(*Extract.*)

Christians.—The different sects into which the Christians are divided in the Erzeroum Vilayet are :—

	Souls.
Gregorian Armenians . . .	287,700
Nestorians	110,000
Armenian Catholics . . .	8,000
Orthodox Greeks . . .	4,000
Protestants (natives) . . .	1,300
Total . . .	411,000

Armenians.—The advice and ostentatious leaning towards Russia of the Armenian clergy in my district, headed by the Catholicas residing at Etchmiazin in Russia, and his bishops in these parts, have naturally enough inclined the more ignorant members of their flocks—rich and poor—to adopt the same views; and considering also that a whole Christian house of ten souls in Russia pays only, for all taxes, 9 roubles (1*l.* 10*s.*) annually as against three times the sum here, if there has not been a general emigration, it is simply owing to the fact that

disposable arable lands in Russian Armenia are scarce, while the reverse prevails in Turkey.

Everywhere throughout these districts I found the Armenians bitter in their complaints against the Turkish Government, at the same time that they were unreserved in their praises of Russia, openly avowing their determination to emigrate. This bias is owing, as already stated, to the constant hostile teaching of their clergy; at the same time, ample cause for discontent, as has already been shown further back, is afforded by the really wretched system of Turkish provincial administration, the unequal imposition of taxes, scandalous method of levying them and the tithes, persistent denial or miscarriage of justice, and practical disavowal of the Christians' claim to be treated with the same consideration and respect as their equals among Moslems. But experience has taught me that which candour and strict impartiality compel me to state, that the subordinate officers of the local Government are aided and abetted in their disgraceful proceedings or encouraged in persistent indifference to crying wrongs, as well by the criminal assistance as wilful apathy or silence of the Armenian Medjliss members, ostensibly elected by the suffrages of their co-religionists to guard their interests. Unfortunately, then, as the evil lies as much with the Christians as the Turks, under existing regulations there is no remedy for it, and there can be none till the local authorities really see for themselves that the Porte's orders are really carried out and to open the way for the introduction of a higher class of people for such employments. As it is, no man of wealth, influence, or character will accept a seat in any one of the Councils; he will not waste time in attending to official duties in a place where he has to put up with the contumely and impertinent insults of the Moslem members,

all which are patiently borne by the fawning and obsequious Christians whose living depends upon this appointment. And even were a man of character and ability to accept a nomination at the hands of his community, the Pasha, with whom in fact the fate of such elections lie, as he has the power of rejection, would always prefer a needy, pliant member to one whose riches and position would place him beyond the reach of his menaces or influence. The interests of the community are consequently entrusted to speculators accustomed to the atmosphere of the Serai in their capacity of revenue farmers or Seraffs, who in such positions have, in addition to their own disgusting servility, all the chicanery and vices of Turkish officials—acquired a dangerous influence, either as the partners or creditors of the chief provincial officers. Such an influence might be meritorious and useful if exercised in the interests of justice and duty, but it becomes a downright evil when practised, as it always is, for their own benefit or that of their partners in corruption, and scarcely ever for their brethren. The claims of the poor are either neglected or betrayed, and those of the rich depend upon the amount of their presents or degree of their sycophancy. The Armenian clergy and head men, on their part, purposely ignoring the villanous conduct of their Medjliss members representing the repeated failures of justice that inevitably result as due to the fanaticism or imbecility of a Government determined to ignore all just claims, exaggerate actual facts; the more readily to induce their dependents to adopt the disloyal views they propagate. As they pursue such intrigues, apparently unchecked and with the secret approval of Russian agents, wavering members, formerly content with or resigned to their lot, openly express disaffection and traitorous ideas.

APPENDIX XIII.

FEMALE BRIGANDAGE.

MILLINGEN remarks in "Wild Life amongst the Koords" —Amongst the many acts of brigandage of which the Koords are guilty—a peculiar kind of highway robbery must here be stated, which is probably unparalleled. The culprits, the brigands, are in this case young women, who set out on plundering pursuits in order to turn a dishonest penny. A troop of fair bandits take up a station at the side of a road, there patiently to await for the arrival of the doomed traveller. As soon as the vedettes announce his approach, the fair troop starts off to meet him, welcoming him with dances and with fiery glances of irresistible power. He is compelled to stop, as a matter of course, and the fair maids then politely request him to alight. No sooner has the bewildered victim put his feet on the ground than he finds himself at close quarters with the whole troop. Immediately he is stripped of all he has on his back, and is left in that primitive state in which Adam was at one time. Then begins a series of dances and fascinating gestures in the style of those performed by the maids at the Lupercalian games, the object of which is to make the unfortunate victim lose his self-control. An attempt, however, on the part of the victim to reciprocate the advances of his alluring tyrants, becomes instantly fatal. The troop get hold of him in a summary

way, declare him to have made attempts on the virtue of the fair maids, and condemn him to be pricked with thorns upon a very sensitive part of his person. These dances and the flagellations, which serve as entractes, are repeated several times over, till the sufferer, exhausted and bleeding, is nearly in a fainting condition. Then the female troop of bandits drag the wretched traveller before a court of matrons, which holds its sittings somewhere in the neighbourhood. There a charge of attempting a criminal assault is brought against the pretended culprit, who not only receives a good dose of upbraiding, but is also condemned to pay a fine.

APPENDIX XIV.

THE ROUTES WHICH TRAVERSE ASIA MINOR, AND THE EUPHRATES AND TIGRIS.

The routes which traverse Asia Minor and cross the Euphrates and Tigris commence at Constantinople on the Bosphorus, or at Smyrna on the Ægean sea, and meet upon the plateau of Asia Minor.

Of these routes the chief are—The Erzeroum and Tabriz; the Diarbekir and Mosul; the Aleppo and Bagdad. On leaving Constantinople, the Bosphorus is crossed; the road then leads along the coast of the Propontus from Scutari to Gebiseh, the ancient Lybissa, and where the tomb of Hannibal can be seen; then beside the Astacenian Gulf, from Gebiseh to Nicomedia (Ismid). Here the three routes separate.

The Erzeroum road leads eastward, and parallel to the coast of the Black Sea.

The Diarbekir route cuts Asia Minor longitudinally, and descends into the valley of the Euphrates towards Malatia. The Aleppo road cuts it obliquely, and descends upon the shores of the Mediterranean near Tarsus.

The Erzeroum route crosses the Sakaria towards its mouth, between Sabanja and Khanda, leads by the villages of Dusdscheh or Muderli to the town of Boli, situated near the ruins of Hadrianopolis; beyond Boli the road

is very hilly; it then traverses the towns of Gerideh and Hamanli, and descends with the waters of the Parthenius to the little town of Tcherkis. Tcherkis is at the junction of the Trebizond and Tokat route. The Trebizond route ascends more to the north, crosses the mountains which separate the basin of the Parthenius from that of the Halys, and descends with an affluent of the Halys to Kastamuni, and from there, by Tach-kupri, to the town of Voyavat.

Tach-kupri is built on the site of Pompeiopolis, and Voyavat in a fertile plain, at the foot of a height crowned by an old citadel. Voyavat is an important position, because it is at the intersection of the Sinope and Trebizond route.

The Sinope route turns to the north, and leads through a very rich and undulating country. This is one of the most fertile districts in Asia Minor.

The Trebizond route leads eastward, passes the Halys near Vizir Kupri, and, after numerous ascents and descents, issues beside a watercourse in a bay surrounded by olive-trees. Here is the town of Samsoun. It then leads along the coast of the Black Sea, crosses the Iris near Tcharchembeh, and the Thermadon near Thermeh; and leaving the little town of Unieh to the left and on the sea-shore, it goes by Fatsa, Ordau, and Kerasun to Tripoli; from there, after turning the bay of Platana, it leads to Trebizond.

The Tokat road bends more to the south after leaving Tcherkis; it crosses the mountains which border the basin of the Parthenius near Karadjcur, and descends by Kodja Hissar to the town of Tusia upon the Halys. It next traverses the river near Hadji Hamzeh or Osmanjik, and, after passing Marsivan, crosses the western affluent of the Iris at Amasia; from here it goes by Turkhal to

Tokat. The direct route from Tokat to Erzeroum eastward goes from Tokat or from Turkhal to Niksar, on the Lycus, the eastern affluent of the Iris; and continuing by this affluent to Kara Hissar, it ascends near the villages of Kerkif or Lorri, the mountains which separate the waters of the Black Sea from the Euphrates, and descends into the plain of Erzeroum near Vijan.

There is another road from Constantinople to Sivas. This is the regular Angora track; it leaves the Trebizond route at Nicomedia, crosses the Sakaria near Geiweh; and following the chord of the arc which this river describes as it descends from the plateau of Asia Minor, leads by the little towns of Terekli and Torbali to Nalihan, near the ruins of Gordium; after which it ascends by the little town of Bei Bazar on to the Angora plateau. This plateau is one of the points which dominate Asia Minor; hence the reason why formerly so much importance was attached to the fortress of Gordium. The road then leads by the village of Bei Bazar, or by Tabadji, on to a ridge of mountains which separate the basin of the Sakaria from that of the Halys, and descends by the village of Akserai to the latter of these rivers. The stream is crossed either at a ford or on a raft, and the route goes by the villages of Sangor and Osman Koi to the town of Yuzgat; the chief seat of the family Tchapan-Oglou,[1] formerly one of the most powerful in Asia Minor. Yuzgat is an important position, because it is at the junction of the two routes from Tokat and Cæsarea. The first leads to the east; and crossing the mountains which separate the basin of the Halys from that of the Iris, it debouches through a deep ravine on to the lofty plateau of Zela, celebrated for Cæsar's victory over Pharnaces; from here it descends

[1] Daravish Bey is the last of that celebrated family. He is nearly ruined owing to some dealings with an Armenian usurer.

and slopes gently down to the Western Iris, near Tokat. The Cæsarea route turns to the south after leaving Yuzgat, and leading by the villages of Ingourli, Kislan, and Boghazlayan, recrosses the Halys near Emlar; after which it goes by Erkelet (Hiklar) to Cæsarea.

Another route leads by Angora to Cæsarea, and from Cæsarea to Malatia in the valley of the Euphrates. It is the route from Constantinople to Diarbekir and to Mosul. After leaving Nicomedia (Ismid) it turns south, ascends the mountains which separate the Astacenian from the Cianean Gulf, and descends to Lake Ascanius, near Nicea; then turning eastward, and passing alongside Mount Olympus, it crosses the Gallus at Lefke (Louka) near its junction with the Sakaria; then ascending this river along its left bank as far as Zugud (Soghat), it crosses the Thymbrius near Eski-Shehr, the ancient Doryleum, situated in the middle of a vast and bare plain. The road now rises insensibly by Sidi Ghazi and Sever Hissar to the Angora plateau. This is the easiest route to go from Nicomedia to the plateau of Asia Minor. It follows the watercourses.

Two routes lead from Angora to Cæsarea. One crosses the Halys near the village of Kara Keni, from whence it ascends the river along its right bank to the little town of Mandjour, where its two principal affluents unite. Then crossing the eastern affluent, between the villages of Tchalik and Ambar, the route leads to the foot of Mount Argea towards Cæsarea. The other road borders the eastern plateau of Asia Minor; and ascending the Halys along its right bank, passes the eastern affluent of this river above Mandjour; from here the route goes to Cæsarea, across a vast plain destitute of trees. It is the easiest road, but there are no habitations, and provisions are very scarce in this direction.

Cæsarea is a branching point for all the routes which cross the Euphrates, or which descend from the plateau of Asia Minor to the littoral of Cilicia. One of these routes leads to Sivas, another to Diarbekir, a third to Aintab, and a fourth to Adana and Tarsus. The first leads in a north-easterly direction, and ascends the eastern affluent of the Halys from Emlar to Sivas; this is the easiest route by which to ascend to the plateau of Armenia. The road from Angora by Tokat to Sivas is the shortest. It is best provided with provisions; but the route by Cæsarea is less broken and more accessible for artillery. The route from Cæsarea to Diarbekir leads eastward along the Melas till that river joins the Euphrates below Malatia. The river is then crossed in a ferry-boat at the village of Teis Oglan, and the road continues by the little town of Kharput to a chain of mountains which unite Mount Taurus to Mount Niphates. It descends with the principal affluent of the Tigris to Maïden, and from Maïden goes to the town of Arghana; from here it leads alongside this river to Diarbekir, and from Diarbekir goes by Djesire to Mosul.

The road from Cæsarea to Aintab leads in a south-easterly direction, traverses one of the chains which unite Mount Argea to the southern branch of Mount Taurus, and descends by the village of Garrin into the valley of El Bostan, towards the sources of the Sarus. The valley of El Bostan, although very high, is fertile, and planted with fruit-trees. El Bostan is the branching point of three routes which lead—one to Samozate, another to Aintab, and the third to Marash. The first route turns to the east of Mount Amanus and descends with an affluent of the Euphrates to Samozate; the second crosses the mountain, descends by a profound ravine to Aintab, and leads from Aintab to Aleppo

alongside the Chalus. The third turns Mount Amanus on the west, and descends with the Pyramus to the little town of Marash, and from Marash goes to the village of Messis, on the gulf of Alexandretta.

The most frequented route from Cæsarea to Alexandretta is *viâ* Adana or Tarsus. This route leads to the south, turns Mount Argea towards the west, and goes by Endjazou, the ancient Castabale, and by Kara Hissar, the ancient Cybistra, to Yenji Bar, probably the ancient Nora; from here it ascends to the high plain of Nigdeh, which is watered, like El Bostan, by an affluent of the Sarus. It descends from Nigdeh to Ketch Hissar, called Dana by Xenophon, an important position, because it is at the intersection of the two routes of Cæsarea and Koniah; from there the road leads by the village of Tchikisla into a deep and winding gorge, hollowed out in the slopes of Mount Taurus, and where the different affluents of the Sarus unite together. From here the route debouches by the village of Abi Cheik into the great plain of Cilicia, on one side of which is Tarsus, and on the other Adana. In leaving the defile above mentioned, the road branches to the right for Tarsus, and to the left to Adana, and from Adana goes to Alexandretta. The best-known route from Constantinople to Syria is that of Koniah. It traverses the western border of the plateau of Asia Minor, and cuts the peninsula obliquely from the north-west to the south-east. This route, leaving the road to Angora, at Nicea, and ascending those branches of Mount Olympus which bound Lake Ascanius on the south, descends to the little town of Yeni Cheer, where the two routes from Brusa and Kiutayah cross. The first turns to the west and leads to Brusa; it passes by Mount Olympus, on the north. The second turns southward, and passing by Mount Olympus

on the east, goes to the town of Ainegol (Yeni Ghoul), towards the sources of the Gallus, and from Ainegol leads by the village of Turbah to the town of Kiutayah upon the Thymbrius. It then ascends by the Thymbrius to its sources towards the village of Altyn Tash, and finally reaches the plateau of Afiun Kara Hissar, bounded on the west by the western chain of the Taurus, and on the east by a range of little lakes which almost touch each other, and which extend towards the south to the environs of Koniah. This plateau is very high. It is separated from the central plateau of Asia Minor by a series of hills, which are crowned towards the south by the Baba Dagh (mountain). The route passes between two chains of mountains, and leads by Bulwadin, built upon the site of Dynia, and by Izaklou to Ak-Shehr. This little town is situated in a well-watered plain, at the foot of a mountain covered with vegetation, and about six miles from a lake which bounds the plain on the east. The route leaves all the lakes to the left, and goes by Ilgyn and Kadoun Khan to the village of Hi Ladik, built upon the ruins of Laodicea Combusta; from here it is a ten hours' march to Koniah, the road leading there at the foot of the mountains which bound the plateau of Asia Minor on the south, and which rise gradually to the southern chain of Mount Taurus.

The most frequented route from Koniah is that which leads by Tarsus or by Adana to Alexandretta. It is the route from Smyrna and Constantinople to Aleppo and Bagdad. It is the route of Antioch, Palmyra, and Babylon. It is the route of all the conquerors.

This route, when it leaves the plain of Koniah, turns the Kara Dagh (mountain) towards the north, goes by the villages of Ismil, of Geiweh, and Hartan to Erekli; and after joining with the Cæsarea route and below Ketch Hissar

descends with the river Sarus towards the village of Tchikisla, and issues from a deep gorge of Mount Taurus into the great plain of Cilicia.

The Alexandretta route cuts the plain obliquely; leaving Tarsus to the right, it passes the Sarus at Adana, the Pyramus at the village of Messis, three miles from this village enters a cleft in the mountains which border the gulf of Alexandretta; from here it debouches into a fertile but desert plain, nine miles long, from three to four wide, and surrounded on all sides by arid mountains. There is an exit towards the east, and after a difficult march for an hour, the route descends to the ruined town of Kartanleh, which is now inhabited in the winter by some Turkoman tribes. Kartanleh is situated at the edge of a plateau, or rather a terrace, about three miles long, and bordered on its eastern extremity by some black rocks. They approach each other very closely. The passage is excessively narrow. The defile gradually becomes wider, and a mile farther it debouches on to a little plain about two miles long and one mile broad, bounded on the south by the Gulf of Alexandretta, on the east by a vast marsh, and on the north by a chain of heights, which rise gradually to Mount Amanus. Ayas is at the foot of these heights, and about one mile from the sea. The road now turns south, leads for some time along a sandy shore, and then crosses a little mountain torrent which flows into the marsh, and which some travellers have taken to be the Carsus of Xenophon; others, the Pinarus of Arrien. After having passed the torrent and rounded the gulf, the road leaves the shore and rises gradually to Pias, situated like Ayas a little distance from the sea, and at the foot of some heights which keep on ascending till they culminate in Mount Amanus. Pias is twenty-six miles from

Ayas, sixteen from Alexandretta, and at the south-eastern angle of a bay. Its shore is more easily approached than that of Ayas; troops could be easily disembarked here. It is the most vulnerable point of the coast. From Pias, as from Alexandretta, it is only three marches to the plateau of Antioch, a dominating point and the key to Syria.

The Aleppo route leaves the sea at Alexandretta, and turning south-east ascends through a deep gorge to Beylan. From here it leads over some mountains which bound the gulf on the east, and which unite the Taurus to the Syrian chain. The route then descends to the plain of Antioch. The road here branches. One branch leads by some mountains, which are on the north, to Killis and Aintab; it then crosses the Euphrates at Kum Kaleh, the ancient Zeugma. The other branch cuts the plain of Antioch from the north to the south, passes the Orontes beneath the walls of the town, and, turning to the east, crosses the Chalus beneath Aleppo.

Aleppo is at the junction of two roads which cross the Euphrates—the one at Bir, in taking a north-eastern course, the other at Kerkisieh or Anah, in leading towards the south-east. The first is the Mosul, and the second the Bagdad route through Babylonia and the desert. The Mosul route, after leaving Aleppo, ascends to a bare plain, traversed by two affluents of the Sadjour, which fall into the Euphrates near the ruins of Hierapolis. The first station is at the village of Hardaran. The road then leads across two affluents of the Sadjour, and goes through olive-gardens to the Euphrates, which is crossed at a ferry near Bir. It would be very difficult to ford the river at this point. After leaving Bir, the road passes over two chains of calcareous hills, between which is a pretty valley, covered with fruit-trees. It descends from

the second chain by a steep path, which is paved with big stones, and is cut in several places out of the rock.

Urfa, the ancient Edessa, is situated in a valley between two hills, which are separated from the Tauric chain and united to a series of other hills which cut like a curtain the vast plain of Mesopotamia.

From Urfa to Mosul there are two routes; one, more to the north than the other, joins the Samozate road towards Severek, and, crossing one of the heights of Mount Masius, descends with an affluent of the Tigris to Diarbekir. It goes from here by Djesireh to Mosul. It is a difficult route, but the only one where provisions can be met with. The other route ascends in the direction of the sources of the Khaboras, follows the chord of the arc which forms the Tauric chain from Severek to Mardin, leads from Mardin to Nisibin through a cultivated plain watered by the Mygdonius, and goes from Nisibe to Mosul through an uncultivated district, which extends from the foot of the Tauric chain to the mountain of Singare. There is nothing to stop an army marching along this route save the scarcity of provisions. It is the best road for cavalry. The other one would be more convenient for infantry. Two roads lead from Mosul to Bagdad. One passes along the right bank of the Tigris, and the other the left. The first passes by Tekrit and across the desert—the second by Arbeles and through ancient Assyria. This last route is the longest. It leaves the river, to avoid some hills which border the left bank; but it is the only road where cultivated lands and provisions can be found. Leaving Mosul, it crosses the Tigris upon a bridge of boats, and passes in succession the Bumadus and the Zabus, six miles apart the one from the other. The plain between the two rivers is elevated, and is undulating towards

the north-east; but it sinks and becomes flat towards the south-west, in the direction of the angle where the two rivers meet. From the ford where the road crosses the Zabus, it is only twenty-seven miles to Arbeles, which rises like an island in the midst of the most beautiful plain of Assyria. The road undulates slightly, and the position is a favourable one for manœuvring an army. On leaving Arbeles, the route descends beside a small watercourse to Altyn-Kupri. Here the Caprus is crossed upon a stone bridge. The little town of Scherzour, at the foot of the Median chain, is on the left of the route, and it continues by Kerkut and Daour towards the villages of Kifri and Kara Tepe in the plain of Bagdad.

The direct route from Aleppo to Bagdad leads in a south-easterly direction. After leaving the plain of Aleppo, it passes through a long valley closely bordered by two hills. In the middle of the plain is the town of Taib. The road now debouches upon the Euphrates—on one side towards Racca, the ancient Nicephorium, and on the other towards the ruins of Tapsaque, at the beginning of a bend which the great river makes in its course towards Kerkisieh, the ancient Circesium. It appears that the ancients crossed the Euphrates sometimes at one and sometimes at the other of these points. At the present time the route leads along the right bank to Ana, the ancient Anatho, and to Hit, the ancient Æiopolis. Here the river is crossed in a ferry-boat. The road continues along the left bank to Ambar, the ancient Perisabour, and to Felujah, which is the point where the Euphrates in its windings nearest approaches the Tigris. The Babylon and Bagdad routes now separate. The first leads to the south, along the Euphrates. Fifteen hours' march brings you to Hillah, which is built on the site of Babylon. The other road leads eastward; and, after crossing a bare

plain which divides the two rivers, you arrive in eleven hours at Bagdad. To enter this town the river has to be crossed on a bridge of boats. As the crow flies, it is only fifty-four miles from Babylon to Bagdad. The route leads from south to north. It is a difficult one. There are fissures in the ground. They become filled with water during the inundations caused by the two rivers. Caravans going from one town to the other generally go round by Feludjah; this lengthens the road by about twenty-one miles.

The route from Aleppo to Bagdad by the desert and by Babylon has this advantage over the Mosul road. It is shorter, because it follows the cord, the other following the circumference of the bow; but as the ground between Aleppo and Tapsaque is no longer cultivated, and as troops can no longer be accompanied by a flotilla of vessels, it is not practicable for an army. It is only suited for a division of cavalry and for caravans with camels; even then there would be a risk of the force perishing from hunger or thirst. The long zone which the road traverses, and which loses itself in the Arabian desert, is a plain with slight undulations, but they are so slight that a man on horseback could scarcely conceal himself. There are few plants: you find some wells of petroleum, hardly any animals. There are no birds; everywhere you see a white soil impregnated with gypsum or salt.

A few palm and fruit trees announce to the traveller that he has arrived at the environs of Bagdad.

Bagdad is the starting-point of two important roads: they lead, one to the south of Persia, the other to the north. The first leads to the south-east, and passing alongside the foot of the Median chain, crosses the Kerah or river of Kirmanchah, the ancient Eulee, near the ruins

of Suza, and the two branches of the Karoon, the ancient Orontes, the one at Dizful, the other at Shuster; from whence the route ascends to the plateau of Media, and to Lourkian. It then passes the Persian Pyles towards the sources of the Bendemir, or of the Persian Araxes, and descends with this river upon the plateau of Persia towards Ispahan.

The second road goes to the north-east, ascends the Diala to Sheraban or Apollonia, from whence it rises by Zar-Zil upon the plateau of Media towards Karmanshah. It then passes the defiles of Mount Orontes towards Kangawar, and descends to Hamadan. This is the ancient route from Ecbatana, the great route from Turkey to Persia, Hamadan is at the intersection of two roads which lead—the one to Ispahan in turning south-east, the other to Teheran in leading north-east.

Such are the different routes, remarks Baron Beaujour, which lead from Asia Minor across the Euphrates and Tigris into Asia proper. From what has been said, it will be seen that they are reduced to three principal ones—to the Erzeroum and Tabriz, which turns the two rivers towards their sources; to the Urfa and Mosul, which crosses the rivers in the middle of their course; and to the Aleppo and Bagdad, which leads along the Euphrates to Babylon, and which passes the Tigris near Bagdad. The first route is impracticable for artillery, the last for infantry. The centre road is the only one available for a large army; for whilst cavalry and artillery could pass by Merdin and Nisibin, infantry penetrating from Urfa through the defiles of Severek, into the valley of the Tigris, could descend with this river from Diarbekir to Mosul, and from Mosul to Bagdad; from here, ascending the Diala, the army might continue by the defiles of Mount Zagros on to the plateau of Media towards Karmanshah, and from

the plateau of Media by the defiles of Mount Orontes upon the Persian plateau towards Hamadan. Master of the Persian plateau an army could march towards Teheran as far as the foot of the Tauric chain, continue along this chain to Mount Paropamisus, and descend by Kandahar or Cabul into the valley of the Indus towards Attok.

Although this is a long and difficult route, it is not an impracticable one for an army which has previously conquered the Turks and the Persians.

Means of subsistence can be found everywhere along this road. Troops would only meet with opposition from wandering hordes, or from people like the Afghans. However, the hordes are mere robbers. The Afghans would have no chance of victory unless they were united amongst themselves. To conquer the Afghans, all that would be required would be to fight them in detail.

Alexander formerly marched along this route. In our own times, Napoleon and Paul the First, the two most powerful monarchs in Europe, wished to follow it, to attack the English in India. This project, the boldest which has been conceived in modern times, could only be executed by generous princes, who would like to conquer India, not to keep it, but to civilize the country. In the present state of Europe, India could only be conquered by the Russians, who are very little exposed to attacks from other nations. Masters of Georgia and of the line of the Araxes, the Russians can turn the western side of the Caspian Sea, and penetrate by Casbin upon the plateau of Persia, or penetrate by the east and by Bokhara across the Oxus and Jaxartes, which are by no means insurmountable obstacles.

Baron Beaujour concludes his remarks upon the subject by saying,—

"This enterprise would be justifiable provided that

the attacking force had some glorious object in view, such as that of civilizing India. The English, who are already masters of the peninsula, can do this last better than the Russians. THE LATTER OUGHT TO CIVILIZE THEMSELVES BEFORE THEY THINK OF CIVILIZING OTHER NATIONS."

APPENDIX XV.

THE MILITARY IMPORTANCE OF SYRIA.

Baron Beaujour, in his "Voyage Militaire dans l'Empire Ottoman," published in 1829, remarks about the military importance of Syria as follows:—

Syria has a great military importance. It is on the route from Asia to Africa. If the Isthmus of Suez were cut through, Syria would acquire a still greater importance. This country is now open, art has not defended it on any side; but Nature has defended it on the east and south by deserts; on the west by the sea, and on the north by a chain of mountains which surround it like a rampart. Mount Amanus, which forms this rampart, and which extends from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, dominates Syria; this is the reason why the masters of Aleppo and Antioch have always been the masters of the rest of the country. All the routes were open to them. They could not be arrested on any particular road, because each route could be turned by the others. The road from Antioch to Jerusalem ascends the Orontes, and traverses the two chains. It descends by the Leontes into Cœle Syria, by the Jordan into Judea; and by the Chrysorrhoas into the plain of Damascus. This route is the only one which opens out all the interior of the country. The others only open out the littoral. An army can always be stopped by a foe who occupies the first-mentioned route. The road from Gaza to

Laodicea along the coast is only suitable for an army which is accompanied by a fleet. The transversal routes of Caifa or Acre to Damascus by Nazareth, of Tyre or Sidon to Emesa by Cœle Syria—from Tripoli to Hamah by Akka, and from Laodicea to Schogr by Abdama can only conveniently used by an army which is mistress of the sea.

Syria can be attacked from two sides—either through Asia Minor or through Egypt. TO ATTACK SYRIA FROM ASIA MINOR, MOUNT AMANUS MUST BE PASSED EITHER AT ITS CENTRE NEAR AINTAB, OR AT ITS TWO EXTREMITIES BY ZEUGMA OR BY ISSUS. THE PASS BY ZEUGMA IS THE EASIEST—TO HOLD THIS PASS IT IS NECESSARY TO BE THE MASTER OF THE EUPHRATES. The passage by Aintab is more difficult, but it can be turned. An army can descend by several roads from Mount Amanus along the watercourses into the plain of Antioch as into the plain of Aleppo.

An attack by the gulf of Alexandretta is more difficult. This gulf is closed by a cordon of mountains which is bent on the seaside like a bow. Even if this bow were pierced from one side, it would be necessary to pierce it from the other and penetrate into Syria by the defile of Beilan, after having entered by that of Issus. Syria is defended on the Egyptian side by a desert—here there is neither water nor grass; but so soon as an army has crossed this desert and taken Gaza, it can ascend the coast to Carmel, and if it is mistress of the sea, can ascend at pleasure by the transversal valley of Esdrelon upon the plain of Damascus, or by the transversal valley of Balbek upon the plain of Emesa which commands the entire valley of the Orontes. An army could even ascend the coast to Laodicea, its right

supported on the Lebanon, its left on the sea, and sweep before it the Turks dispersed amidst the towns of the littoral, as the wind drives before it the dust. If the Turks were to rally in the valley of Cœle Syria, or in the plain of Damascus, a defeat here would drive them into the desert. The Mutualis, Druses, Maronites, Ansares are not united—to conquer them it is sufficient to sow dissension in their ranks; even if they were to fight beneath the same standards they could never arrest an army in its march. These people know nothing about tactics, they are only acquainted with mountain warfare. They would never dare to risk themselves in the plain or to sustain the shock of a European battalion. All these people are like Arabs; they are only fit to rob caravans or to follow an army with the object of pillage.

An attack upon Syria by the littoral of Palestine and Phœnicia could only succeed so long as you were mistress of the sea. It would be better to attack Syria by sea than from Egypt; but to attack Syria by sea, one must begin by establishing oneself in the island of Cyprus. Cyprus is to Syria what Zante is to the Morea; it would serve as a depôt for the army and a harbour for the fleet. Larnaca and Famagusta are the most favourable points for naval stations. The Syrian coast is too straight, it possesses no good port, nor even any good roads. The ports of Laodicea, Tripoli, Beyrout, and Sidon are too small. The anchoring roads of Acre, Jaffa, and Gaza are too exposed. Alexandretta and Tyre are the sole points where an army can be disembarked without danger. This is the reason why these two places have always been considered the two keys of Syria, on the side of the sea. An attack by Alexandretta has this advantage, it separates Syria at once from the rest of Turkey. It also has its disadvantages. Depôts must be

formed on a very unhealthy shore. The defiles of Mount Rhosus must be passed; here there are difficult gorges where a handful of soldiers could resist an army.

An attack by Tyre would be the easiest and the least dangerous. The peninsula on which this town is built is now no longer defended. This peninsula facilitates a descent upon the neighbouring coast. The surrounding plain is fertile. An army would be thoroughly protected by guarding on one side the defile of Cape Blanc, and on the other, that of the valley of the Leontes or of Cœle Syria. From this valley an army could ascend by Balbek to the highest point of the Syrian chain. It could dominate the whole country as if from the summit of an enormous citadel. This point surmounts all the passes, and an army could descend by the Jordan to Jerusalem by the Chrysorrhoas to Damascus, and by the Orontes to Antioch.

Tyre and Alexandretta are the two most vulnerable points in Syria. If history does not recall to the Turks the importance of these two towns, Europeans have not forgotten it. Acre and Laodicea are the next most important points. In summer an army could easily disembark there, and, like Tyre and Alexandretta, they give access to the entire country. The Turks, then, ought to fortify these places better, and especially Alexandretta and Tyre, so as to make them the principal fortresses in Syria; and not to think so much of Aleppo and Damascus, which can be easily defended against the Arabs of the desert.

If Syria is easy to attack—she is equally difficult to conquer. Her territory is mountainous. A small army could defend itself for a long time against a large force. In Mesopotamia and in Egypt a single battle won would be sufficient to reduce the entire country. In Syria it would

only enable the foe to occupy a more advanced position, and to march from one valley to another, as from the valley of the Orontes to the valley of the Jordan, or from the littoral of Phœnicia to Palestine; but to march from one of these positions to the other, it is necessary to pass defiles. If the defenders were masters of the transversal valleys which unite the littoral with the interior of the country—and in particular of the valley of Balbek—no enemy could advance a step without encountering obstacles. This would protract the war and give the defenders a great advantage. Syria, then, is difficult to conquer, but, once conquered, is easy to defend. This is the reason why it is so important from a military point of view.

APPENDIX B. (XVI.)

SIR JOHN BURGOYNE ON THE DEFENCES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE following remarks made by Sir John Burgoyne in his work, "Military Opinions," and published in 1859, may not be uninteresting to the reader. Alluding to the events preceding the Crimean War, the author observes:

There can be but little doubt that the Turkish force on the frontier will be numerically very inferior to that of the Russians. It may be stated at about 120,000, while their enemy must be able to dispose of at least 200,000 serviceable forces. Under such a state of things it is manifest that the best policy for Russia would be to use every effort to strike a heavy blow at once, to force the Danube in mass, and by rapid and vigorous movements to cut off, or thoroughly defeat the divided hordes of the Turks. In the event of success they would push on so far as their arrangements would allow, towards the Balkan.

When once the Russians are firmly established on the right bank of the Danube, the Turks must necessarily retire to Shumla and the Balkan, and it is to be hoped that this will be effected before the detached corps or the flanks shall be too much compromised. The first real defence, then, that it would appear could be prudently made, would be on the Balkan passes. On the Balkan it

is to be hoped that the Turkish armies would, by due arrangements, be under such great advantages of position as to enable them to make an obstinate stand.

Still, the line is long, the passes must be many, and the enemy, still numerous, would probably at length establish himself across it; but by this time, feeling the effects of the campaign and forward movement in such a country, he would find a difficulty in keeping together such large bodies, in maintaining their efficiency, and obtaining supplies for them. These difficulties would increase as he prolonged the advance.

It may be considered that at such a period a well prepared field of battle along the line of the Carasu river—from its mouth in the Lake of Bujuk Checkmedge, on the Sea of Marmora, to Kara Bournu on the Black Sea. The length of this line, from sea to sea, is twenty-four or twenty-five miles; but each flank being covered by lakes and rivers, would be easily watched and secured, and the extent of the real fighting-ground would be, by these features, reduced to nine or ten miles of plain; but with favourable undulations affording a good command over the front, and which might be improved in strength in a most powerful degree by a great development of respectable field-works. One most important advantage to be obtained from the occupation of this position would be that it covers the entire Bosphorus, and would therefore enable our fleets to remain masters of the Black Sea to the last, and preclude the enemy from the use of it.

To apply the resources of this position with effect, two ingredients must be available; first, early and energetic measures for entrenching so great an extent, so as to give it the greatest possible strength: and the other, that an adequate force should remain available for

its occupation and defence. The first would require the application of several thousand workmen for several months, and could only be effected by the employment of troops, but with an understanding that a degree of benefit would be derived from their very first labours, which could be progressively improved to the very last moment. The second would require 50,000 good troops, or a proportionate increase in number of such as might be inferior.

These may appear to be heavy demands, but can scarcely be considered so, as the main and last stand to prevent the fall of an empire. The situation of the Dardanelles is detached, but presents far greater facilities for its protection, though still requiring considerable means. This is to be effected by occupying powerfully the neck of land which connects the great European Peninsula (the old Chersonese of Thrace) with the main land. At about seven miles in front of Gallipoli, and near the village of Boulaher, this neck is only three miles wide, being the narrowest part, and presents at that identical part a position that, duly fortified and garrisoned, may be given enormous strength. The whole extent of coast round the peninsula in rear of that line would be protected by the naval forces. Large means would be required to be applied to the preparation of this position within a short time; 4000 workmen would do it in three months, and a garrison of 12,000 good troops would be necessary for its defence if properly attached.

The use of this position however, would not be solely confined to securing the retreat of the fleet, but would be very threatening for offensive measures also; it would cover a very extensive district, within which might be rapidly collected by sea any force that it might be thought advisable at any time to advance, either to the front or flank of the invader, with a comparatively short

communication and secure depôts and retreats. It is, in fact, the point that would form the best line of operations for any forces acting in alliance with Turkey, excepting those which would be applied to the immediate protection of Constantinople; although the water communication would be open to the Gulf of Enos, and perhaps up the Maritza, the depôts, hospitals, reserves, &c., should be established on this peninsula.

To return to the consideration of the defences for Constantinople. A second line has been designed round the city, at only a mile or two in advance; the ground is extremely favourable. It would cover the whole space from the Sea of Marmora to the Bosphorus and, well entrenched, would be capable of considerable resistance, but it has several defects. 1. It can hardly be deemed sufficiently extensive and influential for the last resort of a great army. 2. It would be too near to the city, and the proceedings and feelings of the forces would be greatly influenced by the tumults, panics, insurrections, treacheries, and confusion of the place; so much so, that no vigorous defence could be expected from it. 3. It would be considered as a last hold, and merely as a point for surrender. 4. It would not cover the whole of the Bosphorus, and consequently it would necessitate the evacuation of the Black Sea by our fleet.

On these accounts I attach no value to it, provided the Carasu frontier be taken up. If the disposable force was only from 5000 to 12,000 strong, I would recommend its services being exclusively engaged to secure the Dardanelles, an additional force of 25,000 might form a valuable nucleus for the preparation and defence of the frontier of the Carasu. If a larger army could be collected it would join and act in conjunction with the Turkish forces in the Balkan, for which purpose their best landing-place

would be the Gulf of Enos, proceeding to Adrianople up the Maritza river; or they might act elsewhere, according to the circumstances of the times. An idea is suggested that the Russians, on the understanding of the preparation by the allies, may content themselves with remaining in quiet possession of the Principalities, and thus gain an absolute advantage. It is not for me, taking in view military operations only, to judge of the effect of such a course, further than to give an opinion that I am not aware of any military measures that it would be desirable to attempt to drive them out without the co-operation of Austria.

The question is rather political than military, but it would appear to me that by so doing they would certainly abandon their cause for war, and would suffer more in prestige than they would gain in substance.

APPENDIX B. (XVII.)

THE CHEKMAGEE LINES.

MAJOR-GENERAL MACINTOSH in his work, "A Military Tour in European Turkey," remarks on the possibility of a winter campaign, and on the defences of Constantinople as follows:—

"About the time that I visited the Dardanelles I made an excursion from Constantinople into Bulgaria, noting as I rode along all that appeared of professional interest in the country through which I passed. It was the beginning of November when I set out, but I found the passes of the Balkan quite practicable as regarded snow, though this is not always the case at that season. Excepting an occasional rainy day, I travelled agreeably enough over the plains on both sides of the mountains." "On leaving Constantinople, the Adrianople road carried me over a bleak track of undulating country resembling our downs, but deeply furrowed in many places with steep ravines, and showing few vestiges of habitation beyond an occasional farm-yard enclosed by a solid wall, and generally containing several dwellings and sheds for cattle. These enclosures might often serve for posts, but they could hardly resist artillery; although there is a method employed in the East of digging outside the wall a deep ditch, and throwing the earth up to a certain height against it, which would in some degree

deaden the fire, at the same time that the ditch formed by the excavation adds an obstacle compensating for the facility which the earth thrown up within would otherwise give to an escalade.

"The road passes at no great distance from the shore of the Sea of Marmora, about ten miles from the city walls. I reached the crest of one of the elevated downs commanding a view of an extensive lake, about seven miles in length, and two in breadth, bordered with marshy land, and stretching from the sea into the country, and in the direction of the ridge called the Lesser Balkan, which lies to the north. The lake is separated from the sea at its south-western extremity by a low ledge, not many yards in breadth, traversed by the ancient highway, now in a ruinous state, and supported in some places on low arches, through which the brackish water passes and repasses, according to the direction of the wind between the sea and the lake. The causeway could be easily closed artificially, when seven miles of country would be rendered unassailable by an enemy; for, although boats might navigate these lakes to a certain extent, its marshy shores must always render navigation difficult, even if such vessels were at hand, which, hitherto, has not been the case.

"The spot which the Turks call Kuchuk Chekmagee is designated by the Franks Ponte Piccolo, to distinguish it from the greater bridge crossing the isthmus at Buyuk Chekmagee, or Ponte Grande, the second lake, about six miles and a half further on towards Adrianople.

"The ledge at Ponte Piccolo is about three quarters of a mile in length, but the lake expands very considerably further up, and at the distance of four miles is broken into a fork, each branch being fed by a stream which flows from the highlands to the north. Proceeding over the

ledge, a country of heights and valleys becoming bolder to the northward extends for about six or seven miles, when the second lake of equal length, but somewhat narrower than the first, presents itself, divided like the other from the sea by a narrow ledge, supporting a bad causeway, the centre of which rests on the large bridge above mentioned. From the brow or crest of the heights above, which are lower than those at Kuchuk Chekmagee, but which command the ledge at a very short distance; a zigzag path leads down to the village of Buyuk Chekmagee. Standing at this point, the spectator is immediately impressed with the conviction of the great strength of such a pass, and of its immense utility to Turkey, if turned to proper account; being, as it were, the abutment on which the left flank of a fine position rests, covering the capital from an enemy in this direction, a capital which, once attained by an hostile army, would mark, most probably, in its own ruin, the fall of the Ottoman Empire in Europe."

"A recent writer has described the locality as 'that formidable position about twenty miles from the capital so celebrated in history, where, owing to the nature of the ground, Attila was stayed in his march to conquer the Eastern Empire, and where at a later period the Huns[1] were signally defeated by Belisarius.' In reference to this statement, however, it must be observed that, as regards the advance of Attila, Gibbon especially mentions that he was only arrested by the city walls of Constantinople, without alluding to any position whatever. The following is the passage from Gibbon. 'The armies of the Eastern Empire were vanquished in three successive engagements, and the progress of Attila may be traced by the fields of battle. The two first on the banks of the Utus, and under the

[1] Bulgarians.

walls of Marcianopolis, were fought on the extensive plains between the Danube and Mount Hæmus. As the Romans were pressed by a victorious enemy, they gradually and unskilfully retired towards the Chersonesus of Thrace (the peninsula of the Dardanelles), and that narrow peninsula, the last extremity of the land, was marked by their third and irreparable defeat. By the destruction of their army, Attila acquired the indisputable possession of the field. From the Hellespont to Thermopylæ and the suburbs of Constantinople he ravaged without resistance and without mercy the provinces of Thrace and Macedonia. Heraclia[2] and Constantinople might perhaps escape this dreadful irruption of the Huns.' . . . . Belisarius is said by the historian to have intrenched himself at Melanthius, about twenty miles from Constantinople, and there repulsed seven thousand Bulgarians, by whom he was attacked."

Major-General Macintosh, after having described the shore road from Constantinople to the lakes, describes the inland road as follows:—

"Quitting the city by the gate of Adrianople, and leaving on the right the River Sydaris, vulgarly called the Ali-bey, which flows through a ravine into the Golden Horn, not far from where it receives the Barbysis (now called the Kheat-Khaneh-soo), the road passes between the two great barracks of Ramish Chiflik and Daoud Pasha, situated about two miles from the walls where the Turks, looking much too near the city for its strongest defences, formerly erected field-works, which, though fallen into decay, might, if repaired, serve as the scene of a last struggle with the enemy. This neighbourhood is intersected by the subterranean conduits and lofty aqueducts

[2] Situated at the modern Erakler, forty miles beyond Busuk Chekmagee.

which convey water from Kalfas, Kavas-Kioi, and other great reservoirs to Constantinople; and though when I visited them they were quite undefended, the Chekmagee lines if erected would effectually protect these works. The vast importance of preserving them will be understood when it is recollected that Constantinople is situated on the extremity of a wedge of land ill supplied with springs or running streams, and in a climate where, at certain seasons, there is but little rain for months. Leaving the aqueducts behind, a country is now traversed resembling that on the parallel route already described, but in which the heights are bolder, and the valleys more abrupt, while small towns and farm-houses are of more frequent occurrence, and the supply of water near the road is, by means of copious artificial fountains and occasional rivers by which it is crossed, considerably more abundant. This highly defensible track extends as far as the Chekmagee lines, which may be said to run from the two lakes on the Sea of Marmora, nearly to the fort of Kara-bornoo, on the Black Sea, where it has in its front the salt lake of Derkos, and the narrow ledge dividing it from the sea, which, no doubt, might be easily cut through so as to admit the waters of the Euxine. Our approach to the first of these lines, or that nearest Constantinople, is marked, after passing a khan and fountain, by the summit of a bold position on the Constantinople side of a river flowing through a deep ravine towards the lesser lake, and hence a view is obtained of Kuchuk Chekmagee and the neighbouring sea. Descending into the ravine, the road, which is generally good, crosses the river by a substantial stone bridge, close to which is a fountain, and ascending the steep bank on the opposite side passes a large walled farm, where another position commences.

"From this point we come on a succession of inferior

slopes, dipping towards the lakes and marshes, each affording a position.

"One of these about two miles from the Chatsalda marsh in its front, to which it extends, has, in its course, a little to the west of the road, a small isolated height, well suited for a fort or telegraph. From this eminence there is an extensive view, embracing the second lake, with its town and isthmus; and several villages occur on both sides of the road. This locality is well suited for the encampment of troops, being elevated above the marshes, and at the same time not far distant from water.

"Descending the height the road commences the passage of the marsh, by a narrow ancient causeway composed of square blocks of stone, often much displaced, and frequently intersected by the Kara-soo and other streams, over which long stone slabs are placed, forming a species of bridge removable at pleasure, thus adding to the other means available here for preventing the advance of an enemy. A similar road leads also from Chatsalda towards Derkos, on the Black Sea, a distance of about ten miles, where the right of the lines described would rest near the Cape and Fort of Kara-bornoo. Chatsalda is also about ten miles from the greater bridge, and fifteen or sixteen from the lesser; and, unfortunately, is in front of the lines, or it would have formed a good station for a depôt, or might have been the head-quarters of a force during the healthy season of the year. . . . . The country extending from the Sea of Marmora to the right of the Chatsalda road is very well secured. Thence to the Black Sea the heights become still bolder, and the valley deeper, till the road crosses the Lesser Balkan. The course of the River Kara-soo lies through one of the ravines peculiar to the country, which look like abrupt cracks across the

mountain ranges, and of this peculiar formation the Bosphorus itself affords the most striking example.

"A third pass to the right leads through the lines by the village of Kastana-Kioi, and a fourth across the heights of the Lesser Balkan transversely by a road which leads from it along the shore to Midia, joining one from the mouth of the Bosphorus. The three last-mentioned roads, as well as the Chekmagees, could, if strengthened by defensive works, be included in a position comparable with any existing."

END OF VOL. II.

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